

LARGEST GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

Modern Screen

May 35

10
cents



Kay
Francis

Earl
Christy

See Our MOVIE
SCOREBOARD

ONE GIRL'S *Hopeless Love* FOR BILL POWELL



NIGHT and DAY

Be utterly *Irresistible*

You, yes you, can become divinely Irresistible. Use the lure that has always won love for famous, enchanting women...tempting, exotic perfume. Such is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Wear it night and day to thrill...excite senses...madden hearts...with its haunting, lasting fragrance.

To make yourself even more fascinating, use all the IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY AIDS. Each has some special feature to make you exquisitely lovely. Irresistible Lip Lure, the new, different lipstick, melts deep into your lips making them vibrant, glowing with soft, warm, red ripe color. Irresistible Face Powder is sifted through silk...it clings for hours...conceals blemishes...gives your skin a youthful petal-like, kissable softness.

Be Irresistible today...now...forever...with Irresistible Beauty Aids. Guaranteed to be pure. Only 10¢ each for full sized packages at your 5 and 10¢ store.



Seductive perfume, famous for its power to stir hearts



Exquisite face powder, satin-fine, clings for hours



Lipstick in four gorgeous shades, for lovely, luscious lips

Vanishing, liquefying, cold cream... perfect for your skin



Cologne for a fragrant, refreshing body rub



Talc that's soft and soothing as a perfumed breeze



Brilliantine that gives your hair a glorious, silky sheen

TRADE MARK REG. CONTAINERS PAT.

Irresistible

Perfume and
Beauty Aids
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

ONLY 10c EACH AT YOUR 5 and 10c STORE

This SAFE treatment stops the pain of an ACHING CORN instantly

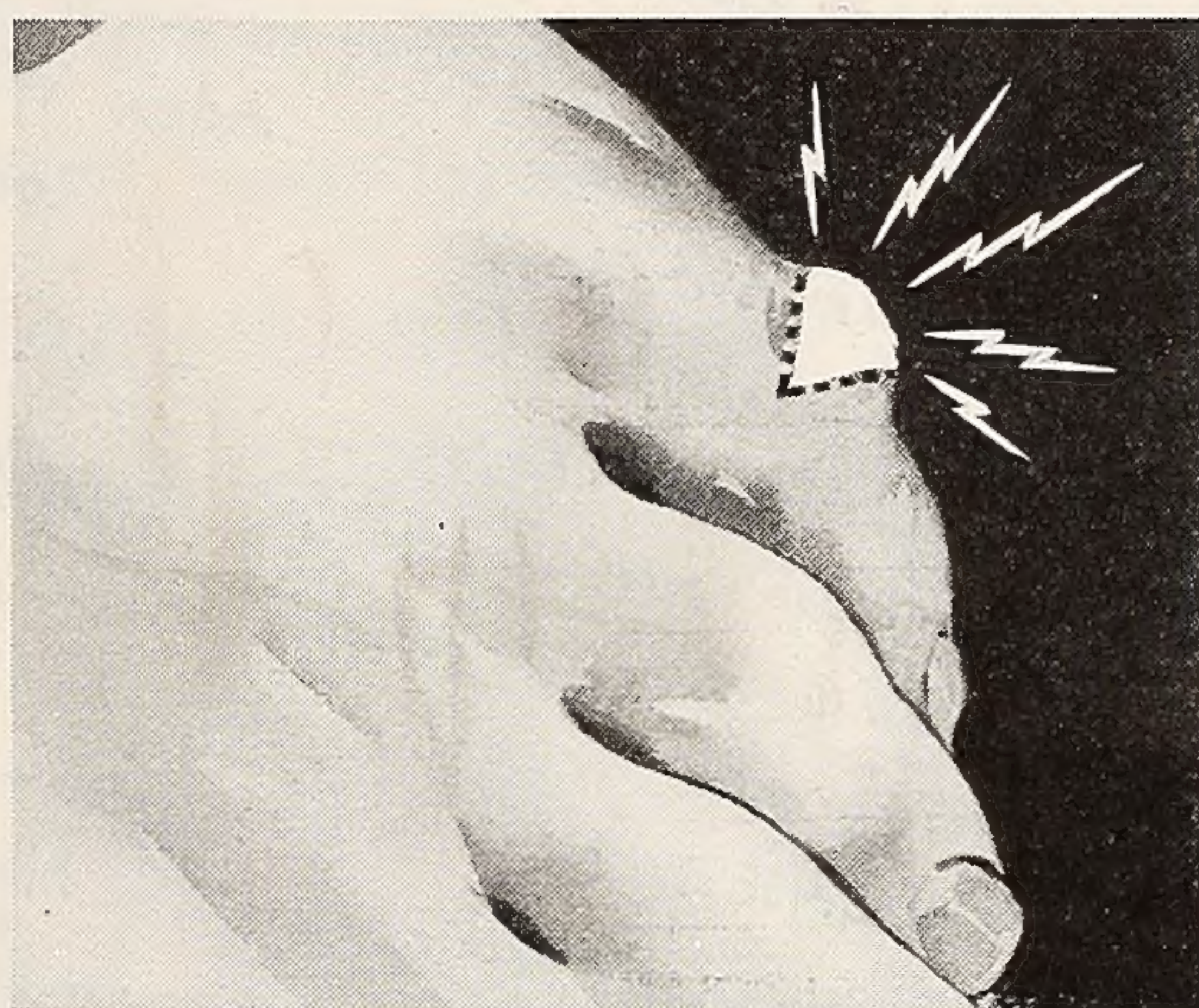
removes the corn safely and scientifically in 3 days . . .

METHOD USED WITH SUCCESS BY 30,000,000 FORMER CORN SUFFERERS



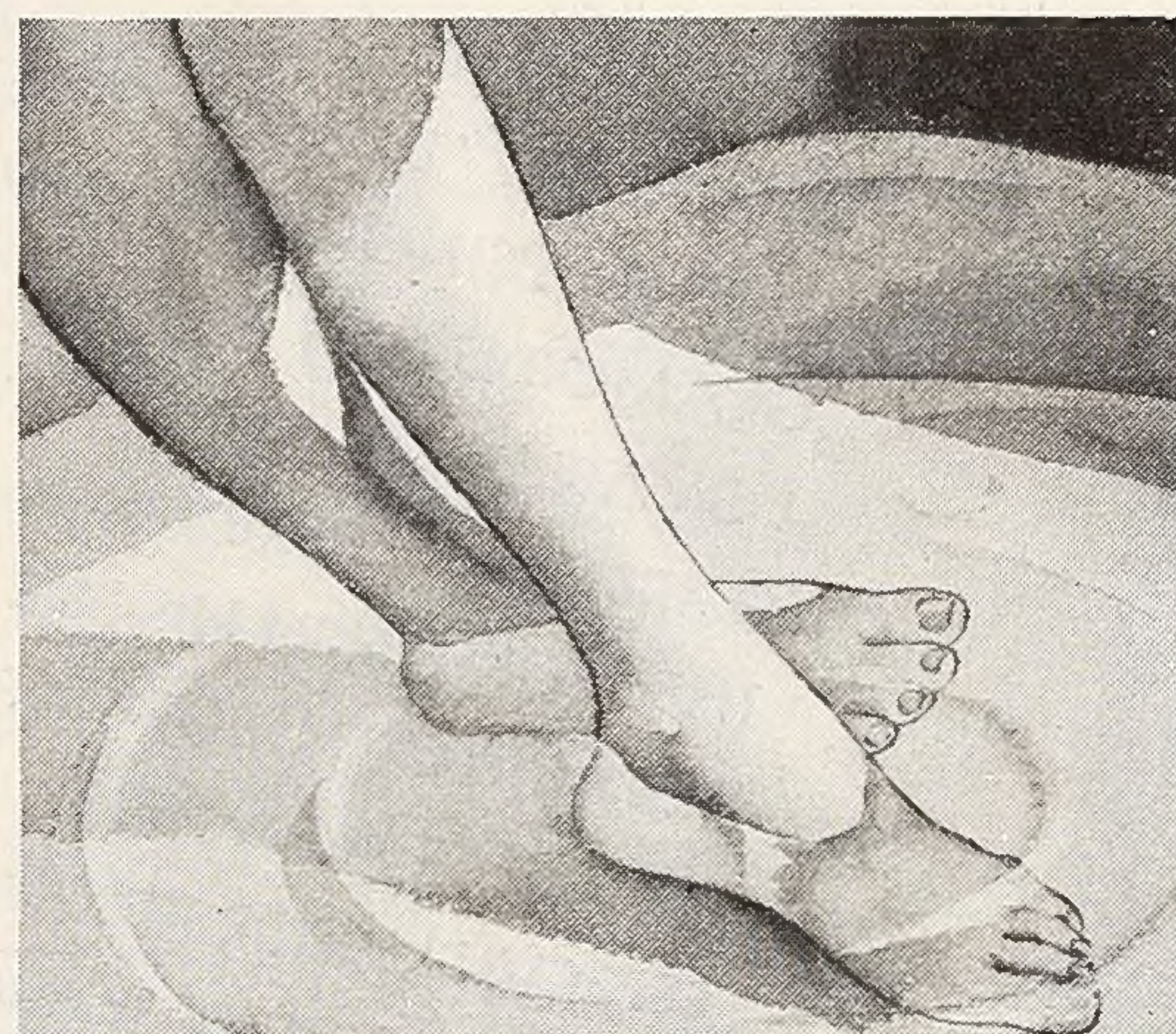
(1) No one but a corn sufferer can know how much a corn really hurts!

No wonder people with corns try many ways to end them. Some even use razor blades—little knowing the danger! Others use new, untried and unscientific methods. Both of these risks are unnecessary . . . for Blue-Jay offers a safe, scientific method of ending corn suffering.



(2) WHY A CORN HURTS

Perhaps you have wondered why such a small thing as a corn can cause such excruciating pain. A corn is shaped like a cone, with the small end pointing into the toe. This inverted cone, under pressure from the shoe, presses against sensitive nerves, which carry pain sensations to the brain and nervous system. That is why the corn seems to hurt "all over."



(3) But there is no need to go on suffering corn pain at all. This safe, easy, Blue-Jay method has ended corn suffering for millions of people during the past 35 years. It will end corn suffering just as surely for you. Made by Bauer & Black, world-famous surgical dressing manufacturer.

No muss or bother when you use Blue-Jay. It's as simple as A, B, C. First, you soak the foot for ten minutes in hot water, then wipe it dry.



(4) Then, apply a Blue-Jay Corn Remover, centering the pad directly over the corn. The soft, snug fitting pad stops the pain instantly by removing shoe pressure. Does not show under the smartest shoes. Wet-Pruf adhesive strip holds the pad exactly in place . . . allows free bathing . . . does not chafe the stocking. You walk in comfort . . . forget you have a corn.



(5) In the meantime, the mild, gentle Blue-Jay medication is slowly undermining the corn without your knowing it. At the end of three days take off the plaster, soak the foot again in hot water, and the entire corn lifts right out. (Old, tough corns may need a second application—Blue-Jay, though sure-fire, is mild in its action.)

Read these typical letters from BLUE-JAY users!



Recommendation to Nurses.

"Blue-Jay is the most effective corn plaster I have ever used," writes Mrs. Clara Werner, Minneapolis. "It will remove a corn for me in three days, without the least pain or discomfort. I am a nurse and on my feet most of the time, so it is very important to have well feet. I recommend it to all nurses."



Corn Pain Shows in Face, says Miss Gladys Marie Hobart, San Francisco.

"I cannot be happy if my entire nervous system is upset because of the misery of an aching corn. Besides, I want to look fit. I don't want my complexion marked with the irritable lines that suffering from a corn can give. Since corns are inevitable, I am thankful to Blue-Jays for their cure and instant relief from pain."



Do You Do This, Too?

"When I see a woman hobbling along, or surreptitiously slipping off a shoe in a movie, restaurant or church, I have the inclination to lean over and whisper, 'Why don't you use Blue-Jay?' Long ago I resigned from that 'suffering sisterhood' by using Blue-Jays as soon as the need for treatment of a corn arose."—Myra Cline, Denver, Colo.



No Soreness or Irritation says O. M. Hux, Essex, Mo.

"I like Blue-Jay for the things it does not do. It does not hurt. It does not leave the toe sore and irritated, and does not injure the tissue surrounding the corn. Last but not least it does not cost much."

Every drug store sells BLUE-JAY • It is the most popular corn remover because the millions of corn sufferers who have used it have recommended it to their friends. Doctors and nurses often write in to say that they use Blue-Jay themselves because it is so safe and so easy. No muss or bother. Blue-Jay goes on in an instant . . . and that very instant the pain stops. In 3 days the corn is gone.

If you are one who has risked the danger of infection by cutting corns or using unscientific methods, just use Blue-Jay once. You, too, will be convinced.

Blue-Jay costs but 25c a package. (Special sizes for bunions and calluses.)

BLUE-JAY

BAUER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC
CORN PLASTER

© The Kendall Company



FREE! FOOT EXERCISE BOOK WITH PICTURES

"For Better Feet"—Free Booklet contains very helpful information for foot sufferers. Also valuable exercises for foot health and beauty. Mail coupon to Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago.

(Pasting this coupon on a government postcard will save postage)

Name.....
Street.....
City & State.....

MS-5

MODERN SCREEN

now showing

WE SALUTE "DAVID COPPERFIELD"	A new screen honor.....	8
ONE GIRL'S HOPELESS LOVE FOR BILL POWELL	But they're still friends.....	26
GLAMOR IS NOT A GIFT	Proving that you can acquire it.....	28
LOVABLE GENIUS	Meet "David Copperfield" Bartholomew.....	30
GARBO VAS DERE	And so was our Scotty to catch her.....	32
THE WOMAN IN HIS LIFE	Why Tullio Carminati is a bachelor.....	33
VERY DIFFERENT, OFF SCREEN	Kitty Carlisle's really a swell nut!.....	34
I WORK IN A FACTORY	Gene Raymond has no time for romance.....	42
ESPECIALLY FOR REDHEADS	Tips from red-haired Nancy Carroll.....	43
MODERN SCREEN-WARNER SONG CONTEST	Last chance to win a prize.....	44
SOREHEAD? NO, BUT—	George Raft has a genius for trouble.....	50
WAS IT RIGHT TO FILM THE HAUPTMANN TRIAL?	What do you think?.....	52
BECKY SHARP	A thrilling fictionization of Thackeray's heroine.....	54
SIX MONTHS IN HELL	The early tragedy of Grace Moore's life.....	56
A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM BY THE NOSE	Introducing Sandy Burns.....	58
I BET I STAY MARRIED	Una Merkel tells you why she thinks so.....	60
THE MAN FROM DEAD PAN ALLEY	Champion dead panner Sparks.....	61
IS IT A DREAM?	Joe Morrison wonders.....	62
YOU OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES	Or should you, this author asks?.....	63
"SMOOTH" CLOTHES FOR YOUNG GADABOUTS	Fashion's younger side.....	64

SHORT SUBJECTS

Information Desk.....	6	The Academy Awards Banquet.....	35
Patterns.....	10	Good News.....	36
Picture News.....	11	Reviews.....	46
Modern Hostess.....	12	Happy Birthday to You!.....	48
Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard.....	14	More Fun!.....	51
Beauty Advice.....	16	Modern Screen's Dramatic School.....	68
Exclusive Portraits.....	19	All Joking Aside.....	122

MARY BURGUM, EDITOR
APRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

ADELIA BIRD, Associate Editor
REGINA CANNON, Hollywood Editor

Published monthly and copyrighted 1935 by Dell Publishing Company, Incorporated. Office of publication at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; H. Meyer Vice-President; M. Delacorte, Secretary. Vol. 10, No. 6, May, 1935. Printed in the U. S. A. Price in the United States \$1.20 a year, 10c a copy. Canadian subscriptions, \$2.40 a year. Foreign subscriptions, \$2.20 a year. Entered as second class matter, September 18, 1930, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under act of March 3, 1879. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Sole Foreign Agents: The International News Company, Ltd., 5 Breams Building, London, E. C. 4, England.

The VICTOR HERBERT'S GREATEST- BIG MUSICAL OF ALL TIME!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer rings up the curtain on its greatest achievement ...a glamorous pageant of drama, mirth and beauty...mightier than any musical yet seen on the screen! You'll thrill to its glittering extravagance...you'll laugh at its bright comedy...and you'll cheer those new sweethearts, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, who found their love under the creole moon. It's the screen's musical masterpiece!

Jeanette MACDONALD • *Nelson* EDDY NAUGHTY MARQUETTA

"AH, SWEET
MYSTERY OF LIFE"

"I'M FALLING IN LOVE"
"ITALIAN STREET SONG"

a W. S.
VAN DYKE
PRODUCTION
Book and Lyrics by
Rida Johnson Young

with
**FRANK
MORGAN**
Douglas Dumbrille
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Picture
Produced by
HUNT STROMBERG



SHE LIED TO LIVE HER NIGHTS OF LOVE

★ STARRING IN "SWEET MUSIC"

ANN DVORAK, WARNER BROS.



How movie stars guard the natural beauty of their hair

Hollywood's loveliest screen stars guard the natural beauty of their hair like a precious jewel. For this reason DUART PERMANENT WAVES have become the choice of the stars and are featured in the finer Hollywood Beauty Salons. These salons take great pride in offering their famous patrons the protection of genuine Duart Waving Pads that now come in INDIVIDUAL SEALED CARTONS.

Duart and only Duart offers you this protection when you buy a permanent wave. When the operator breaks the seal before your eyes



you know the waving pads are genuine Duart and never before used on another person's hair. For your next wave insist on Duart—the choice of the Hollywood stars.

FREE BOOKLET

Now you can wear a movie star's coiffure

Send for this booklet containing smart new Hollywood Hair Styles. 24 pages of photos showing how to dress your hair the way the movie stars do. Sent FREE with one 10-cent package of Duart Hair Rinse. Choose from 12 shades listed in coupon. It does NOT dye or bleach.



SEND COUPON

DUART

Choice of the Hollywood Stars

Duart, 984 Folsom St., San Francisco, Calif.
I enclose 10 cents for one package of Duart Hair Rinse and the FREE Booklet of Smart new Movie Star Coiffures.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Mark your shade of rinse.

- | | | | |
|---|--|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Black | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Light Golden Blonde | <input type="checkbox"/> Ash Blonde |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dark Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Chestnut Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Henna | <input type="checkbox"/> Medium Brown |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Blonde | <input type="checkbox"/> White or Gray (Platinum) | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden Blonde |

INFORMATION DESK

What do you want to know next?

Questions asked most frequently and the most interesting ones rate first preference. Don't ask questions which require too much research or infringe upon good taste, and not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

NOTE: The Desk has been fairly swamped with questions about the one and only DICK POWELL. Since it is impossible to list all the names and addresses and still have enough space left for the answers, please look for your answer in the following:

Richard E. Powell, whose real name is just that, was born a country boy in Mountain View, Ark., on November 14, 1904. (Which makes him just 30.) When he was 12, his father, mother and two brothers, Howard and Luther, moved to Little Rock where he attended grammar and high school and Little Rock College for one year. He learned, at this time, to play the saxophone, cornet and clarinet and organized an orchestra. He sang in a church choir, and for weddings and funerals. He made an unsuccessful try at vaudeville in St. Louis, after which he returned to Little Rock and married Mildred Maund. Dick was having a pretty tough time of it until a visiting orchestra, the Royal Peacocks, signed him to a contract and carried him and his wife off to Louisville, Ky. He had various other positions after that, finally ending up as master of ceremonies in a theatre in Pittsburgh, where he stayed for over three years. Then a Warner Brothers scout spotted him, arranged for a screen test and a contract. His first picture was "Blessed Event" which he made in 1932. Outside of film work, he is interested in music, flying, golf, swimming, horseback riding, bridge and football games. He collects musical instruments and enjoys making home-made movies. He is six feet tall, weighs 172 pounds, has blue eyes and auburn hair. Shortly after Dick came to Hollywood Mildred Maund divorced him, and since then he has been seen most frequently with Mary Brian. Whether they will ever be married is a question only they can answer—and they won't. At present Dick broadcasts every Friday night at 9:30 P.M. on the Columbia network. After "Gold Diggers of 1935" in which Gloria Stuart is his leading lady, he will take the part of Lysander in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." He is also scheduled to appear in "Broadway Gondolier" and "Radio Jamboree of 1935" with Ruby Keeler. He is under contract to Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Calif., where you can write him for a photo.

JACK McMAHON, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Let the argument cease! Alan Hale was the driver of the Ford and the lusty singer in "It Happened One Night."

HELEN LITTLE, Grantwood, N. J.; ADDIE BROWN, St. Louis, Mo.; ETHEL MARTINEZ, Bronx, N. Y.; JO ANN BARR and LOUISE PRATT, New York City; PHYLLIS FONTAINE, Chicago, Ill.—Since the "Invisible Man" has become visible, he has attracted a great deal of attention. Claude Rains was born in London, England, on November 10, 1889, and made his first stage appearance at the age of 11. From that time on, until the war, Rains appeared in plays in England, Australia and in New Haven, Conn., where he made his American debut. After the war he resumed his career in London and then returned to America where he became well known on Broadway. "The Invisible Man" was his first picture and "Crime Without Passion" his second. He has recently made "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head" and "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." His next will be an English-made picture, "The Clairvoyant" with Fay Wray. Mr. Rains is an impressive person. While he is not tall, he is well built. His hair is black and unruly and his features strong. He has mysterious and commanding eyes. He has been married three times—to Isabel Jeans, Marie Hemingway and Beatrice Thompson. He is under contract to Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif., where you may reach him.

CLARENCE THOMPSON, Memphis, Tenn.—You're quite right. Doris Kenyon was in "Voltaire" with George Arliss.

KATHERINE ENTAS, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; GLORIA GRANT, Bronx, N. Y.; RUTH HERMANN, Rochester, N. Y.; CHARLOTTE CEKALA, New Britain, Conn.; FRANCES DE LEONARDO, Ellwood City, Pa.; LOIS LEVY, San Francisco, Calif.—Did you know that Phil Regan is none other than the one time "Singing Cop" of radio? Well, he was just that before the movies claimed him. He was really a cop, too, on the New York Police Force, and probably would be still if it hadn't been for that marvelous tenor voice of his. He was born in Brooklyn, May 28, 1908. This handsome young Irish-American is 5 feet 10 inches tall, has hazel eyes and black hair—to say nothing of his charming smile. He has appeared in "The Key," "Housewife," "Sweet Adeline," and is also in "Go Into Your Dance" and "Caliente." After these, he is scheduled for lots more, for Warner Brothers like him. You may reach him at their studio, Burbank, Calif., and maybe he will send you a photo.

BLAKE STEADMAN, Thorold, Ont.—Robert Montgomery and Norma Shearer have played in the following pictures together: "Their Own Desire," "The Divorcee," "Riptide" and "Private Lives," a play by Noel Coward first produced on Broadway under the same title. Okay?

PAULINE KELCH, Windsor, Ont.; LEONORE HEFLIN, Philadelphia, Pa.; ANN RAPIER, Waverly, Ky.; BETTY POLONIATSKIS, Pawtucket, R. I.; MARIAN MAREVKA, Chicago, Ill.; ELAINE GAMBLE, Somerville, Mass.—It is only fitting, we suppose, that Ruby Keeler's history should be given almost in the same breath as that of Dick Powell. So here goes. On August 25, 1909, our Ruby took her first look at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and continued to look at it for three years until her family moved to New York. Here she attended public school and later the Professional Children's School, making her stage debut at 13 and appearing in choruses of Broadway musicals while still going to school. She came into the public eye in Texas Guinan's floor show, and Ziegfeld signed her as chief tap dancer for "Whoopee." In 1928 she met Al Jolson and became his missus, after which she was starred in "Show Girl," "42nd Street" first presented her to screen audiences, and since then life has been just one big musical after another. Off the screen she is shy and retiring, dresses modestly and is a grand little wife, according to Al. She likes to fish, play golf and ride horseback. A typical Irish beauty, Ruby has brown, wavy hair and blue eyes. Her weight is 105 and her height 5 feet 4. Right now she and Al are making their first picture

(Continued on page 13)



Dick Powell decked out for Spring.

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH



GO INTO YOUR DANCE
with Ruby Keeler in the swell-
est stepping she's ever done!



GO INTO YOUR DANCE
as Al Jolson sings his heart
out to Ruby in 5 new ballads!



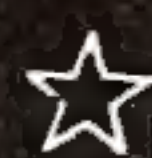
GO INTO YOUR DANCE
to the lilting tunes of 8 grand
songs by Warren & Dubin!



GO INTO YOUR DANCE
with 100's of girls in ravishing
Bobby Connolly spectacles!



GO INTO YOUR DANCE
with Glenda Farrell, Patsy
Kelly, Helen Morgan, Benny
Rubin, and other big stars!



Clap Hands for Another Money
from Warner Bros.—a Lyrical
Miracle that Runs Away with
April's Blue Ribbon! Even if
Its Drama and Music Weren't
Blended So Magically into
Entertainment That Is Sheer
Enchantment, You'd Still Insist
on Seeing It Because It Teams
for the First Time on the Screen

Al
JOLSON
and
Ruby
KEELER

in

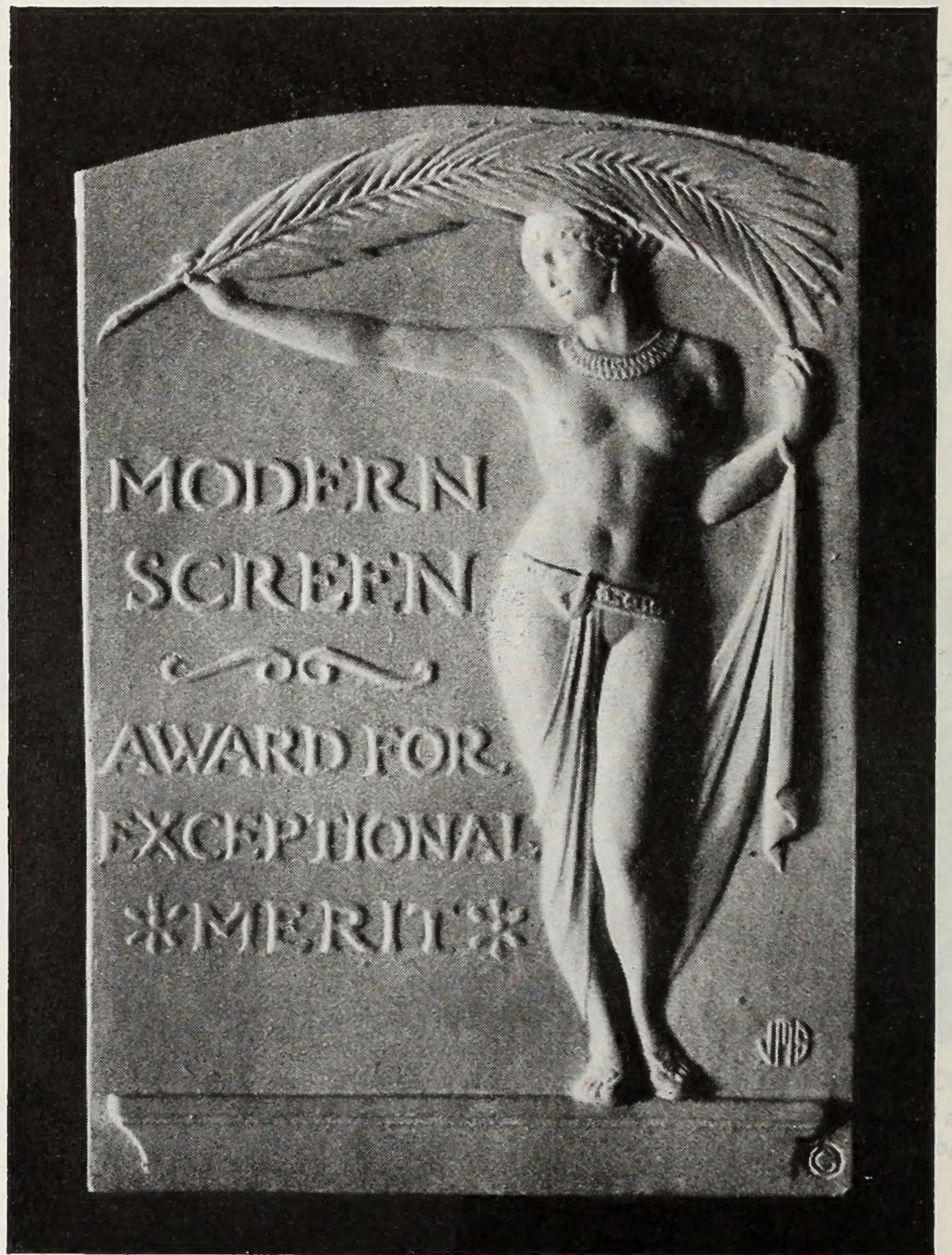
**"GO INTO
YOUR
DANCE"**

Famous "42nd Street's" author,
Bradford Ropes, wrote this
story of a girl who played with
death for her man's life —
staged against the thrilling
backdrop of New York's hot
spots. And you'll like Archie
L. Mayo's smart direction
for First National Pictures.



we salute 'DAVID COPPERFIELD'

With this issue MODERN SCREEN inaugurates a series of awards for exceptional motion pictures. We take great pleasure in making our first award for exceptional merit to M-G-M's magnificent production, "David Copperfield"



WE salute "David Copperfield" and all those who had a part in making it the great achievement it is. Millions of hearts have felt a great deal warmer, millions of lives have been brightened, as audiences witnessed the beloved characters of Dickens' novel so truthfully portrayed on the screen. It is a picture to see, not once, but many times, for each time one finds something new to laugh over, some new touch of pathos to stir the heart, some new memory to cherish. We are happy to join in the universal acclaim of "David Copperfield."

HOW AM I DOIN'?



Mae West acclaimed Belle of the 1930's, as thousands cheer!

WE'D say, Miss West, that you're doin' okay!

You proved yourself the undisputed "Belle of the Nineties" a while ago. But why limit things? Why don't we acclaim you the "Belle of the 1930's" right now? The five gentlemen who seem so anxious to light your cigarette have already cast their vote. Paramount, blissfully remembering box office receipts on your past pictures, has cast its vote. And we herewith cast ours.

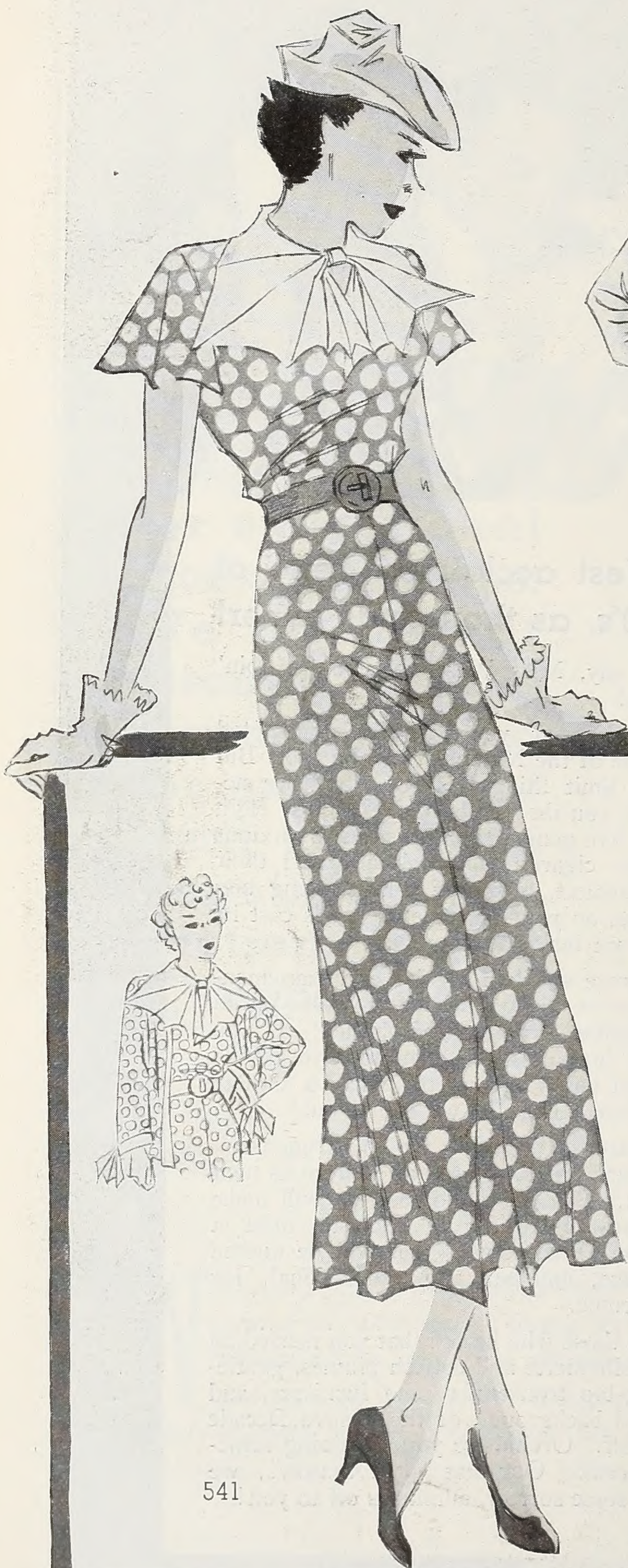
Mae, you were swell in bustles and passementerie, but we've always wanted to see you in some streamline, airflow, 1935 clothes! If you could make husbands absent-minded in puffed sleeves, what could you do to 'em in a Patou? In "How Am I Doin'?" we found out!

In this picture the girl with the hair-trigger wit sets a few new styles. She is as modern as next season's hat. She wears clothes that will make wives absent-minded, too. And she talks a Westian line of wisecracks that will be quoted by comedians, amateur and professional, for months to come.

Scallions to those who hinted that you needed an hour-glass silhouette and ostrich plumes, gentlemen in peg-top trousers, rococo furniture, and the bad, bad background of the Mauve Decade to set you off. Orchids to you for doing something different. Our hat (last season's, we must, with some sorrow, admit) is off to you!

MODERN SCREEN PATTERNS

Remember how you loved the Janet Gaynor Hungarian blouse? Well, this month we have another one for you that we think you will be equally as crazy about. It's number 544, worn by Mary Brian. It's a Russian type of sailor blouse with effective full sleeves and contrasting braid trimming. You may wear the collar either up or down. The flannel skirt is part of the costume and is straight with kick pleat. Pattern 541 is a smart two-piece ensemble of jacket and short-sleeved dress worn by Frances Drake. Polka dotted silk for the fabric and plain crêpe or cotton piqué for the smart collar and jacket trim. Pattern 548 is Gail Patrick's good looking two-piece white dress with a scarf collar that is draped like a bib. The fabric is a waffle weave silk. Cape-like sleeves and fringe edge for the scarf. The skirt has a stitched-down box pleat at front. All of these patterns come in sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38, 40.



MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I am enclosing.....(in coin or United States stamps) for which please send me the following:

Pattern No.....Size.....Pattern No.....Size.....
Pattern No.....Size.....

Do you want our new Spring Pattern Book?.....

Patterns are 15c each. Books 10c when ordered with pattern, 15c when ordered separately. Patterns are 20c if you live outside of the United States. Books 20c separately, 15c with pattern. No foreign or Canadian stamps accepted.

Name

Street Address

City and State.....

(Please write in pencil)

PICTURE NEWS!



The Fred Astaires arrive in high spirits for Kay Francis' nautical shindig. Mrs. Fred was Phyllis Potter and she is pretty enough to be in pictures, don't you think?



Above, Scotty gets around. This time he's at the Cocoanut Grove in time to snap the Cedric Gibbons (need we say Dolores Del Rio?) and Whitney De Rham upon arrival.



Back to the Kay Francis party. Above, the hostess and a guest help Joan Bennett aboard. Below, Kay graciously poses with a dirty, bearded deckhand named Cagney!



Above, more Francis party guests. Admiral Ed Robinson with distinguished lipstick insignia on cheek! And Anna Sten. Below, the Charles Boyers (Pat Paterson).





Above, you see the living-room of Janet's studio bungalow. She eats her lunch here rather than in the commissary because it is so restful. Right, Janet all decked out as a cook, and very pretty, too!



by Marjorie Deen

The MODERN HOSTESS

"MOMMIE," said the little girl at the movies, as a trailer flashed a vivid description of a forthcoming feature, "Mommie, what is 'glamor'?"

"Glamor," replied her mother slowly, trying to decide on a simple definition, "glamor is—well, it's what women on the screen have that makes them so popular."

"Oh," replied the very young miss with satisfaction, "then Janet Gaynor has glamor, hasn't she?"

Well, no, my dear, Janet Gaynor is not said to have glamor—nor is she ever described as "seductive," "exotic" or "intense." Why, she is not even supposed to be style conscious! But is she popular? She is, in fact, according to box office receipts, the most popular of all the women stars.

The secret of Janet's success is in the simple things that lie close to the heart. Not for her are stories that are a bit questionable, or roles that call for strange crea-

tions of the costume designers and coiffeurs. And because of this very simplicity, little girls, like the inquiring young miss of whom I just spoke, hope they'll "grow up to be like Janet Gaynor," while older women love to think of themselves as having resembled her in their youth. She is what every young man thinks his future bride will be like—and what every father hopes his daughter will resemble.

WHILE other stars "with glamor" flash like meteors across the sky and disappear into the darkness, our little Janet continues to hold the enviable position she has earned in the hearts of millions of fans.

Strange, isn't it, that despite our much vaunted sophistication and modernity we still idealize and idolize a person who typifies exactly the opposite? And since I am dedicating this article to (Continued on page 70)

Home-baked foods are Janet Gaynor's culinary pets



Ruby Keeler, screendom's sweetest star.

Information Desk

(Continued from page 6)

together—"Go Into Your Dance." After that Warner Brothers' little pet will probably be in "Radio Jamboree of 1935," again reunited with that Powell boy. Burbank, Cal., is W. B.'s Studio address.

KAY LANDERS, Boston, Mass.—Joan Crawford's first (very first) picture was "Pretty Ladies," in which she was merely an extra by the name of Lucille LeSueur. Her next was "Old Clothes," with Jackie Coogan. She was, however, also in "Across to Singapore," in 1928 and in "Four Walls," "Rose Marie" and "Our Blushing Brides," as you suspected.

JOANNA, Waxahachie, Tex.; **ANNE JORDAN**, Syracuse, N. Y.; **TED KALE**, Central Falls, R. I.; **DOROTHY MORROW**, Decatur, Ill.; **MARJORIE GROSS**, Chicago, Ill.—Next we have Joe Morrison, a young man who is going places in a hurry. Grand Rapids, Mich., was Joe's birthplace on November 19, 1908. There he attended grammar school, Catholic Central High School, and afterwards spent four years at St. Joseph's Seminary in preparation for priesthood. He decided, however, that his future happiness would best be guaranteed if he pursued a vocal career instead. At 18 he joined a quartette on the RKO vaudeville circuit, and finally landed in Hollywood at the Music Box Theatre in "Nine O'Clock Revue." His hopes that the producers would notice him were shattered, and there he was, in Hollywood, without a job. He flipped a coin, and decided to return to New York, where, for 17 weeks he sang as the "Beloved Vagabond" over WOR. Then followed a year as soloist with George Olsen's orchestra, and finally the successful launching of "The Last Round-Up" which Joe sang to perfection. Then Hollywood came to him, and he made his first picture for Paramount in 1934—"The Old Fashioned Way," followed by "Home on the Range," "One Hour Late" and "Love in Bloom," his latest. His next will be "Four Hours to Kill." Joe has dark brown hair and twinkling blue eyes, weighs 150 pounds and is 5 feet 10 inches tall. He isn't married yet, but just wait until the Hollywood gals get wise!

JOHN WAYNE, Sheridan, Pa.—The student nurses who supported Loretta Young in "The White Parade" were Dorothy Wilson, Muriel Kirkland, Astrid Allwyn and Joyce Compton, who took the part of Texas. She was born in Lexington, Ky., and moved to Tulsa, Okla., where she attended high school. (No, the Southern accent wasn't a fake.) A newspaper beauty contest was her ticket to the movies and Hollywood, where she stayed, taking extra parts. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 116 pounds and has flaming red hair and blue eyes. Sounds (and looks) good! She is a free-lance player, but her next picture will be "Mr. Dynamite" for Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal., where you may be able to reach her.

TELVIS WALLACE, Evans, Ky.; **MARY GAIL-BREATH**, Washington, D. C.; **CECELIA RYNIET**, South Amboy, N. J.; **JEAN HIRSCH**, Detroit, Mich.; **MARIAN E. RYAN**, Sennett, N. Y.—Ever heard of Mae Green? Oh, yes you have, only you know her as Jean Parker. Originally (August 11, 1915), of Deer Lodge, Mont., her education was received in Los Angeles and Pasadena, where she attended high school. Jean actually floated into the movies on a bed of roses—she was riding a float in a Pasadena Tournament of Roses when a movie executive saw her. Her first picture was "Divorce in the Family" in 1931. Ambition is this young lady's middle name. She has only five; interpretive dancing, acting, painting, music and writing. She speaks French fluently and likes to dance and swim. Her favorite color is jade green, which goes beautifully with her dark brown hair and blue green eyes. She is only 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds—no wonder her friends call her Robin. She is rumored engaged to a childhood sweetheart—Francis Lucas. She is rarely seen with anyone else. Her most recent picture is "Sequoia" and her next will be "Princess O'Hara" for which Universal borrowed her from M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal. "Have a Heart" was an original story.

FULTON A. KING, Weyers Cave, Va.—Doris Davenport is the gal you mean, who took the part of Toots in "Kid Millions." Information about her is scarce, but she is not under contract to any studio, although you may take a chance and write her at Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. That's all, but you're right about her looks.



Sally is a little gossip...and I'm glad she is!



"I'm glad you came over to visit me while you wash your dolly's clothes, Sally. Let me lend you some soap."

"No, thanks—I brought my own kind along—'cause I don't want Arabella's clothes to do any tattling on me."



"Why, clothes can't tattle, Sally."

"'Deed they can! My mommy says the little bride across the street works real hard—but her clothes are full of tattle-tale gray—'cause she uses a soap that doesn't unstick *all* the dirt."



"But my mommy's clothes are white as anything—'cause she's smart. She uses this Fels-Naptha Soap! Smell? That's naptha, mommy says—heaps of it."

"M-m-m! So that's why Fels-Naptha gets *all* the dirt. I wonder if..."



Few weeks later: "Goody! Goody!—strawberry ice cream!"

"That's a treat for you, Sally. You're a little gossip—but I've got to thank you for making me change to Fels-Naptha. My washes look lots whiter now!"

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

LITTLE gossips are cute—but you would not want any grown-up gossips to see "tattle-tale gray" in your clothes.

So change to Fels-Naptha Soap—it gets clothes gorgeously *white*!

Fels-Naptha, you see, is richer soap—good golden soap! And there's *lots of naptha* in it. When these two cleaners get busy,

dirt simply has to let go—ALL OF IT!

Fels-Naptha is *so gentle*, too—you can trust your daintiest silk undies to it! It's kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar.

Try Fels-Naptha in tub, basin, or machine. Get a supply at your grocer's! Fels & Co., Phila., Pa. © 1935, FELS & CO. CODE

MODERN SCREEN'S

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Hollywood Reporter	Film Daily	Variety	General Ratings
Anne of Green Gables (RKO)	4★	4★	2★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Babes in Toyland (M-G-M)	3★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3½★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Babbitt (First National)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★
Baboona (Martin Johnsons)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	0	0	3★	4★	3★
Behind the Evidence (Columbia)	2★	1★	1★	2★	1★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1★	0	2★	2★	2★	1★	2★
Behold My Wife (Paramount)	3★	1★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	1★	2★	2★	1★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2★
The Best Man Wins (Columbia)	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	0	2½★	3★	2★	0	3★	3★	2★	2★	2★
Big-Hearted Herbert (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★
Bordertown (Warners)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2★	0	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★
Bright Eyes (Fox)	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★
Broadway Bill (Columbia)	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	3½★	4★	5★	5★	4★	4★	4★	5★	5★
By Your Leave (RKO)	3★	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2★	3★	2★	3★	3★	
The Captain Hates the Sea (Columbia)	4★	2★	3★	4★	4★	4★	2★	3½★	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Car 99 (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	0	2½★	3★	3★	0	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
Carnival (Columbia)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	0	2★	4★	3★	3★	2★
Charlie Chan in Paris (Fox)	3★	2★	2★	3★	4★	4★	3★	2½★	4★	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Clive of India (20th Century)	4★	4½★	4★	4★	4★	4½★	4½★	3½★	4★	4½★	4½★	4★	4½★	4½★	4½★	4★
College Rhythm (Paramount)	2★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	0	2★	3★	0	4★	3★	4★	3★
The County Chairman (Fox)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Dangerous Corner (RKO)	3★	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	
David Copperfield (M-G-M)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Devil Dogs of the Air (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★	2½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Enter Madame (Paramount)	3★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	0	0	3★	2★	3★	2★
Evelyn Prentice (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Evensong (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2★	4★	3★	3★	2★	0	0	3★	2★	4★	3★
Evergreen (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	0	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Father Brown, Detective (Paramount)	2★	0	0	2★	0	0	0	2★	2★	0	0	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★
The Firebird (Warners)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2½★	2★
Flirtation Walk (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★

Accurate reports of your favorite critics' ratings of current pictures

Modern Screen
Regina Cannon

New York Daily News
Kate Cameron

New York American
Regina Crewe

New York Evening Journal
Rose Pelswick

New York Daily Mirror
Bland Johanneson

New York Herald Tribune
Richard Watts, Jr.

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Hollywood Reporter	Film Daily	Variety	General Ratings
Folies Bergere (20th Century)	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	0	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
Forsaking All Others (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Gambling (Fox)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2★	1★	3★	2½★	2★
The Gay Bride of the Rackets (M-G-M)	1★	2½★	2★	1★	2½★	2★	0	2½★	2★	3★	0	3★	1★	2★	2★	2★
The Gay Divorcee (RKO)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Gentlemen Are Born (First National)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	1★	2★	3★	3★
The Gilded Lily (Paramount)	4★	3½★	3★	4★	3½★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	2★	4★	3★
Grand Old Girl (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2★	3★	3★	2★	2★
The Great Hotel Murder (Fox)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	1★	0	0	3★	3★	2★	2★
The Good Fairy (Universal)	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3½★	4★	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★
Great Expectations (Universal)	4★	0	0	4★	0	0	0	3★	0	0	3★	0	4★	3★	3★	3★
Hellorado (Fox)	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	1★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★
Hell in the Heavens (Fox)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	0	3★	3★	2★	3★
Here Is My Heart (Paramount)	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Home on the Range (Paramount)	2★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1½★	0	2½★	3★	1★	0	0	2★	3★	2★	2★
I Am a Thief (First National)	2★	1★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	0	1★	0	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★
Imitation of Life (Universal)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	4★	2★	3★	0	0	4★	4★	3★
The Iron Duke (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	0	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
I Sell Anything (First National)	3★	2½	2½★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	0	2★	2★	2★	2★
It's a Gift (Paramount)	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	4★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Kansas City Princess (Warners)	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	0	0	2★	1★	2★	2★
Kentucky Kernels (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	1★	0	0	4★	2★	3★	2★
Kid Millions (Sam Goldwyn)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Lady by Choice (Columbia)	4★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2★	4★	3★	3★	3★
Limehouse Blues (Paramount)	2★	1★	1★	2★	0	1★	0	2★	0	2★	2★	0	2★	1★	2★	2★
Little Men (Mascot)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	0	0	4★	3★	0	2★
The Little Minister (RKO)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★
Lives of a Bengal Lancer (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
The Man Who Reclaimed His Head (Uni.)	3★	3★	2★	4★	2★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★

(Continued on page 74)

5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor; 0, no review

New York Post
Thornton Delehanty

New York World-Telegram
William Boehnel

New York Sun
Eileen Creelman

Chicago Herald-Examiner
Carol Frink

New York Times
André Sennwald

Los Angeles Examiner
Louella Parsons

Beauty Advice



Madge Evans, beautiful as she is, isn't above wishing for what a million other girls desire—long, heavy eyelashes. And clipping them does the trick.



Is your hair drab and oily? See page 98 for a personal service.

by Mary Biddle

MADGE EVANS is the kind of a girl who represents most any woman's wistful dream of the grown-up daughter she would like to have, or the sweetheart she would like her son to marry. Not so many years ago Madge walked into the hearts of the screen public as an adorable, curly-headed child star and now she is just the kind of a person that that child star should have grown up to be. She is lovely. She is unaffected. There's nothing artificial or made-up about her. She is one of the few actresses who is lovelier off the screen than on, because her flawless complexion is one of her outstanding charms. In other words, she's a "natural" for a selfish beauty editor's column, and I felt pretty lucky to have had an interview with her so that I might be able to tell you all about her.

This was Madge's first good-sized vacation in New York for several years, and she was having a beautiful

time. Her suite at the Waldorf-Astoria was literally a bower of roses, so many were the bouquets that graced the tables, the desk, and the fireplace mantel. Some of the roses were a warm cream color with deep golden hearts that seemed to paint their petals with an inner glow . . . an appropriate background for Madge, as her own fair blonde skin has a very lovely golden tinge to it, a sort of radiant underglow that complements her golden hair and blue eyes. She has graceful hands (photographs don't do them justice), and small, milk-white teeth that remind one of the perfect teeth of a child.

EVEN though you love hearing about such Hollywood perfection, perhaps you're getting discouraged right off the reel at hearing about all this "natural-born" charm, so far as your emulating it is concerned. Well, just you wait a bit. It's a little encouraging to know that the Hollywood goddesses are only human after all. Madge

Lovely skin and lustrous hair can be yours, says La Evans

OUR "HOPE CHEST"

is a very modest person, and her modesty isn't put on; it's a genuine, refreshing thing. She honestly doesn't consider herself at all glamorous. She never wears any sort of bizarre or out-of-the-ordinary make-up effects, because she doesn't feel that she can "carry them off." Now, here's the point. Madge isn't above wanting new "eye-deas" about the very same thing on which I receive hundreds of queries from you. She isn't above wishing for what a million and one other girls wish for—long, heavy eyelashes.

The thing that brought up the discussion was when Madge said she wanted to explain why her eyelashes looked so "chopped off." As a matter of fact, we hadn't even noticed. Anyhow, she explained that a year or so ago she decided to find out if there was anything in the theory of cutting one's eyelashes in order to make them longer and more luxuriant. As she was about to have a vacation after months of hard work at the studios, and the camera wouldn't be there for a while to catch her with its wicked eye, she cut off her eyelashes to about one-third their natural length, and went gallivanting away on her vacation trip. Well, the lashes didn't grow back longer than they were before, but they did grow thicker, so after one successful trial, she was going through the stunt again during this vacation. Madge was highly amused at herself and her experimentation for "more glamorous" eyelashes. She laughingly told about the night she was dressing for a party, and thought the occasion called for some special eye make-up; she started to apply her mascara when her mirror woke her up to the realization that her lashes had gone on a vacation, too.

NOW before you rush madly for the scissors (manicure scissors if you please), remember that it may take your lashes a good long time to grow back in again to their natural length, so unless you're having an extensive vacation, you had better not cut your lashes without due consideration. Some people's lashes grow in much more slowly than others. But if you don't mind the drawbacks, it's well worth trying. Incidentally, after the cutting, I would recommend the morning and nightly application of an eyelash grower, applied with a tiny eyelash brush and a gentle upward brushing motion.

If you want to have heavier eyelashes to sweep down over your cheeks, it naturally follows that you'll want a complexion worthy of the added glamor. Every once in a while I have to raise considerable fuss about the (Continued on page 98)



**-it tells you why you shouldn't
try an untried laxative**

AT the Ex-Lax plant is a big box containing 522 little boxes. Each one contains a laxative that "hoped" to imitate Ex-Lax, and get away with it.

For 28 years we have seen them come and seen them go... while Ex-Lax has gone along growing bigger and bigger year by year... simply by giving satisfaction to millions of people who turned to it for pleasant, painless, thorough relief from constipation.

WHY EX-LAX HAS STOOD THE TEST OF TIME

Ex-Lax is a chocolated laxative... but it is so much more than just chocolate flavor and a laxative ingredient. The way it is made... the satisfaction it gives... these things apparently can't be copied. They haven't been yet!

Of course, Ex-Lax is thorough. Of course, it is gentle. It won't give you stomach pains, or leave you feeling weak, or upset you. It won't form a habit... you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

AND... THAT "CERTAIN SOMETHING"

So many imitators have tried to produce a chocolated laxative that would equal Ex-Lax. But they couldn't. Why? Because Ex-Lax is more than just a chocolated laxative. Because the exclusive Ex-Lax process gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain ideal action that words just can't explain and that *no other laxative has*. But once you try Ex-Lax, you'll know what we mean, and nothing else will ever do for you.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. If you would like to find out how good it is... at our expense... just mail the coupon below for a free sample.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MM55 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name

Address

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

IT'S TOPS.. this year more than ever!

Take it from me—this new Scandals is 365 times greater than last year's . . . and what swlegant entertainment *that* was! Only George White himself could have out-dazzled his 1934 creation.

You're going to zoom from loud "ha-ha's" at the comedy to gasping "a-ah's" at the beauties to thrilled "o-ohs" at the romance. And you're going to dance out both your shoes this spring to the swingy rhythms of six hit tunes!

**STARS
GIRLS
SONGS
DANCES
LAUGHS
SPECTACLE**

Keep your eye on Alice Faye, Fox Films' new glamour gal. She has what it takes to hit the cinema heights.



Watch the sparks fly!



Sumptuous settings! Spectacular Dances! Gorgeous girls including 30 beauty contest winners!

FLASHES from GEORGE WHITE'S 1935 SCANDALS

by Jerry Halliday

A frolicking foursome
bubbling with the
gaiety of the Gay
Nineties number



with

**ALICE FAYE
JAMES DUNN
NED SPARKS**

Lyda Roberti Cliff Edwards
Arline Judge Eleanor Powell
Benny Rubin Emma Dunn

GEORGE WHITE

Entire Production Conceived, Produced
and Directed by George White

Alice plays her grandest role in this picture. And what a marvelous singin'-steppin' duo she and Jimmy Dunn make! • As for Lyda Roberti . . . well . . . team up Poland's gift to Hollywood with Ned Sparks and Cliff Edwards . . . then look out below! • Fox Studios have staged this musicale with a lavish hand. And what a great, big hand YOU will give it!



Hollywood cheered this masterpiece of that master showman, George White

**HUM-ABLE, SING-ABLE,
DANCE-ABLE TUNES!**

"According to the Moon-
light"

"It's an Old Southern
Custom"

"Hunkadola"

"Oh I didn't know (you'd
get that way)"

"I was born too late"

"I got shoes—you got
shoesies"

FOX

GINGER ROGERS

Meet Lizzie Gatz putting on her act of being the Countess Scharwenka! Otherwise, our old pal Ginger Rogers out-glamoring the glamor girls for her latest role in the tuneful "Roberta." Ginger and Fred Astaire have a high old time in this opus and you are going to have great trouble keeping your feet still when they dance to the haunting strains of "I'll Be Hard to Handle." It's colossal!





RICARDO CORTEZ

Ricardo's popularity is something many more meteoric stars can envy. Quietly, deftly, he handles the parts given him and each picture shows him to have greater polish and charm. His role of the debonair Sim in "Shadow of Doubt" was just cut to order for the dashing Ric.



HELEN HAYES

Everybody breathlessly awaited "Vanessa," not only because it gave them their beloved Helen Hayes but also because it gave Bob Montgomery a serious role. Although Helen hasn't said much about future plans, she's scheduled for "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie."



JOHN BOLES

Despite the wicked looking shotgun, John Boles seems like a pretty kind-hearted hunter. John is resting between pictures, if you can call tramping around the woods a rest! Having finished "Music in the Air," there's nothing on his schedule until "Redheads on Parade."

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

Rest of any kind doesn't seem to fit into Maureen's hectic schedule. She's so much in demand that she rushes from M-G-M's "West Point of the Air" to United Artists' "Cardinal Richelieu" as a loan to George Arliss. Her spare moments are loaned to one Mr. John Farrow, as you know.





CHARLES BOYER

We talked with Pat Paterson, Charles Boyer's lovely English wife, the day before he was landing from Europe. She was incoherent with excitement, for he had been abroad for six months making pictures. All she could talk about was what a marvelous person he is. And her enthusiasm seems to match that of his fans! Charles is the lucky young gent who replaces Francis Lederer as Hepburn's lead in "Break of Hearts." It's his second American picture.



There are so many feathers in Irene Dunne's cap these days that it ought to look like a war bonnet! Not content with scoring a great hit with her singing role in "Sweet Adeline," Irene packed her make-up kit and hurried back to RKO for "Roberta." And in it, Irene draws her first modern breath in months—she doesn't have to wear stuffy period costumes; instead she revels in an ultramodern Paris couture salon setting. Hear her sing "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes."

IRENE
DUNNE

(Left) The screen's most sophisticated actor, with a young man who shows no sign of sophistication yet—Bill, Jr. (Right) Carole Lombard, who was Bill's wife not long ago and who is not the girl in this story.

A bittersweet story of a girl who fell in love and a man who didn't. And of a friendship which flourished because there was no fault on either side



ONE GIRL'S HOPELESS

TO understand a man completely, he must be seen through the eyes of a woman—a woman who loved him once and still loves him, even though he cannot love her. A woman who, in spite of this, remains his friend and counts him as a friend, too.

A certain girl—a close friend of mine—allows us this searching glimpse into the character of Bill Powell. She is not Carole Lombard—no—who loved him and was loved by him and who, since the light of that love has failed remains his friend, also. This girl's story is more enlightening than Carole's could be, because this girl suffered the heartache of hopelessness—and found a remedy. As much of a remedy, at least, as a woman can find for such sickness. I am not, of course, going to divulge her name. We will call her Georgia.

It is not easy to explain Georgia's sentiments. Mood is more important than a simple statement of fact. It would be too easy to make the girl sound less intelligent than she is. It would be too easy to make Bill Powell sound less fine and sincere than he is. And so, since the mood which brought all this into focus occurred quite recently, I must tell my story backwards, but I do not think that you will find fault with me for doing so.

Georgia and another young lady—Valerie—had gone out to Bill's at his urgent request. They had just arrived from New York. Georgia went, secretly wondering if this brief reunion would prove much of an emotional strain. Valerie went, confessing with breathless excitement, that she was on tenterhooks at meeting her favorite star. Each jittery for a different reason, they set out.

(Left) The perfect Mr. and Mrs.—on the screen, that is. Bill with Myrna Loy. (Center) The dazzling Jean Harlow, who is busy dazzling Mr. Powell these days, if we are to believe the gossip columns.



by T. B. Fithian

LOVE FOR BILL POWELL

Bill was at the telephone when they arrived. He gayly flipped a kiss to Georgia and saluted a welcome to her companion without a check in his conversation. He gestured to them to remove their wraps and take a seat. He did not, during this dialogue of hands and eyes, lower his voice with tell-tale discretion as he talked over the phone. There was, Georgia ruefully decided, a female at the other end of the wire. Bill brought one hand to his smiling mouth and tilted back his head. The gesture was eloquent. Would his guests like a drink? The houseboy brought in three tall glasses with clinking ice during this continuous pantomime and Georgia marveled, when Valerie pinched her arm to express her delight, how one man could keep three women so thoroughly amused. Then the one on the phone finished. Bill strode over.

HE swept Georgia into his arms—in a gay, unloverlike way, of course. As he bowed before her friend and hauled up a chair, Georgia felt, for a swift instant, that she should resent his kiss. It had been too friendly. So casually friendly. Don't men ever remember those other occasions when . . . But Bill was talking. He recalled the happy times they had had together. That last time, he chuckled, when they had gone fishing. Off Laguna in a rowboat. Not a nibble all day. But it had been so peacefully indolent as they relaxed to the gentle heave of the ground swells. And a sunset which, for a few magical minutes, changed the ocean to wine . . . Then these reminiscences came to an abrupt end. Bill turned to Valerie. "This is no fun for you," he apologized. "Come on. Let's take a look at (Continued on page 76)

GLAMOR

IS NOT A GIFT

Rules for glamor by four knowing stars. Left to right below: "Be understanding," says Anita Louise. "Stay away from the wall-flowers," warns Kitty Carlisle. "Lack of beauty doesn't bar you from glamor," is May Robson's heartening word. And Norma Shearer begs all women, of all ages, "Hold on to your interest in men!" Such wisdom, such workable axioms, for us all.



Glamor, Hollywood's highest priced commodity,
is right within the grasp of every one of you!



by Adele Whitely Fletcher

WHEN a girl or a woman has it, she doesn't need anything else. Glamor, I mean. There are some who are born with it. And that's their good fortune. There are others who never do have it. And that's their fault, their lack of gumption.

Glamor is a warm magic, a brilliant sort of charm. It is something in you which ignites people's imaginations. It is a quality which makes the things you do and say colorful, provocative and appealing. And nine times out of ten, no, nine hundred and ninety-nine times in a thousand, it is a quality born of your point of view.

You can learn to be glamorous. Beauty, for instance, isn't necessary to glamor.

"Watch the Pretties, the Beauties lose out when a girl with a glamorous personality arrives at a party," Peggy Hopkins Joyce said to me once. "I've seen men leave pretty girls high and dry dozens of times to join girls not

nearly as attractive who had a warmth and personality which the others lacked."

Because of the glamor Peggy Joyce always has possessed for men, she has become internationally famous. And, if for no other reason than this, she is glamorous to women, too.

Wealthy men have given Peggy diamonds, emeralds and sapphires so large and so flawless that they are known by name to jewellers. Hard-boiled newspaper men meeting Peggy have remembered they were rather sentimental, too. Theatrical and movie producers have paid Peggy terrific sums to appear in their productions. And they have written in roles to suit her. The day Peggy talked about glamor, I asked her what she felt is the greatest mistake women make in their relationship to men, as far as attracting them is concerned. And I pass on her answer to you as being advice from an expert.

"Girls and women should be careful not to act silly and cold," Peggy said. "Too often a girl, who is terribly intrigued by a man, will hurt his feelings by being defiant, over-independent and cold in an effort to hide her interest and protect her pride.

"The girls and women most glamorous to men are those who have an easy, warm manner, those not eternally on the defensive lest they appear to like a man more than he likes them.

"After all, no matter how lovely a girl may be, she's not going to have a chance at seeming glamorous if she's all tied up with defensive pride."

Excellent advice that, which forms rule one:

Don't act silly and cold with men. Don't forever be afraid you're going to seem to like them more than they like you.

IN Hollywood there are girls besieging the casting offices who are much prettier than the girls who occupy star dressing-rooms. But the girls, who make the grade of star dressing-rooms, have glamor.

There's Norma Shearer. I remember Norma in New York one summer's day, coming into her hotel apartment after a visit to the zoo with little Irving. She scaled her floppy panama hat on a chair, ran quick hands through her crisp hair and kicked off her white kid slippers. Then, twisting her legs under her on the sofa, she told us about a big black bear at the zoo who had showed off while she and Irving stood before his cage. Laughter washed her words bright. And she was glamorous, as glamorous as I've ever known her to be.

Norma, you see, finds life exciting. So she's exciting—and glamorous. For glamor is an imparted excitement among other things.

I've talked to Norma about Hollywood's glamorous girls. And her analysis of these girls is fascinating.

"They're girls who follow their instincts," Norma said. "They do things because they want to do them. They don't dam themselves up all the time.

"People for the most part, it seems to me, would do well to let themselves go a little, and get a thrill out of it.

"Being glamorous is not a matter of a décolleté gown and long earrings. I don't mean externals are not important—just that in themselves they're insufficient. The thing that counts most is the interests which stimulate us."

She jumped up and emptied a small silver ash-tray, with an easy little, "Let me fix that." Not as if to save the arm of the chair from an overflow of ashes, but as if to give her guests comfort.

"Another thing," she said. (Continued on page 120)

LOVABLE GENIUS

At the age of ten, Freddie

THERE'S no explanation, as far as inheritance goes, for Freddie Bartholomew, the little chap you saw as "David Copperfield." No family record divulges one actor, artist, writer, clergyman or barrister, one professional or artistic grandparent or ancestor upon whom you can put your finger and say: "There! That's where Freddie gets his greatness!"

Freddie's father, Cecil Bartholomew, is in the Ministry of Agriculture. His grandfather is a retired accountant. His mother did nothing but grow up, fall in love, and get married.

Yet here is Freddie throwing critics, producers, directors, stage and screen stars into a dither of amazement by the consummate charm and the histrionics he displayed in "David Copperfield." And this in spite of the fact that his entire previous experience had been limited to appearances at charity bazaars and concerts together with two or three professional engagements in English films.

It is seven years ago now that old Mr. and Mrs. Bartholomew, Freddie's grandparents, took a cottage at the sea for the summer.

"Wouldn't it be nice," Mrs. Bartholomew asked her daughter Myllicent, called Cissie in the family, "if we could have little Freddie down for a bit, a fortnight say?"

Freddie came. And the proposed two weeks lengthened into six, seven weeks. Seven months. Seven years.

by Roberta Ormiston



At left, top to bottom, you see Freddie with his beloved Aunt Cissie who is his guardian as well as boon companion in all adventures. Next, a picture taken several years ago showing his two sisters, Eileen and Dimples, with his cousin, Peter, his great pal. Of course, you recognize Freddie's curls at the far right. And below them is the side door and gardens to the house of Freddie's grandparents at Warminster where he spends most of his time when in England. And right, Freddie himself, the lovable younger "David Copperfield."



Bartholomew is a little boy with fame in his hands

Always it was Cissie Bartholomew, a little thing with reddish brown hair and crinkly autumn-colored eyes, who pleaded with Freddie's mother and father that he be allowed to remain with them a little longer.

"You have Eileen and Dimples," she would say to them. "Do let Freddie stay for another week or two. He's such a winning child. And so very affectionate. We can't bear to have him go."

In September, when the Bartholomews returned to Warminster, to their little ivy-covered house with its quaint black and white iron fence and its flower-bordered walks, Cissie Bartholomew fixed up a room for Freddie. It seemed to her he must remain with them, always. She had no sense at all of life going on without him.

Freddie returned his aunt's devotion. Whenever he came into the house to find her reading, he climbed up beside her and coaxed her to read the words out loud—even when he was told that it would be too difficult for him to understand.

"Always, however," says Cissie Bartholomew, "Freddie seemed to sense the tenor of what I read. Always he knew whether it was happy or sad and whether or not it was amusing.

"I used to read him nursery rhymes. And there would be emotion in his little face. Despair enough to bring tears to your eyes when the kittens lost their mittens. Gleeful laughter when the cow jumped over the moon.

"There was an emotional response from him always."

Gradually other books took their place on the low white shelves in Freddie's room, propped up beside his brown Teddy with one shoe-button eye missing, his leaden soldiers with bright red coats, and the gay kites he loved to sail from the lawn. There were A. A. Milne things, Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," Kipling's "Just So Stories." Then came "David Copperfield." David Copperfield, who was to be Freddie's very favorite book person. Dear Peggotty, horrid Mr. Murdstone, the Micaw-

bers—all were real.

At five Freddie knew Portia's speech from "The Merchant of Venice." And when he recited it, those who heard him knew it, too, better than they ever had known it be-
(Cont. on p. 111)





Garbo, after spending an evening at the Trocadero, snapped by Scotty at some expense to his dignity. Below, the Garbo of the screen.



(Below) Has the mediocre success of "The Painted Veil" induced Garbo to seek publicity by means of public appearances?



GARBO VAS DERE!

An eye witness—Scotty to
youse—relates the lowdown
on Garbo's night out

by J.B. Scott

THREE months ago an important executive of one of our big newspapers made this prediction to me: "Garbo is at the crossroads of her career. She faces a crucial point in her professional life that may spell even greater success or complete oblivion. If 'The Painted Veil' doesn't live up to the expectations of Garbo fans and the American public in general, she will be compelled to take desperate measures to recapture the place she has held in their hearts so long. My guess is that she is through, but I expect to hear of her throwing aside this mask of secrecy that has covered her life in the past and begin making public appearances. You may expect to see her at the popular night clubs, the opera, the races and, in fact, any spot where her fans may see her. Then with much of her old following regained and new converts in addition, as a result of the publicity she will no doubt receive, she will just as suddenly resort to her old tricks—secrecy and silence."

I couldn't agree with him. Garbo might be through. I didn't doubt his mature wisdom there, but to appear boldly in public—never. She lives in fear of the public. I know that. I have witnessed her reactions to crowds and people many times. She is haunted by the fear that they'd literally tear her to shreds, snatch her clothing from her body—understand—I am a cameraman.

She may be justified in her belief. Autograph hounds and souvenir seekers can be utterly thoughtless when caught in the excitement of seeing their idols within easy reach. Garbo is fully aware of this human instinct I was positive in my belief that (Continued on page 72)



Does Tullio imagine The One and Only in his arms when he embraces these glamorous sirens—Tala Birell, above, and Lilian Harvey, below, in "Let's Live Tonight"?



THE WOMAN IN HIS LIFE

Though convention keeps
them apart, Carminati's love
will go on forever

by Martha Kerr

WHEN you saw Tullio Carminati making such suave and deft screen love to Grace Moore in "One Night of Love," I wonder if it seemed strange to you that such an obvious Don Juan had never married and had never, in spite of the fact that he has many women friends, been seriously rumored engaged.

Certainly he has a way with women. Certainly women are interested in him, but Tullio always remains polite, reserved, aloof.

I know why. I discovered the secret not so long ago and the story is so beautiful, so tender, so gallant that I think it will make you admire Tullio even more than you do now.

He is the victim of a great and abiding love, but the name of the woman he loves must forever be shrouded in secrecy. She is married. And neither she nor Tullio believe in divorce.

In fact, it was one day when Tullio and I were talking about divorce that I discovered the secret of his hitherto unrevealed love.

We were sitting quietly together in Tullio's apartment, a restful place with its walls decorated with pictures of the greatest European actors and actresses. An autographed photo of Sarah Bernhardt. Another of Lina Cavalleri.

"I do not believe in divorce," this smart, sophisticated man-of-the-world said to me. "I can recognize its importance when two people, thrown together by marriage, find it absolutely necessary to (Continued on page 98)

She looks so
poised, so con-
tinental. Yet
she runs, in
terror, from
autograph
hounds

*by Katherine
Albert*

Kitty Carlisle,
after apprenticeship in
two Bing
Crosby pic-
tures, will
appear in
"Rose of the
Rancho."

VERY DIFFERENT. OFF SCREEN

KITTY CARLISLE'S life is as glamorous and exciting as the crown jewels of Russia. Just listen to this!

Winters in Paris, summers on the Riviera at her mother's villa, finishing school at the Princess Metchersky's in Paris, a year in Rome—simply because she wanted to learn Italian—smart holidays in Switzerland, winter sports at St. Moritz. That's an extremely brief and kaleidoscopic glance at Kitty's activities before she came to Hollywood.

And, hearing this, what would you expect a girl with that background to be like? Elegant? Smart? Chi-chi? Just too, too divine, my deah, and will you have cream or lemon in your tea?

As a matter of fact, Kitty Carlisle is just a nut, but she's swell. And she's the only person in Hollywood who doesn't take the place seriously. She used to sit in the Beverly Wilshire Hotel thinking she was going quietly insane. Now she sits in her garden and reads and wonders when they will come and take her away.

YOU see," she explained, "I don't know anyone here. Mummy and I didn't know we were going to stay long so we didn't bother getting letters of introduction."

Letters of introduction in Hollywood! In a place where all you have to do to get acquainted is to sav.

"Hi, pal, what picture are you working in now?"

All this, as you can see, is a holdover from the Chateau Mont Choisi at Lausanne where Kitty went to school when she was a child, a breath of swank from the American colony in Paris. Letters of introduction in Hollywood! My word!

"It's a border town," she laughed, "simply a border town. What does everyone *do*?"

"My mother is no help. She's never seen anything like it before. When people come up to me and ask for my autograph as if I were some great celebrity, my mother just giggles and runs away from me."

"And you?" I asked. "What do you do?"

She opened her eyes very wide, "Why I just put my head down and run, too."

THE picture of the statuesque Kitty Carlisle butting through a crowd of autograph seekers as if she were an All-American halfback bucking the line is one I can conjure up and laugh over in moments of stress. I tell you, the girl is nuts!

"I never wanted to come here. I really didn't. When I was singing on the stage in New York strange people used to walk up to me and say, 'You ought to be in pictures.' But I always answered, (Continued on page 104)

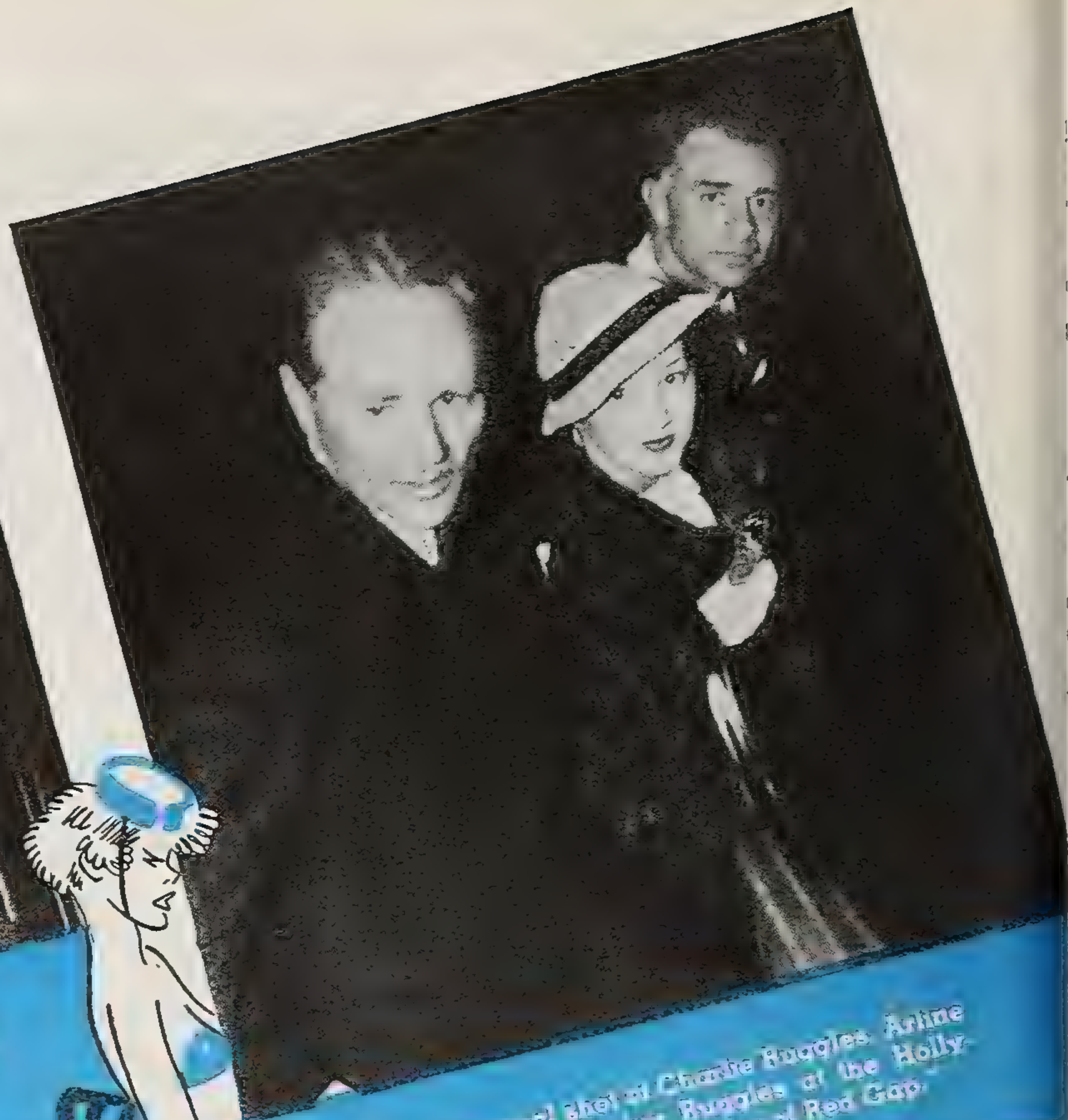


After much controversy by Hollywood and the fans, The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences presented its 1934 awards at a large banquet. Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert, above left and right, were voted to have given the best screen performances in "It Happened One Night." A special award was voted to Shirley Temple. Claudette, enroute to New York, came to the banquet long enough to be given her award by Shirley. Among the guests who attended were Jean Harlow with Bill Powell, lower left. And Anna Sten with husband Dr. Frenke and a friend, Tai Lackman, lower right.

THE ACADEMY AWARDS BANQUET



Gene Harmons and his mother depart for New York and Florida. One of our spies saw him in N. Y. Story on page 12.



An unusual shot of Charlie Ruggles, Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles at the Hollywood preview of 'Ruggles of Red Gap.'



GOOD
NEWS!

by Regina Cannon

If you don't believe that history repeats itself, here is an item over which you may ponder. Remember, in the not-so-long-ago, his pre-nuptial-to-Chatterton days, to be exact, George Brent was cuhrazy about Loretta Young. They made a personal appearance tour together and played in a couple of pictures. Well it ended with wedding bells for George. But this is 1935 and a new deal is in order and, despite all that hectic discussion about Brent and Garbo, the gentleman often calls the beauteous Loretta for a date. He hasn't landed one at this writing, but since "If at first you don't succeed" is his favorite adage he feels there's hope.

■ ■ ■

Much speculating has been done as to the seriousness of the Jean Harlow-William Powell romance. Suffice it to say that the servants at the Powell manse are worried. It seems they are averse to having "women folk" in the house. A bachelor is so darn easy-going, you know. Report hath it that if Brent takes unto himself a bride, the below-stairs gentry are ready to give notice. Nothing against the fair Jean, y' understand, it's her sex in general that they're agin.

■ ■ ■

Poor Lyda Roberti! She has so much trouble keeping herself organized! When the wardrobe woman approached her recently



The 12-day bride—Just Knight, ex-Mrs. Paul Ames—dances with Tommy Lee of the Sea and Mayfair Ball.



One of our beautiful looking married couples—Vernie Thompson and Adolpho Morrell—of the Mayfair Ball.



with an armful of luscious creations and the photographer came to snap her in them, Lyda was that pleased and proud. However, when the proofs were ready for okay, there appeared the peppy comedienne, elegant in her finery, but beneath the hem of each gown, she stood—pigeon-toed!

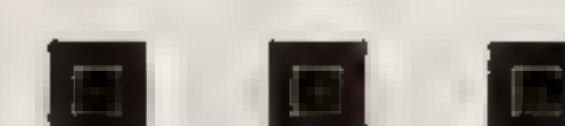


Everybody likes Ginger Rogers and, when you see her in "Roberta," you're going to be enthralled. At a recent premiere the little Rogers was all set to sign autograph books when Lew Ayres, her new husband, pulled her away. Ginger looked dismayed and her admirers looked disappointed; but her lord and master had spoken and she obeyed.

Speaking of autograph collectors, there is one ambitious young lady who has rung Ronald Colman's doorbell for close onto a month and as yet had no luck in finding her hero at home. However, she is still undaunted.

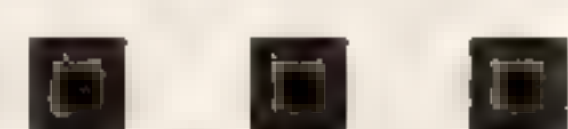


It looks to his friends as if Franchot Tone has gone hypochondriac! He is so careful of himself these days. Doesn't eat this and won't drink that and warns you against acid if you swallow the other thing. It must be too awful to keep track of your alimentary canal like that! At any rate, it certainly is hard on the neighbors who are constantly reminded what a potato and lamb chop might do if they should meet each other in one's tummy.



Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland entered the Trocadero recently and hadn't been seated long when the lady spied the

Marquis parked quietly in a corner with the lovely Joan Marsh. During the first dance intermission, Miss B. approached her husband and some brief, though perhaps serious, dialogue ensued. Anyway, Connie hadn't returned to her table ten minutes before Henri and his friend departed. If this were a contest, we'd ask you to send in the best answer to "What did Miss Bennett say?" But spare the pencil and save the time, we're just wondering ourselves.



And, while on the subject of the Troc, let us say that it is just about the gayest spot in Hollywood. Undoubtedly the guests make it so, for, once in a while it becomes that informal. For instance, just before dawning the other day, Peggy Fears, Bill Haines and Prince Felix Rolo sat around on the floor in the foyer (see page 38). Now, you know, they're too big for that, really! Probably it can all be charged to joie de vivre—or just plain joy.



Caesar Romero is the town's latest beau. All the girls are having dates with the handsome dark gentleman. And he doesn't seem to play favorites either, which makes it gay for the fair ones. The other evening, after taking Sally Blane home, he returned to the Clover Club with a pretty blonde. They danced until the wee sma' hours and then departed.



Was Virginia Bruce's lovely face red! It happened thisaway. She was called to the studio to make some still photos with Pinkie Tomlin, composer of "Object of My Affections" and now an M-G-M



The Gary Coopers (Sandra Shaw) and Mrs. Hathaway at "Bengal Lancers."



Mrs. Virginia Parrott, Eddie Lowe and Tullio Carminati, at the opera.



Zasu Pitts and husband John Woodall, dolefully attend the Santa Anita races.

More GOOD NEWS

player. Virginia arrived on the minute and for half an hour she waited, frowning and fidgeting. Finally she turned to an awkward young man whom she thought was a studio electrician. "These newcomers," she exclaimed, "make me simply ill! Take that Pinkie Tomlin, for instance. He must think the sun and movie stars rise and set just for him! Don't you hate people like that?"

The bashful boy chewed his gum reflectively. "Wa-al, now," he drawled, "as a general rule these writin' fellers are a purty stuck-up outfit. But now that Pinkie Tomlin! He's one swell guy; in fact, I'm him."

Coming! One smelling salts for a beautiful blonde!



It could only happen in Hollywood. Not so long ago, Fox declined to re-sign George O'Brien to a contract because the handsome lad desired to appear in Westerns only. And so they parted—the studio and its star. George's fan appeal was so great, however, that he decided to produce Westerns independently in which he would feature himself. The pictures are money-makers and who do you suppose is releasing them? Fox!



Well, they're up to their elbows in accents over on the "Midsummer Night's Dream" set, most of 'em German, of course. Max Reinhardt, incidentally, thinks James Cagney is a guh-rand actor, and compliments him after each scene is shot. Jimmy plays Bottom in the opus and, just to be generous or to improve on Will Shakespeare or sumpin', the scenarists have written in a character called Mrs. Bottom. No, we're *not* fooling! Just wait and see. Anyway, Reinhardt's chauffeur relays to Cagney the Maestro's high opinion of him. Yes, the "yah" system is present on this set, too. Must be an old international custom!



The highest praise Hollywood can bestow on a player isn't "the most beautiful" or "the most talented" or any other "most"—it is simply "a swell trouper." We had a sample of why May Robson has been so honored. On the "Strangers All" set, cameras were grinding as Miss Robson was saying her lines. With a sweep of her hand, she emphasized a statement, and in doing so knocked into a large camera. With a resounding clunk, the large glass lens fell on the actress' gray head—but not even a gasp interrupted the smoothness of her lines. A grand trouper, this May Robson, and a great grandmother!



In "Village Tale," you'll be treated to a scene of a village church, with worn pews and a genuine old-time organ that has to be "pumped" while played. The beauteous Kay Johnson, who has spent the last few months in England and the handsome Randolph Scott,

"After Office Hours" preview. Connie Bennett and evasive Gilbert Roland.



Joan Crawford smiles her wide smile. With Franchot Tone at the opera.



Bill Haines, Prince Rolo and Peggy Fears go a bit quaint and informal at the Trocadero.





Dixie Lee Crosby protects her eyes with glasses and Bing threatens his figure with hotdogs — at Santa Anita.



Madge Evans and her undiscussed beau, Tom Gallery, at the professional football game.



Christine Lee quenches her thirst and husband Ric Cortez smokes his pipe. Also at the "pro" football.



Fred Keating didn't mind being ill so much after he saw Jean De Mars, R.N.



And now it's Florence Rice that Laemmle, Jr., is escorting—at the Troc.



Ann Dvorak, friend Helene McAduo and two other friends. at Dvorak ranch.

who has spent the last few years in Westerns, have the leading roles. It took exactly four hours to photograph one scene satisfactorily—where Randy nails a hymn program on the wall, while Kay marvels how clever he is. Our hero just murmurs modestly, "Oh, that's simple!"



"Mr. Cobweb" seems an appropriately fantastic name for the head cameraman on the set of "Midsummer Night's Dream," doesn't it? But in private life with Evelyn Venable, who's Mrs. Hal Mohr, he's Hal. To everyone in the cast, though, he's just Mr. Cobweb—since his recent and brilliant idea of photographing forest scenes to their best advantage. This is done with a special "gum" which spins cobwebs on trees, on which diamond dust is sprinkled to make them glisten with an altogether enchanting effect.

Hal confesses he's pretty sick of cobwebs by now, particularly after coming out of the studio commissary the other day to find his entire car enveloped in a huge cobweb! Joe E. Brown and Jimmy Cagney just happened to be standing nearby, and rushed up to offer their sincerest sympathy!



Even studios come to blows once in awhile! Paramount and RKO were the last to exchange words—and some pretty hot ones, too. Seems that RKO was all set to star Anne Shirley in "Spring in Paris," when lo! Paramount announced their new picture was to be entitled "Paris in Spring!" Each studio changed its title—and then changed back again. We can't foretell the finale on this nor if either studio will see Paris in warm weather.



Most movies are so easy to look at—but photographing them is a different matter! In "Strangers All," you'll see May Robson and Preston Foster walk quickly from the kitchen to the living-room, through the dining-room. Simple enough—but one of the most intricate "shots" the cameraman ever ran into! You see, the camera must precede them through the three rooms—which doesn't mean a man holding a camera just backs up. It means that fourteen men must pull backward the huge crane on which the camera is hung—and it must be done noiselessly, without the slightest jerk. With such a big contraption, there's no room for furniture in the room—but this problem is solved by several more men, each in charge of a chair, davenport or table, which is snapped into chalk-marked locations on the floor, the second the crane moves from that spot. The camera, you see, being swung out overhead a couple of feet. It's called a "boom shot," if you want to be technical.

More GOOD NEWS



Lyle Talbot and Peggy Walters at the Mayfair Ball. Lyle hates his ladies' man publicity, so we won't say anything.



And here are Colleen Moore, Joan Blondell Barnes and George Barnes at the second Mayfair Ball.

Edward Everett Horton is this kind of a Californian. It was raining pitchforks the other day when Vic McLaglen, head bent against the wind, passed him and yelled, "Wotta storm!" Eddie turned and cried after him, "Storm, nothing! This is just a high fog!"



Katharine Hepburn has a new car! No longer does she drive around the set in that big yellow truck picking up all the studio workers for a free ride. The day after the purchase of her elegant means of transportation, Katie drove up to the studio gates with a swish, and imperiously honked the horn for admission. The gatekeeper came running up and looked carefully over the new car and its driver. "Sorry, Miss," he said, "but we've a rule here that anyone we don't know can't enter, unless they've a pass."

Miss Hepburn smiled reassuringly. "But it's all right to pass me—you see, I'm doing a small part in Katharine Hepburn's picture, 'Break of Hearts.'"

The gate-keeper appeared a bit doubtful, but finally allowed the car to pass.

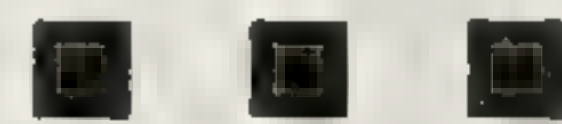


Charles Vidor is fast acquiring a reputation for his excellent work. On the RKO lot he's known as the "robot director" because of his mechanical actions. He is quiet, thoughtful and methodical about every bit of direction he gives—no yells of rage, tearing of hair nor wild exultation for him over any actor's performance! The other day while directing a scene in "Strangers All," he had ordered one scene shot seventeen times, when the assistant director, much exasperated,

cried, "Well, that scene's perfect now! It ought to be." "Not for me," said Mr. Vidor, who in private life is Karen Morley's husband, and forthwith quietly ordered another shot of the scene.



Brrrr—the shivers run up and down our spine at the thought of "Star of Midnight," RKO's new mystery thriller. 'Tis said that even Ginger Rogers and William Powell, the stars of the picture, are suffering from chronic creeps. "It's a 'closed set' on the lot, which means that no one is allowed to see the picture being made—and for the main and simple reason that the solution to all the mysterious goings-on is so very unexpected and hair-raising that the studio doesn't want any news of it to leak out. Bill Powell swears that the whole business is making a nervous wreck of him, so it must be an honest-to-goodness thriller when you consider the ordeal Bill managed to live through in "The Thin Man."



"Three times a bridesmaid and never a bride" seems to be working its fatal charm on

Mary Brian. Mary's one of the most popular girls in Hollywood, and has accompanied many a friend to the altar, the last one being Ginger Rogers. And she's equally popular with the unfair sex, with proposals enough to make Peggy Joyce hang her blonde head in shame. But so far, Mary hasn't been noticed poring over any "Marriage vs. Career" literature, or even a cook book. Some say that domesticity was rearing its ugly head, though, these last few



Alice White smiles a Mona Lisa smile and husband Cy Bartlett meditatively smokes. At the Troc.



Bob and Betty Montgomery, Chester and Sue Morris, in their best bibs and tuckers at the Mayfair Ball.



The battling Weissmullers. Lupe looks fiery and Johnny looks wary. But maybe it's love—we wouldn't know.

"Naughty Marietta" MacDonald and "West Point of the Air" Beery come through for dear old M-G-M at the President's Ball.



months when Dick Powell looked so-o-o-o ardent—but Mary remains unsnared.



It may be a blessed event for Gloria Stuart and Arthur Sheekman, but it's a cussed event for her studio. You see, Universal and Gloria were quite unsuspecting when she renewed her contract with them recently. But my, my, wotta fuss a few days later when the glad tidings were announced that Gloria would not be able to make a picture for some time now. She offered to break her contract, but the studio weren't satisfied with that suggestion, either, since the blonde actress is too valuable to allow out of their clutches.



Lupe and Johnny Weissmuller were that surprised the other day to be the recipients of a crate of big, red apples. A card attached read, "If an apple a day keeps the doctor away, why not try these on your lawyers?" Which just about voices the feeling of most of Hollywood—except those who know the fiery little Mexican actress and her muscular spouse. It's simple to understand their antics, these friends claim—why, Lupe and Johnny could stand *anything* but monotony! Therefore, this spontaneous combustion, which results in broken dishes and splintered furniture every few days, and ends in the divorce courts where the happy couple kiss and make up, is quite to be expected. But Lupe and Johnny weren't a bit displeased with the apples. Indeed, they're probably throwing them at each other.

More GOOD NEWS

The dark, voluptuous Katherine De Mille doesn't look like a chip off the old block, for Cecil B. is white-haired and benevolent. But they say out on the "Crusades" set, that she's as good a trouser as her dad is a director. What's more—Katherine got a leading role in this picture through hard work and not parental "drag."

It was hard to believe, watching the crusaders steaming in their armor under a blazing sun, that Loretta Young, the star of the picture, was snow-bound. Production had to be held up while waiting for the Oregon mountain snows to melt, where Loretta was on location for "Call of the Wild."



There "jest ain't no justice, nohow!" Grace Bradley didn't need to inherit that goodly sum a-tall. She just *looks* like a cool million. On the "Stolen Harmony" set a few days ago, Grace appeared too demure for words, with her golden hair in little ringlets on her forehead and a simple black dress with a childish, round collar. On closer inspection the dress turned out to be chiffon velvet and the collar ermine—and lo! even the gold in her hair was genuine!



Our personal nomination for Hollywood's most glorified bar-room is in "Paris in Spring." It's enough to make "Wonder Bar" look like the crockery section of the ten-cent store. This resplendent thirst-quenching spot

(Continued on page 77)

All photos by Scott



We haven't seen Ruth Chatterton for a long time. Her escort is Miriam Hopkins' ex, Austin Parker. At the opera.



Kay Francis, in very smart black and white, and David Nevins say howdy as they enter the opera.

"I WORK IN A FACTORY"

**Gene Raymond,
eligible bachelor,
can't find time for
romance!**

by Elizabeth Ellis



Gene relaxes between pictures. He has just finished "The Woman in Red" with Stanwyck.

THE first time Gene Raymond and I met, we slid down the side of a snow-covered ravine together, balancing trays of hot dogs in our hands. Recently we met again in New York with a blizzard raging outside!

Waiting for him in the hotel lobby, I wondered what Hollywood had done to him. It was more than possible that it had spoiled Gene for he is one of the most engaging young men I have ever met and I knew Hollywood must have turned upon him all the flattery and adulation that it bestows upon personable young male stars.

Suddenly, in the midst of my pessimistic musings, the revolving door whirled around gustily and snow flew about the lobby as a ruddy cheeked gent divested himself of his trappings. It was obvious that Mr. Gene Raymond had been wading through every drift he could find without benefit of warm limousine or taxicab. No Hollywood fanfare in the traditional manner, certainly.

"Hello, swell weather, isn't it?" he called across to me. Then shaking my hand vigorously in an icy clasp, "So sorry to be late but I had to walk in this snow. You don't know what a treat this is after months of California's well-known sunshine."

At lunch we went into the snowy reminiscences of our first meeting at the ravine weenie roast, several years ago.

Gene was then Raymond Guion and had just made his first big stage hit in "Young Sinners." He had been acclaimed the promising juvenile of the season. Every matinee was sold out to ga-ga girls and fluttery old ladies who thought he was too, too handsome and thrilling. Hollywood wasn't even in his thoughts those days and he was too shy to admit he had matinee idol potentialities. His great aim then, as it is now, was to become a really fine dramatic actor.

Mutual friends of ours, who had a charming house perched on the edge of a deep ravine, had invited a great crowd for this Sunday weenie roast. The snow was drifted high but the hardy guests were not daunted by the feat of carrying hot dogs and other ingredients from the warm house, down the side of the ravine, to a cleared place below where an outdoor fireplace was built. No one was invited who would be subject to sissy chilblains or such. Virility was the order of the day. The host had thoughtfully twined a rope around the trees for guests to use as hand support on the slide down—but Gene and I had been such dopes that we had loaded ourselves down with food and couldn't have held onto anything even if an escalator had been provided!

Gene lugged the firewood, cut off frozen twigs to use as roasting spears and got himself unromantically blackened by smoke. Later, he (Continued on page 95)

ESPECIALLY FOR REDHEADS

**Redheaded Nancy
Carroll tells you why
you are often criticized**

by Adele Clinton

GO BUY a bottle of henna rinse, girls—all of you, at least, who are not natural redheads! Hollywood's platinum tresses are in the dye pots, and the red wave is fast spreading. A new picture

"Redheads on Parade" is in production and so scarce are real redheads around Hollywood that a quest is being conducted for the five hundred most beautiful redheads in the country. An octette of these beauties will be chosen by judges who comprise the most famous titian-tressed stars in Hollywood. Who are the judges? There's Janet Gaynor, Myrna Loy, Ginger Rogers, Jeanette MacDonald, Clara Bow, Grace Bradley and Nancy Carroll.

And it is one of these judges, Nancy Carroll, who broke down the other day and told me she had suffered much unkind criticism—all because she is a real redhead!

As you recall, it was only a few years ago that Nancy was constantly getting unfortunate publicity about her temper, her high-and-mightiness. She was constantly rumored to have walked off this set in a huff, to have fought with that director and generally made her co-workers detest her. She was a pain to newspaper and magazine writers. All this because of the good old garden variety of redheaded temper. In fact, Paramount's not renewing her contract, and fewer roles in

ensuing years have all been attributed to the well-known Carroll tempestuousness.

Nancy smiles, and she has that nice, broad smile of a good-natured Irish lass, when you mention

her temperament. She declares that if she has temperament it is because publicity and press wished it on her!

"You see," she said, "all redheaded women, unfortunately, are immediately dubbed combustible. We're never given a chance to show the nice sides of our dispositions because everybody is on the defensive, imagining that we are going to break right out in a pyrotechnic display.

I THINK it is too bad," she continued, "that redheads are not given a break. All temper isn't expressed in an ugly fashion. Being redheaded is to be endowed with unusual spirit. Haven't you noticed that redheaded girls have more spirit and intensity than the average person?"

I agreed.

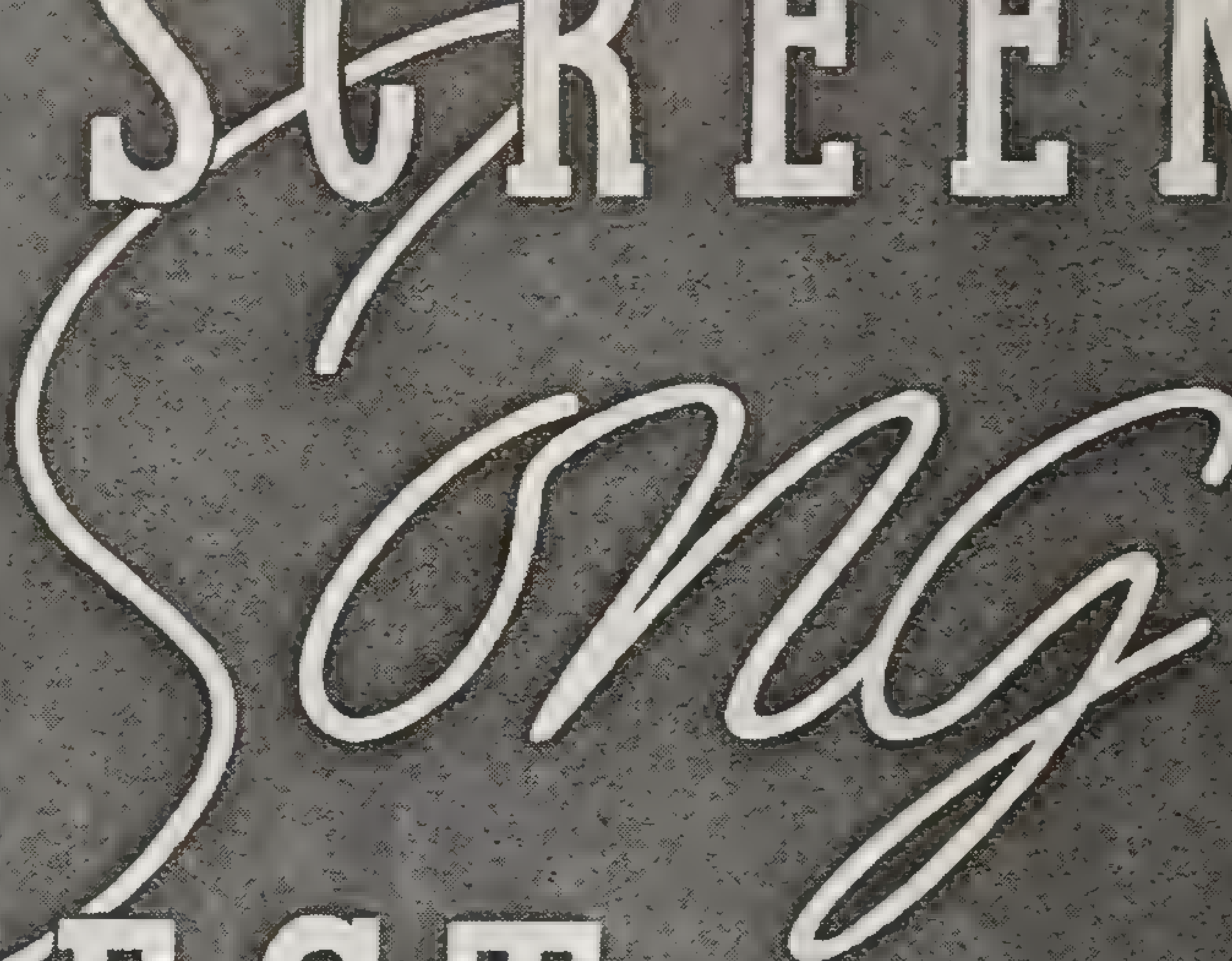
"And what's more," Nancy was beginning to glow with some of that very intensity which she was trying to describe, "a redhead will flare up and fight for what she thinks is right. There is no anguish that I can suffer like that of thinking an injustice is being done. I get so wound up trying to prove (Continued on page 83)

(Below) Nancy in "I'll Love You Always."
Red haired, and her true vivacious self.

And now look at her, below, as a blonde—
can you believe this demure person is she?



MODERN SCREEN- WARNER CONTEST



Win part of the \$500 prize money! Read about the extra honor for original lyrics!

HERE ARE THE RULES:

The Modern Screen-Warner Song Contest commenced in the issue before last of this magazine—the one dated March. If, by any chance, you missed the March or April issue of Modern Screen, and cannot obtain a copy elsewhere, we will be glad to forward you a copy. Send your name and address and ten cents to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The winning contestants in the Modern Screen-Warner Song Contest will be those who fulfil accurately and aptly the following requirements: 1. You are to name the most popular song from three out of each set of five pictures, given in three consecutive issues of this magazine, and tell who sang the song in the picture. For example: "Why Do I Dream Those Dreams," from "Wonder Bar," sung by Dick Powell.

In the paragraph below, you will find this month's list of pictures. This completes the contest. Send in all three installments together, please.

Here is this month's list: ON WITH THE SHOW, BIG BOY, HAPPINESS AHEAD, THE CROONER, and FASHIONS OF 1934.

2. Write 100 words—or less—telling which Warner musical you have liked best to date. Give your reasons. The words "a," "an" and "the" do not

count.

3. The person, who, in the opinion of the judges, most accurately fulfils requirement number 1 and most aptly fulfils requirement number 2, will win the First Prize of \$250. The subsequent prizes of Second Prize, \$100; Third Prize, \$50; Fourth Prize, \$25; 5 Fifth Prizes of \$10 each; and 5 Sixth Prizes of \$5 each will be awarded in the order named, to those persons, who, in the opinion of the judges, come nearest to fulfilling the requirements correctly.

4. Each contestant may send as many entries as he wishes.

5. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

6. No entries will be returned.

7. Contest closes at midnight, May 15, 1935. All entries must be mailed before that time to be eligible for the contest.

8. The judges are the editors of MODERN SCREEN and Julius P. Witmark, Jr.

9. Send all entries to Modern Screen-Warner Song Contest, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

10. Everyone is eligible to compete in this contest except employees of MODERN SCREEN and Warner Brothers.

Elaborate entries stand no better chance of winning a prize than simple ones. Neatness is important.



The five pictures above give you some clues to solving this month's installment of the contest. (Top, left and right) Al Jolson in one of his earlier roles and Ethel Waters putting over a hit. (Bottom, left and right) You ought to guess the Dick Powell one in a minute. And the William Powell-Verree Teasdale one ought to be easy, too. (Large picture) David Manners and Ann Dvorak in—you tell!

Here is an Extra Honor for All Contestants:

Have you ever tried your hand at writing the words of a song? We'll bet you often felt that you could. Well, here's your opportunity to try your luck at writing a set of lyrics and having them used in a forthcoming Warner musical production. The article on this page tells you in detail about this optional part of the contest—please read it carefully. The rules are listed below, as follows:

1. Each contestant may send in a set of lyrics along with his selection of songs, singers and 100-word description. This part of the contest is entirely optional—you may try it if you like, or leave it out, and still stand an equally good chance of winning one of the prizes. You may send in the lyrics without entering the contest.
2. The lyric which, in the opinion of the judges, is the best will be used in a forthcoming Warner musical production.
3. For the lyric which will be used in a Warner production, the usual royalties on music publication and commercial, mechanical instrument use will be paid by the music publishers.
4. Keep a copy of your lyric for your own use. If it isn't accepted and you wish it returned, merely send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request. We will try to comply with your request, but we assume no risk.
5. Remember the contest closes at midnight, May 15, 1935. All lyrics, like entries, must be mailed before that time to be eligible for this contest.
6. The judges of the lyrics are the editors of MODERN SCREEN and Mr. Julius P. Witmark, Jr., formerly a member of the music publishing firm of M. Witmark and Sons.

THIS is the last lap in the epoch-making MODERN SCREEN-Warner Song Contest! It commenced in the March issue. If, by any weird chance, you missed either or both the March or April issue of this magazine, and cannot beg, borrow or steal copies elsewhere, send ten cents (for each issue) to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., with your name and address and your request for the copy or copies you wish.

The mails have brought us, in great quantities, one burning question during the past month from our readers: Many of them want to know if they may send in a set of lyrics *without* entering the contest proper. Sure—if you want to pass up a chance of winning part of five hundred dollars, you can submit a set of lyrics without entering the contest. Remember, the chance to write a set of lyrics is an extra added attraction. You may enter the contest without sending in the lyrics, you may do both, or you may simply send in the lyrics. Okay?

The rules for this contest are set forth on the opposite page. The rules governing the submission of lyrics are set forth on this page in heavy type. We will explain in a bit more detail here.

You have been given, in three consecutive issues of MODERN SCREEN, the names of three sets of five picture titles. This month's list—the (*Continued on page 75*)

REVIEWS

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

by Regina Cannon

★★★★ Roberta (RKO)

Dust off the volume of superlatives, for you're going to need it as a reference book now. Yes, "Roberta" is crammed full of the stuff that goes to comprise perfect picture entertainment. A 14-karat cast giving fine performances, tunes calculated to tantalize the ear, dances created by Fred Astaire and expertly executed by him and Ginger Rogers; well, now, you have at least an idea that as good fun, "it's the tops!"

The story itself is punctuated with laugh-inducing gags and just enough emotional moments to bring it down to earth and give it some semblance of plausibility; for, you'll admit that having a football hero suddenly become owner of a swanky gown shop lends itself more to gaiety than to sound sense. But Randolph Scott, out of "westerns" and into dressmaking, makes the transition beautifully and proves he's sorta been wasted on "them thar plains." Fred Astaire is as perfect a comedian as he is a dancer, which is saying plenty, Irene Dunne is divine as a Russian princess "in trade," and Ginger Rogers makes a pert and peppy Indiana native posing as Polish nobility.

Helen Westley plays "Roberta," the famous dressmaker, with her usual skill but, unfortunately, only lives for a few reels! And Claire Dodd, as the shallow American girl loved by Randy Scott, is okay.

★★★★★ Ruggles of Red Gap (Paramount)

You not only won't want to, but you cannot afford to miss this picture. It boasts one of the finest characterizations ever seen in celluloid—Charles Laughton's interpretation of the English valet who is lost by his titled master in a poker game and travels across the sea to a Western town to work for the rich and rowdy American who won him. His adjustment to his new life, while fraught with laugh-inducing experiences, reveals an underlying pathos that at once wins the sympathy of the spectator. And, when Mr. Laughton recites Lincoln's Gettysburg Address to the inhabitants of a frontier saloon, a highlight in drama, seldom witnessed on the screen, is reached. The first-nighters shrieked with glee when Ruggles let out his first American "Yippee!" Never has there been more spontaneous laughter in a theatre. We could go on for pages about this film and the characterizations of Roland Young, Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland, but it will all be unreeled for you when—not if—you see "Ruggles."

★★★ After Office Hours (M-G-M)

The producer was going to "make sure" when he put his hand to this one, and so we have a lively tale laid among the lively socialites and the still more lively newspapermen. Besides all this, we have Clark Gable in his best role since his characterization in "It Happened One Night," that of a breezy gent of the Fourth Estate who would sell anybody down the river in order to get a scoop. In fact, the gentle business of double-crossing is an art as far as he is concerned. However, since Clark solves a murder mystery as a result of imagination and snooping, all is forgiven and his reward for effort turns out to be—Constance Bennett.

The picture has its quota of laughs, although some of the gags are strained to the breaking point. The lines are bright and the thrills are plentiful. Besides the fine performances by the stars, Gable and Bennett, there is some excellent acting by Stuart Irwin and a priceless sequence of fluttering by Billie Burke, with Henry Armetta inevitably coming in for his "bit" of praise. Indeed, in the lives of this gay troupe, there isn't a dull moment "After Office Hours."

★★★ Life Begins at Forty (Fox)

Right at the outset, Will Rogers philosophizes that, "At forty a man is as old as he feels and a woman is twenty-six." Which is just about the keynote to the picture's gaiety. Of course, a Rogers picture is a Rogers picture and is invariably guaranteed to ring the box-office bell, and this one is no exception to the rule. It is rural and homespun and homely, studded with as many sentiments of sound sense as giggles. Will has a way of "righting the wrong" so as not to make good scout deeds seem sticky. In this one, a hog-calling family inject the hilarity and indirectly help to save the day for the unfortunate youth unjustly charged with robbery.

Besides Mr. Rogers, who takes top honors, you are going to deal out credit to Slim Summerville as a drowsy whittler who unwittingly

Top-notch comedies, stirring romances and swell musicals to entertain you.



(Above) A touching scene from "Vanessa," with Bob Montgomery and Helen Hayes. (Below) Laughton and Mary Boland in "Ruggles of Red Gap."



(Above) There isn't a dull moment in "After Office Hours," co-starring Gable and Constance Bennett. (Below) Cooper and Sten in "The Wedding Night."



(Above) It's "Roberta," with Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers and Irene Dunne. (Below) Dick Cromwell and Will Rogers in "Life Begins at Forty."



saves a situation or two, Jane Darwell, the portly matron who "puts up with" Will, and Rochelle Hudson and Richard Cromwell, the youthful sweethearts. If you are a Rogers fan, of course you won't miss this one, and even if you aren't, "Life Begins at Forty" still offers you top-notch diversion.

★★★ The Little Colonel (Fox)

It looks as if Baby is slated to take still another bow, for as the Little Colonel, Little Temple is as sweet and delectable as ever. Her acting opportunities are big and Shirley comes through once again as the little trouper. Then, there are two dancing sequences in which the Fox starlet tears off a few mean routines with Bill Robinson, who knows something and to spare about tapping. Indeed, Bill's famous stair number is now preserved in celluloid for posterity.

The story, a childhood classic, when viewed through the adult's experienced eyes, creaks a bit and is punctuated with some rather heavy melodrama which, if one went into it in a big way, would prove pretty hard to take. But, it's all in good clean fun and as such, you'll

enjoy it. Lionel Barrymore is fine as the stubborn ole "Cunel" and Evelyn Venable, sweet and capable, as the equally stubborn young mother, and Shirley—well, she's too, too lovely. Youngsters especially will devour this cinema sweetmeat.

★★★ All the King's Horses (Paramount)

This picture is just light-hearted nonsense, but worth while because of the presence of Mary Ellis and Carl Brisson. No wonder those European rumors about this Brisson persist—he has personality plus and good-natured good looks, to say nothing of a pleasing voice. Mary Ellis will charm you, too, for what she may lack in beauty is more than compensated for by her lovely singing.

It's one of those stories with a plot based on a shoe string. Even the prince and the pauper (a movie actor, in this case) who swap places, are dragged in, with Mr. Brisson obligingly playing both roles. Edward Everett Horton doesn't let down his many fans this time, either, and Eugene Pallette is still pleasingly plump.

If you are looking for the means of (Continued on page 78)

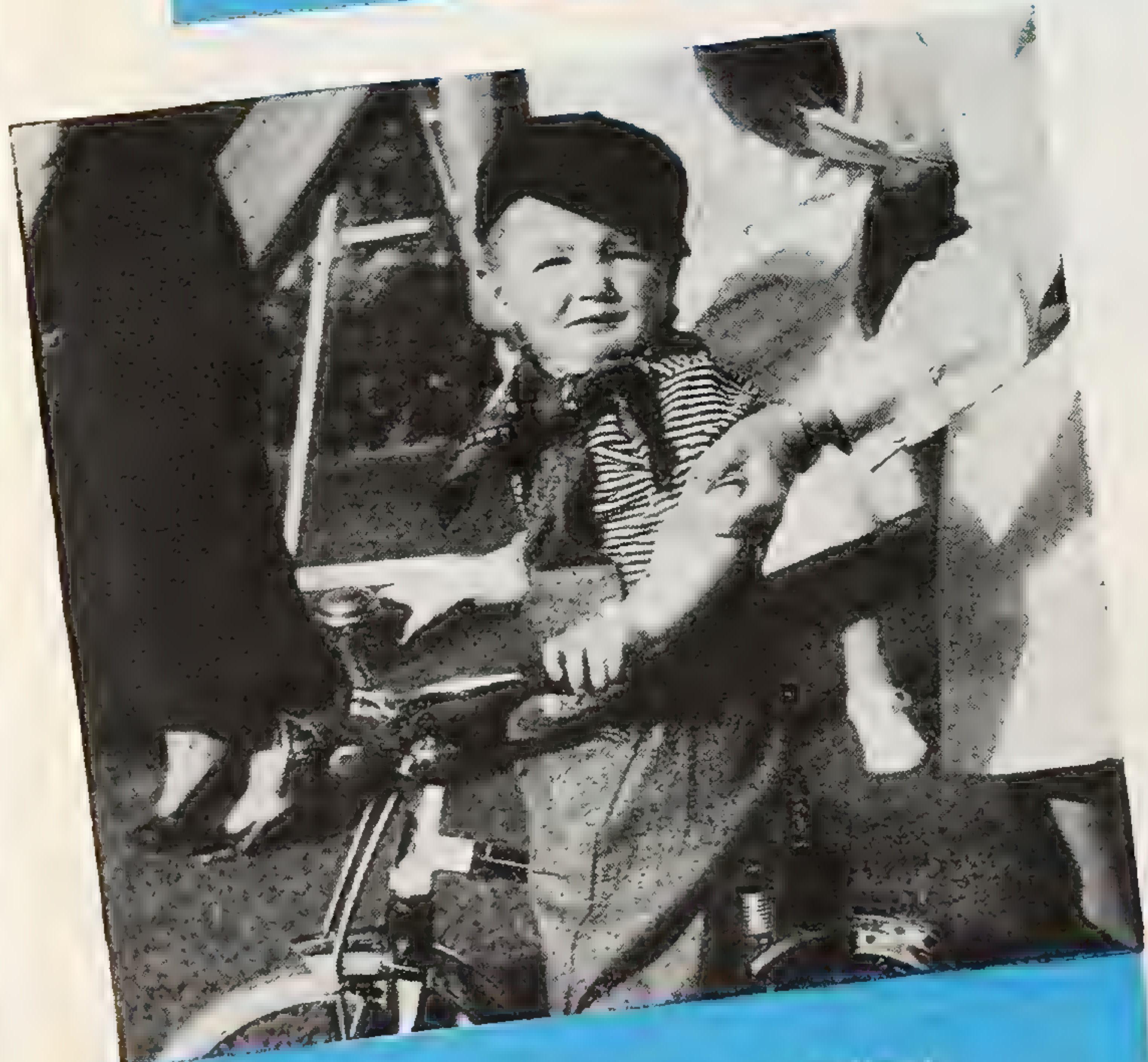
Read our Movie Scoreboard (page 14) for critics' ratings of current pictures



Anne with her own kid of Crosby
John. Gary Evans Crosby and her
own son, who consider themselves big
men, sit at her feet.



That's the wrong end, son. You get in
at the top and slide down. Michael,
son of Rotten Morley and Charles
Vidor, doesn't care.



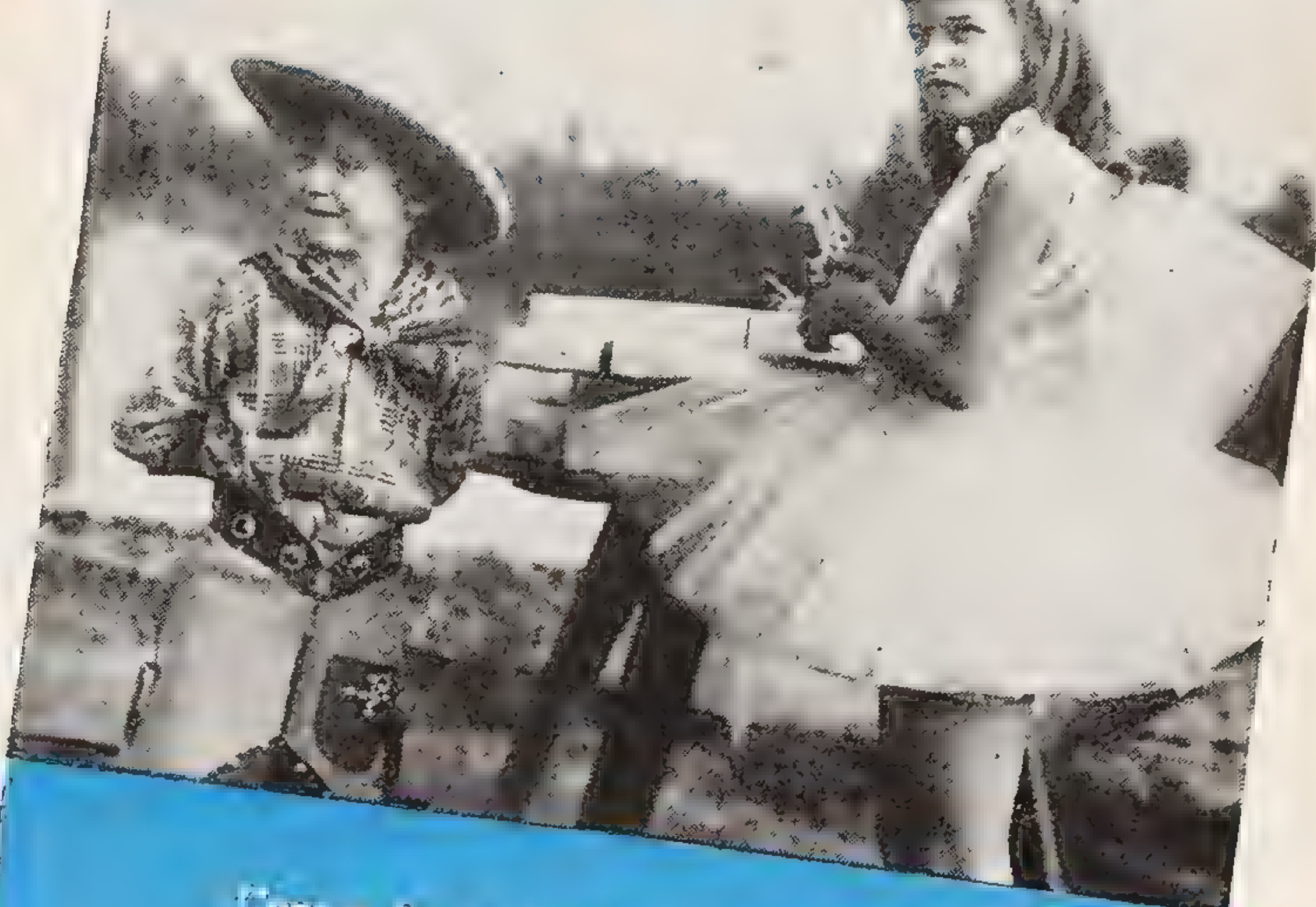
He's 11 & a star. Samuel Ann Gilbert,
daughter of John Gilbert and Virginia
Brace. He's a little, white, perfect star
with no trouble.



You know the young lady on the left -
Carol Ann Baery. And meet Michael,
the adopted son and chief delight of
Mildred Hopkins.



With some difficulty, Marnie, daughter of Joan Bennett and Gene Markey, is going to town on a wooden rooster as big as herself.



Joan Bennett's adopted son, Peter, and Joan Bennett's oldest daughter, Diane. It was a circus party - Wendell the clown and Lillian Quinn.



Charles Wesley Ruggles announcing, 'I am two years old. This is a party for the Hollywood younger set. You've met my mother, Arline Judge.'



And who is that? Look at the mouth. And the eyes. And the expression. It's Manny Robinson, son of Edward G. Robinson.

SOREHEAD? NO, BUT—

Things are always happening to George Raft, somehow. Fights, for example

THINGS just seem to happen to Georgie Raft. He has won quite a reputation in the public prints of late as a flinger of fists . . . and yet, in these encounters, George has not struck a blow. Moreover, despite these reports of fistic encounters, you will find few young men more peaceable, more amiable, more genuinely eager to be liked than is George. He's actually a friendly person.

"I don't try to start anything," he told me. "Honestly I don't. I want to get along with people and I try to be polite to them. But . . . things just sort of seem to happen to me!"

Things do "seem to happen" to George. I think there is a psychological reason for it. There is a certain type of male who resents a man like George. He is handsome and sleek and women pursue him. He has risen, by his own efforts and ability, from the sidewalks of New York to be a "big shot" . . . first as a prize fighter, then as a dancer, and now as an actor. He is "in the money" and that is cause for jealousy in any circle. Moreover, because of an excessive shyness and reserve, he is almost forbiddingly

aloof. There is none of the genial, Jack Oakie, life-of-the-party, in George. He moves about Hollywood silently, accompanied always by his friend, Mac "Killer" Gray. That dead pan of his which actually masks a boyish lack of self-confidence, gives an impression to strangers that he is being haughty.

There was that time at the fights at the Hollywood Legion Stadium. George and Mac were sitting in the second or third row. A chap in front of them turned and spoke over George's shoulder to someone behind him, wanting to bet on the next event, boasting that his boy would lambaste the stuffing out of his opponent. The enthusiast could find no takers.

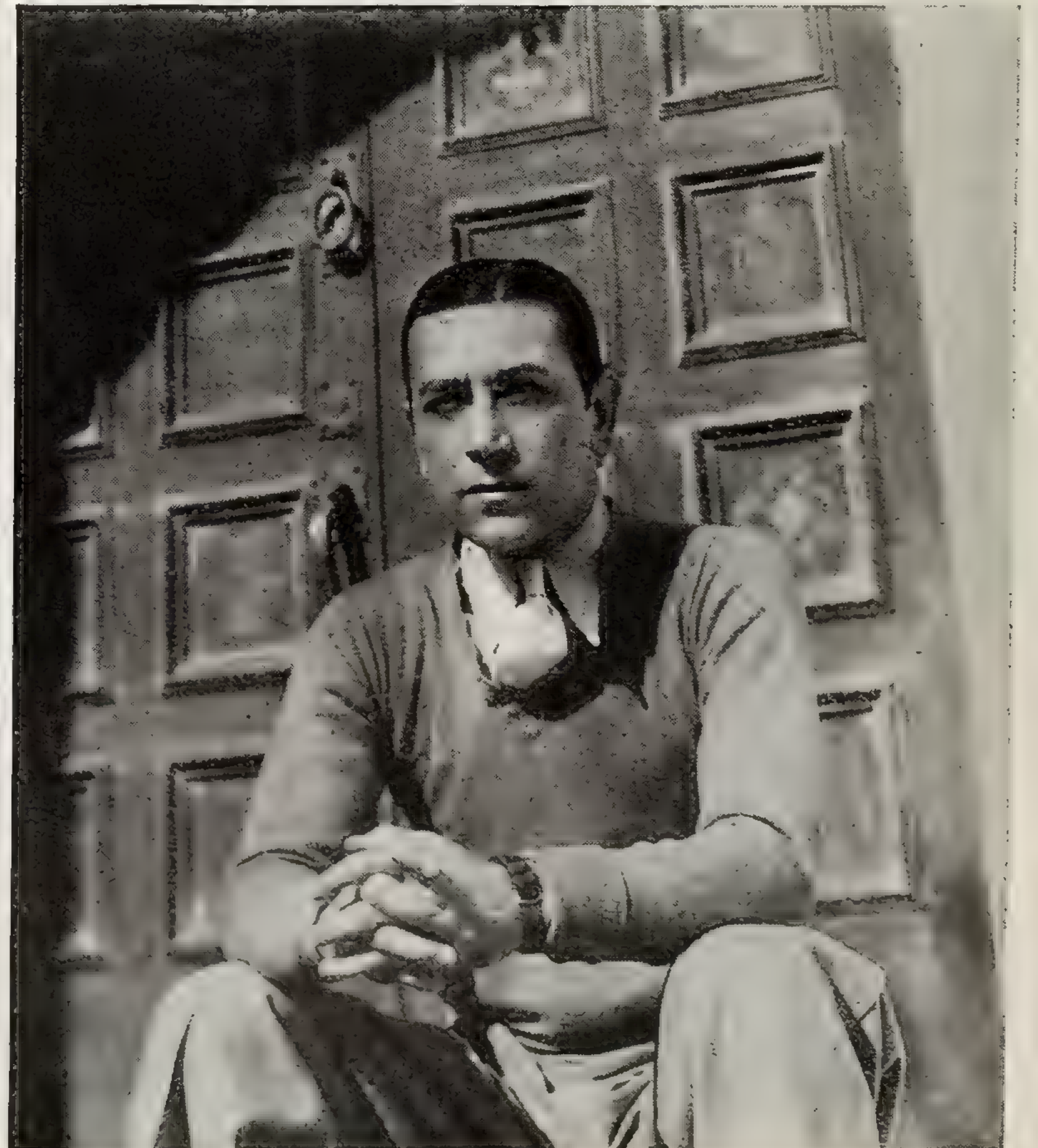
"Now, I like to bet as well as anyone," said George speaking of that occasion. "I leaned forward and tapped him on the shoulder, politely, and said, 'I'm willing to bet with you if you like. . . .' He whirled round and snarled, 'Who the h— do you think you are?' Just like that!"

"So I said, 'I'm sorry, if (Continued on page 105)"

*by Helen
Louise Walker*

George Raft and Iris Adrian, above, step through a dance sequence in the Raft-Lombard "Rumba."

"I never want to start anything," says George. But he's not averse to finishing things when he's challenged.





MORE FUN

A day in the private life of La Belle Temple

Little Shirley believes that all work and no play is very dull indeed, so after finishing "The Little Colonel" she decided to have herself some fun. Above, right, we meet the lady on her tricycle and, left, she's busily engaged in feeding the fish. Then, with the irresistible Temple twinkle in her eye, she poses on the swinging gate and, below Shirley's off in her 1935 streamline mode Off to the "Heaven's Gate" set, no doubt, capture the heart of Joel McCrea.



WAS IT RIGHT TO FILM

See if you agree with these famous lawyers,

THE GREATEST drama of the age was played in a little, old courtroom at Flemington, New Jersey, where an alien ex-convict waged a desperate but futile fight to save himself from a death sentence for kidnapping the little baby of America's best-loved hero.

And out of that quiet, country courtroom came the newsreel film that has overturned the motion picture industry and aroused nearly as much controversy as did the question of Bruno Richard Hauptmann's innocence or guilt.

Attorney General David T. Wilentz (Does that "T" stand for Tiger? If you've seen the picture, you'll agree) has threatened the producers with contempt of court proceedings. Newsreel men, on the other hand, publicly deny accusations that "subterfuge, trickery and broken

promises" enabled them to get the film.

What's the real story? Only the men who made the picture know. Let's ask them.

Charlie Ford was the man who edited the film and arranged the coverage of the trial for Universal, so I went to his office. He told me the whole inside story, and showed me signed documents to back up salient points.

"There was no trickery at all," he said, as he pointed to a photograph of the courtroom. "Here's the camera, right up in the front of the balcony, and that's Dave Oliver, the cameraman, standing next to it. The camera was housed in a blimp—that's the very one, over there in the corner." He pointed to a big felt-lined wooden box, nearly four feet square and two feet thick.

"You couldn't hide that, could you? And do

Below, four great newsreel companies line up outside the Flemington courthouse—Pathé, Hearst, Universal and Paramount. Roy Edwards, Universal's ace cameraman, second from right.

Below, Hauptmann tells Attorney General Wilentz, "No, I never saw that board before!" This was a tense moment when Hauptmann was on the stand.



THE HAUPTMANN TRIAL ?

newspapermen and expert radio commentators

you think they would have made us soundproof the camera with that, and with rubber mountings and special, silent fibre gears, if they didn't expect it to be used during periods when silence was necessary?" Everyone could see it plainly.

"But," I countered, "how about the microphone?" Winchell says it was hidden under the judge's desk."

"I'll let you talk to George Graham, the man who recorded the sound for the picture," said Ford, and called Graham into his office.

"Why," said the sound technician, "anybody who said that doesn't know sound recording! If it had been under the bench, you would have heard a muffled drone, with lots of courtroom noise drowning out the testimony, instead, it was clear.

"Our microphone was hanging up on the wall facing the witness stand, in full view of everybody. We had to put a piece of curved cardboard in back of it to catch the sound, and I know that some court

attendants knew it was there, because one morning when we came in, the cardboard was gone, and we gave one of the attendants two dollars to put it back."

Mr. Ford resumed the story, "All five newsreel companies got together before the first witness took the stand. Here's a copy of the agree-

ment we all signed, showing how we had a schedule of operation worked out, so that we could all take turns on the three cameras we had rigged up, one in the courtroom, one (Continued on page 114)

*by Robert
Eichberg*

Below, John F. Condon (Jafsie) tells Wilentz, "'John' is Bruno Richard Hauptmann!" Note that Judge Trenchard's chair is empty.

Below, left—the courtroom with the un concealed camera to the left of the light on the balcony—plainly in sight.

Below, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh. His appearance in court and his testimony is believed to have had great influence on the final verdict.



BECKY SHARP

**She was a woman to be noticed,
to be admired—to be feared. And in the end, to be reviled!**

ALL men, it seemed, were destined to be her victims. And to that end her snares were set with careful skill. She must have learned guile in her very cradle. Learned with her earliest lessons that wit must give her what fortune had denied. But guile and wit were not Becky Sharp's only weapons against an unkind fate. Eyes whose conscious craft seemed gentle innocence. Lips whose skillful lies seemed utter truth. Glamorous vivacity. Languorous charm. Swift subtleties of thought and speech and act. And the stillness of a stalking tiger. Yes, she was a woman to be noticed, to be admired, to be feared. And in the end to be reviled. For like all who count neither cost nor credit in attaining the heart's desire, she herself was destined to be at last the most tragic victim of her own cupidity.

The meagre existence which her father, a starveling artist, was able to provide was not enough for Becky Sharp. She should have high fortune, she decided long before her father's death in the sorry garret which was

their home. Lords and ladies, she resolved while still a despised pupil-teacher in Miss Pinkerton's select school, should be her equals, not her superiors. And these haughty, aristocratic daughters of the rich, who were her schoolmates, should envy her.

Her first chance came through Amelia Sedley, whose sweetly pliant nature made her treat Becky more kindly than did the others. And, with confidences wisely calculated to impress, Becky succeeded in winning an invitation to visit the Sedleys.

THERE she tried out her powers on Amelia's brother, Joseph. And there she met her first defeat. Fresh from school, she had not yet acquired the technique, the finesse, which were to be her defense, her flashing weapons. True, Joseph himself was easily captivated. He was fat and rather dull, but he would, she was sure, propose. And she intended to marry him. But George Osborne, Amelia's suitor, frustrated that fond hope. He warned the elder Sedleys of the snare that was being set. And how-

George Osborne losing to Rawdon Crawley. But Rawdon's luck was not to last. . . .

"You and I are going away," George Osborne pleaded with Becky.





Becky, with false sweetness, laughs away Amelia's worries about George's debts.



Too late, old Sir Pitt pops the question. Becky might have been Lady Pitt!

ever they might amuse themselves with Amelia's poor little orphan friend, they did not intend that their son should marry a penniless nobody. And Joseph was shipped forthwith to India.

George should pay for that treachery, Becky resolved. Captain Dobbin, too, whom she despised and who was hopelessly in love with Amelia, must have had a hand in that fiasco. He looked on her with disconcerting, cold eyes—the only man she was ever to meet who did not succumb to her calculated charm.

From the Sedleys' Becky went to Queen's Crawley, to be governess to the daughters of Sir Pitt. And there she continued her campaign. Even the old baronet neglected his forlorn wife to

Becky Sharp.....MIRIAM HOPKINS
Joseph Sedley.....NIGEL BRUCE
George Osborne.....G. P. HUNTLEY, JR.
Rawdon Crawley.....ALAN MOWBRAY
Amelia Sedley.....FRANCES DEE
Marquis of Steyne.....SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
Lady Barcacs.....BILLIE BURKE
Miss Crawley.....ALISON SKIPWORTH
Captain Dobbin.....COLIN TAPLEY
Sir Pitt Crawley.....GEORGE HASSEL
Pitt Crawley.....WILLIAM STECK

—Adapted from the RKO-RADIO picture, produced in technicolor by PIONEER PICTURES. Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN. Based on the play by LANGDON E. MITCHELL. From WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY'S novel, "VANITY FAIR." Fictionized by ETHEL M. POMEROY.

spend hours in Becky's company. And the younger Pitt, assuring himself that it was her soul that appealed to him, inveigled her into reading sermons with him. Neither Sir Pitt nor his elder son guessed that the younger son, Rawdon, who came now—on more frequent visits from London where he was an officer in the Guards, also found Becky necessary to his happiness.

Rawdon, Becky decided after careful thought, would do. He was an amiable weakling, and the pet and favorite of his wealthy

aunt, Miss Julia Crawley. It was no secret that he was to be her heir. And Miss Crawley also seemed to like Becky. On one of her rare (Continued on page 87)

"What did you play?" Rawdon asked sternly. "Dice," answered Becky.



All men were destined to be Becky's victims.



Grace Moore sang in cheap cafés before she got a break in opera or even musical comedy. Below, a painting, done when she was in the "Music Box Revue."

HOW lucky she is! Any woman born with a voice like that couldn't help but be famous." Such a remark often follows the deafening applause which acclaims the singing of Grace Moore. And Grace will smile when she hears it. Smile? It would be more accurate to call it a look of tragic amusement.

The best vantage point from which to consider the darkest episode in the life of any celebrity is from the shining pinnacle of her career. Her moment of supreme triumph.

The crown of laurel was placed on Grace Moore's head at the party given in her honor by Condé Nast. The New York papers proclaimed it the greatest social event since the depression began. It celebrated the première of her picture, "One Night of Love."

Vincent Astor, Lawrence Tibbett, Mr. and Mrs. Al Smith, Harold Lloyd, Amy Vanderbilt, Ma u -



SIX MONTHS IN HELL

by Dell Hagarth

The golden voice gone! The great physician said, "One chance in a thousand—if.." Grace Moore's fame rested on that "if"

rice Chevalier, Mr. and Mrs. Chrysler, and Nelson Rockefeller are just a few of the illustrious names who assembled to pay her tribute.

The two hundred guests occupied the "golden horseshoe" of the Radio City Music Hall Theatre to view her picture and afterwards progressed, in a caravan of limousines, to the famous penthouse apartment of the host for dinner and dancing. There, high above the hum of Park Avenue traffic, praise was spread at the feet of this Venus of Song. Champagne popped. Miss Moore was radiant with felicity. But for one brief instant, that look of tragic amusement returned. It was just nine years before . . .

NINE brief years! An excited Southern girl was jammed in a crowded New York subway that was rushing downtown. Her eyes sparkled with joyous expectation. Unheard by the other passengers, she kept humming the bars of the musical scores which she clutched tightly under her arm. Now and then her nervous fingers found the small mirror in her bag which she held up critically before her face. She didn't know much about make-up then, but she tried desperately to bring out the generous warmth of her mouth, the naïve blueness of her eyes. The stations roared past. Times Square at last. She jostled toward the door and almost ran up the stairs.

For three solid weeks she had practiced day and night for the tryouts for "Hitchy-Koo." To be sure, she had come to New York to go into opera. But one didn't just walk into the Metropolitan, she ruefully discovered, and immediately become a prima donna. So she grimly stayed on in New York, refusing her father's plea to come home, and eked out a lonely existence by singing in a cheap café. Then

she was called for this tryout; a lyric soprano was needed for Raymond Hitchcock's new musical comedy.

Grace hurried along the street and turned into the alleyway toward the stage door of the theatre. The doorkeeper watched the willowy girl sweep down upon him with her face flushed and her head erect. She was the picture of confidence. Grace smiled and paused to say "hello" to the old man. Her lips opened, but no sound came forth.

Her hand flew to her throat as astonishment sprang into her eyes. Once again her lips moved. Her voice fell soundlessly on the cold air. Funny little puffs of mist, and nothing more. The doorman was gaping at her now. He stared at her face which began to convulse in frantic efforts to evoke her voice. The expression in her eyes was painful to watch. She stood motionless, transfixed by panic.

The doorman came to his senses and dashed inside to phone a doctor. When he returned she was gone.

After the lonely desolation of a sleepless night, Grace was sitting in the outer office of Dr. Mario Marafioti. Her haggard eyes implored the girl primly ensconced behind the desk to let her see the one man who, she was convinced, could restore her life. But the girl had given her no encouragement.

Dr. Marafioti's position was unique. A graduate M.D. he had long since devoted his time and talents to the first love of his Italian boyhood — the opera. He was now the
(Continued on page 100)

(Below, left) Grace Moore with her teacher and discoverer, Dr. Mario Marafioti, who virtually saved her voice by recommending a six-month silence. (Below right) An amazingly young and happy Grace Moore preparing for her next film, "On Wings of Song," which promises to be equally as fine as "One Night of Love."



A LITTLE CHILD

Sandy Burns finds herself pos-



Illustrated
by Hoecker

by Sara Hamilton



On account of it's Easter, Gracie hung up a little mistletoe as a surprise for George! Their next is "Love in Bloom."

GEORGE and Gracie, known for a very good reason, to millions of fans as Burns and Allen, have a baby.

A real, live, beautiful baby. And never have you seen such a pair of doting and adoring parents as these two. If Gracie was slightly "teched" in the head before, you should see her now. It's "Sandy did this" and "Sandy did that" till friends beg for mercy. And George is just as bad. I tell you papa and mama Burns are a team of Sandy rooters and no use trying to get a word in edgeways.

Whether Sandy, now six months old, said "goo goo" or just plain "da da" that morning, is more important to this team of comedians than the number of scenes they have in their new picture or the number of laughs they reap in their weekly broadcast.

And that, boys and girls, is somepin'.

Of course, anyone in their right mind, first gets the baby, then the name and then the nickname. Anyone

that is, but Gracie. Gracie, nitwit-like, simply began at the wrong end, as usual, and worked up. First, Gracie got the nickname.

"Don't you think Sandy would be a cute nickname for a baby, George?" Gracie one day asked her patient and harassed husband.

"Yes, I think so, Gracie."

"Sandy Burns would be cuter, wouldn't it? Only what name would Sandy be a nickname for?"

"Gracie, I think 'cuckoo' would be a swell nickname for you, so figure it out."

"Oh George, you say the sweetest things. And I think 'sugar cookie with raisins' would be perfect for you."

"Gracie, you call me that just once and mind, I warn you, I—"

"Oh, I know, George. Sandra. Sandy could be a nickname for Sandra."

"And who's to be called Sandra, may I ask, Gracie?"

"Why, a baby, of course, George. What do you say

SHALL LEAD THEM BY THE NOSE

essor of Hollywood's nuttiest parents, Gracie and George



Already Sandra Burns has achieved a perpetually bewildered expression at the strange goings-on of her parents, George Burns and Gracie Allen.

we get one? I'll begin saving the coupons today."

"Gracie, you don't get them by saving coupons. And now will you please jump off the nearest bridge and let me read my paper in peace?"

BUT Gracie did no bridge jumping. She immediately wired a Chicago nursing home for something cute that would go with her little blue hat. Weeks later, they wired Gracie, who was then in New York, to come for her baby. The wire came at 12 noon. At two o'clock, Gracie and a friend, were on a train, Chicago bound. "But, Miss Allen, we had no idea you were so tiny," they told her at the home. "From your pictures we imagined you much larger. I'm afraid the six months old baby we selected for you will be too large to handle."

"Well, maybe it will shrink when it's washed," Gracie comforted.

"Now, here's a little five weeks old baby we feel sure you'll love," they told her. And thus came Sandy to the

loving, hungry arms of George and Gracie.

But first, Sandy must be transported from Chicago to New York. A large wicker basket for carrying purposes was secured and a traveling outfit was purchased for the baby. The Chicago shops, of course, aren't over this event yet, with Gracie asking what the younger set were wearing that season and to show her something that went well with bubbles as her daughter blew lovely bubbles.

Finally, dressed in her new outfit, complete from bib to tucker, and all four sizes too big, Sandy, in her basket, and with her traveling tray of milk bottles, set out with Gracie for New York.

"Now what do we do?" Gracie asked her friend, once they were settled in their drawing-room on the train.

"Now we fold the diapers," the friend said. "Remember what they told us.

They must be folded just so."

For hours Gracie struggled to fold the diapers. "I always have one end left over," she wept, "let's call the conductor."

"Can you help us with these things?" Gracie asked the wide-eyed conductor. "We can't get them to work."

For another hour Gracie, her friend and the conductor struggled with the diapers to no avail. "Now don't cry, miss," he told Gracie when all seemed lost, "when the train makes its next stop, I'll get the engineer back. He's a new father and he'll know how to do this, don't you worry."

"Stop the train now," Gracie wailed, "this is an emergency." Five minutes later, the engineer had flipped together a neat stack of folded diapers and the train proceeded on its surprised way to New York.

All night Gracie sat, white and tense, beside the sleeping baby, afraid to close her eyes for fear the baby would disappear. At five (Continued on page 86)



They must be one happy family to live under one roof—Pa Merkel, Una and husband, Mo Merkel.



The versatile Miss Merkel as a dancing girl in the musical, "The Night Is Young."

"I BET I STAY MARRIED"

by Ruth Biery



Una shares acting honors with that other ace comedian, Charlie Butterworth, in "Public Enemy No. 2."

THIS story is to be read aloud, with the reader using Miss Merkel's cunning, completely natural, soft, Southern drawl. Just replace all "r's" with "h's" and lift the voice at the end of each sentence. Personally I haven't the courage to reproduce Una's accent in print.

"I promised myself never to talk about my marriage because—no, don't laugh at me—I'm awfully superstitious about it. (She knocked on wood.) You see, I thought I would never get married. I don't believe the gods give one person too much. They sort of balance things up. So I thought I'd never have a husband.


"That's why I said I'd never talk about it. I don't want to tempt those gods. But if you'll be awful careful

not to get me in wrong with them—I *do* think it's sort of nice that some of us in Hollywood aren't afraid we won't stay married. Of course, I'd actually bet on mine lasting if it weren't for that little superstition. Betting is sort of making it a gamble. (She knocked on wood.)

"Of course, to understand about Ronni and me and why I sort of keep thinking about those gods, you have to begin at the beginning. You see, we got married first and went together afterwards. Just like my mother and father.

"My mother was seventeen and my father under twenty when I was born. They just met and got married on January first without any courting and then, in about a year, I came along. You see, I (Continued on page 84)

Knocking on wood at every turn, cute Una Merkel tells why



Meet the screen's highest paid character actor, Ned Sparks.

THE MAN FROM DEAD PAN ALLEY

Ned Sparks, professional grouch, tells on himself

by Kay Osborn

MEETING the world's greatest grouch at the day's grouchiest hour—nine o'clock in the morning, to be exact—appealed to me not in the least. In fact, I must admit that I was a bit nervous about it. I could laugh at Ned Sparks on the screen and really feel quite chummy toward him as long as there were several theatre rows between us. But face to face with him for the first time, in his own apartment . . . I wondered!

I knocked very boldly and loudly to hide my stage fright. Then I heard the friendly, familiar sound of a typewriter, and my heart leapt. A typewriter, bless its heart, would make me feel right at home. Furthermore, I write on a typewriter . . . Mr. Sparks writes on a typewriter . . . that would be at least one bond between us.

Yes, the voice was gruff, all right, when it said, "Come in!" but I had little chance to examine the face, for as I opened the door I was practically knocked over by the friendly onslaught of a little bull terrier as she leapt into my arms.

Such an enthusiastic greeting bowled me over mentally

as well as physically. I could only sit down and take the dog on my lap. "That's Betsy Ann," said Mr. Sparks.

"How do you do, Betsy Ann?" and with this little encouragement the dog brought a rubber ball to throw for her.

"Isn't she cute?" I said, and I really meant it.

"She's the light of my life, the apple of my eye, and the center of my universe," he said in that hard nasal tone of his, and only then was I able to look at him. I found him looking at Betsy Ann with that fixed, unblinking stare. What I used to think was a glassy look in his eyes I now saw was only a moist mirror of affection.

WHAT did you think of my angle for a story on you?" I asked him. "I wrote in my letter how one night years ago, when you were on the stage, you had indigestion, and looked so pained and sour and sad that, the moment the audience saw you, they literally rolled in the aisles. And so you have been purposely looking as though you had indigestion ever since, and have been cashing in on it?" (Continued on page 108)

IS IT A DREAM ?

**Years of struggle preceded
Joe Morrison's climb to the top**

by S.R. Mook

SEVERAL years ago I wrote of Clark Gable: "Meaning no disrespect, he reminds me of nothing so much as a mongrel pup who has been kicked around all his life, making shift as best he can. Then suddenly, one day, instead of the customary kick someone gives him a pat and takes him home. He capers around, trying to make friends, unable to believe his good fortune. But, always, in the back of his mind, is a haunting fear that it's all a dream and shortly he's going to wake up and find himself rummaging for a living in life's back alleys again."

The only other person I have ever met who affects me that way is Joe Morrison. Despite his recent success, despite his cheerful grin and unfailing good nature, he has, it seems to me, something pathetic about him. He can't believe his good fortune is real.

Not long ago we sat in his living-room in front of a crackling fire. "I wonder," I speculated idly, "where we'll be five years from now—what we'll be doing?"

He glanced at me curiously but there was no answering smile on his face. "I'm afraid to think," he answered simply. "I haven't the courage to look ahead."

He was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan. His mother died when he was three and his father promptly remarried.

HE remembers little of his childhood and, from the scraps I have pieced together, I don't blame him. The biggest thrill of those years, he says, was being allowed to go out into an open field with his cousin and play Indian. I don't believe he has ever had any childhood!

When he was about twelve he entered a seminary to study for the priesthood. There, again, I cannot tell where loyalty stops and fact enters in. I have often wondered if it weren't just that a family in straitened circumstances took that as the easiest way out. I cannot visualize a person of Joe's temperament voluntarily choosing that life. Joe loves life, lights and laughter. But he insists that his embarking on such an undertaking was not a matter of expediency. "Early training, perhaps," he admits, and then shuts up.

During his second year in the seminary his father died. After the second year's training, he had to live at the seminary. The rigid rules and regulations had a depressing effect on him. He stuck it out until he had been in training for four and a half years. Then he went to the head of the seminary and told him that he didn't think he was temperamentally suited to the priesthood. It was with a feeling of vast relief he heard the priest say, "If you hadn't come to me, I was" (Continued on page 118)





Later, when I returned to meet the producer of the show, I found them making selections for show girls.

YOU OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES

When friends tell you this, read why it's best to forget it!

by Paul Von Sloun

Cartoons by Riveron

YOU'VE heard that song, "You Ought To Be In Pictures!" If anyone ever sings it to you, don't pay any attention. I *know*.

I am the son of a well known character actor. Naturally, at college, I took part in all the college theatricals. After every performance friends came up, slapped me on the back and began, "You ought to be in pictures." Eventually, I came to believe it, particularly when their advice simply added fuel to the flame of a private opinion of my own.

It had been tacitly accepted by the family that I was to follow one of the more substantial professions but I had long cherished different ideas. Reared in a theatrical atmosphere, it was only natural that the theatre should be the breath of life in my nostrils. The bite of the theatrical bug is worse than that of the tarantula. From the latter you either recover or it brings a swift merciful death. From the former you never recover.

About midway of my third year I couldn't stand it any longer so I wired Dad, "Please send me \$200 Stop Leaving for Hollywood Thursday Stop Love to Mother Stop Paul." Dad was, by the way, in Hollywood.

While I hadn't said anything in the wire about wanting to get out because I felt I "ought to be in pictures," he must have suspected something of the sort because his reply consisted of only one word—"Why?" It wasn't necessary to answer that at the time. He sent me the money and I was off to fame and fortune.

WHEN I had partaken of the "Fatted Calf" the inevitable question couldn't be postponed any longer. "Why did I want to go into the movies?" There was no answer except that I wanted to. No argument could change that. Dad somewhat sadly accepted it.

Accordingly he took me around to see his agent, introduced me; and from there on I assured him his obligations were over—I would stand on my own feet. The agent appeared to like me at once. I was of the accepted juvenile type much in demand. He immediately called a casting director who was looking for a juvenile. When the latter learned who I was he was most anxious to meet me.

An interview was arranged for the following day. The casting director, in turn, seemed pleased with me and made an appointment for me (Continued on page 101)



(Left) To impress the producer I must have their photographer "shoot" me at \$8 per dozen!

(Right) Thinking I was somewhat a "collegiate" type, I figured this job was up my alley.



"Smooth" CLOTHES

for Young
Gadabouts

BY ADELIA BIRD

Hollywood's young set
dates in clothes like
these . . .

IN YOUR secret moments you may cherish a burning desire to look like Marlene Dietrich—you may mimic her expressions in the mirror and startle your family by looking rather far away and mysterious as she does! But in your clothes, it is far better for you to copy the sprightly young Maureen O'Sullivan, the gay Wendy Barrie, sweet Anne Shirley, Jean Parker or Anita Louise. They're more your type and they are every bit as exciting as Marlene, Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow.

These younger stars are exciting to you because they live much the same sort of life you do only in that glamorous town called Hollywood. Their mothers watch and advise them, they go to tennis matches, roller skate, dance and date with the young beaux in town. And many of them don't have half the fun you do, actually, because they can't indulge in a double chocolate pecan sundae on account of their strict diets—and they have to work hard when often they feel like playing!

YOUNGER Hollywood fashions shelve glamorous sophistication for "smoothness." In fact, according to these youthful stars your whole appearance must be "smooth." No heavy make-up, rather a well-scrubbed looking skin with a light dusting of powder and just enough rouge to give your face a naturally



Above, left, Wendy Barrie's quilted evening coat. Right, a printed silk frock of Marina Schubert's. Below, left, Wendy in white satin. Right, Maureen O'Sullivan's white organza with blue trimming.





Above, Wendy Barrie's three-piece woolen suit with plaid jacket. Below, Anne Shirley's cute plaid taffeta shirtwaist frock with velvet bow.

Above, Toby Wing in a smart knitted cape costume. Below, Wendy, again, in an unusual printed silk with velvet trimming.





rosey look. Your hair either boasts a fluffy, high-off-the-forehead bang or is brushed smoothly back, often tied with a ribbon, or in the evening, held by a flower. No nails dripping with bright red; instead a natural shade that imparts just the faintest glow to them. No heavy perfumes; rather something light, spring-like. And then your clothes—they will be either boyish looking sports clothes or feminine silks by day. In the evening, you will be a fragile, feminine creature in yards of misty chiffon, gay prints or organdies.

There's your picture—the picture of you and your favorite young star. And here is what you buy to get the effect. Remember that salaries for Hollywood's youngsters aren't the staggering ones of their more glamorous sisters, they haven't grown up to that yet. So a bit of budgeting isn't amiss for either you or them!

You are going to love the colors this spring. They are just your dish, so to speak. Pinks in that flattering dusty tone, violet which you haven't seen in years—and all tones of it, too—and your great favorite, navy and white. Then there's all the other blues like Hyacinth, Aqua and the misty tones. Also yellows and rosey red that look elegant in sweaters and tweeds.

YOU can do all sorts of things with these colors in combining them. For instance, Anita Louise wears a dusty pink cardigan sweater over a Parma violet pull-on. And Madge Evans wears a navy blue cardigan over a plain white sports dress. Wendy Barrie, with her dark hair, looks knockout in a rosey red jacket with the palest of pink sweaters beneath.

And while we are on the subject of colors, have you thought how easily you can revive some of your last summer's dresses and sweaters by using one of those little dyeing wafers that gives a fast color without boiling? You can combine parts of different wafers to get just the newest color scheme. It gives you the feeling of being quite an expert and the results are very professional looking. This goes for underwear, too. Since blue and pink are showing up in lingerie fashions as well as in costumes, you (Continued on Page 107)

Above, left, Marjorie Reid's navy straw with white. Right, Maureen's dotted hat. Below, Virginia Reid's white straw. And last, Marjorie Reid, again in an off-the-face model.



FIGHT LINES, WRINKLES, BLEMISHES WHERE THEY BEGIN—IN YOUR UNDER SKIN!



Mrs. Crawford Blagden, Jr., says: "Pond's Cold Cream cleanses thoroughly."

**SEE SMOOTH GLOWING CHEEKS
RETURN AS DEEP-REACHING
CREAM STIRS UNDER SKIN
BACK TO VIGOROUS ACTION**

WHERE do skin faults first begin?
In the *under* layers of your skin.

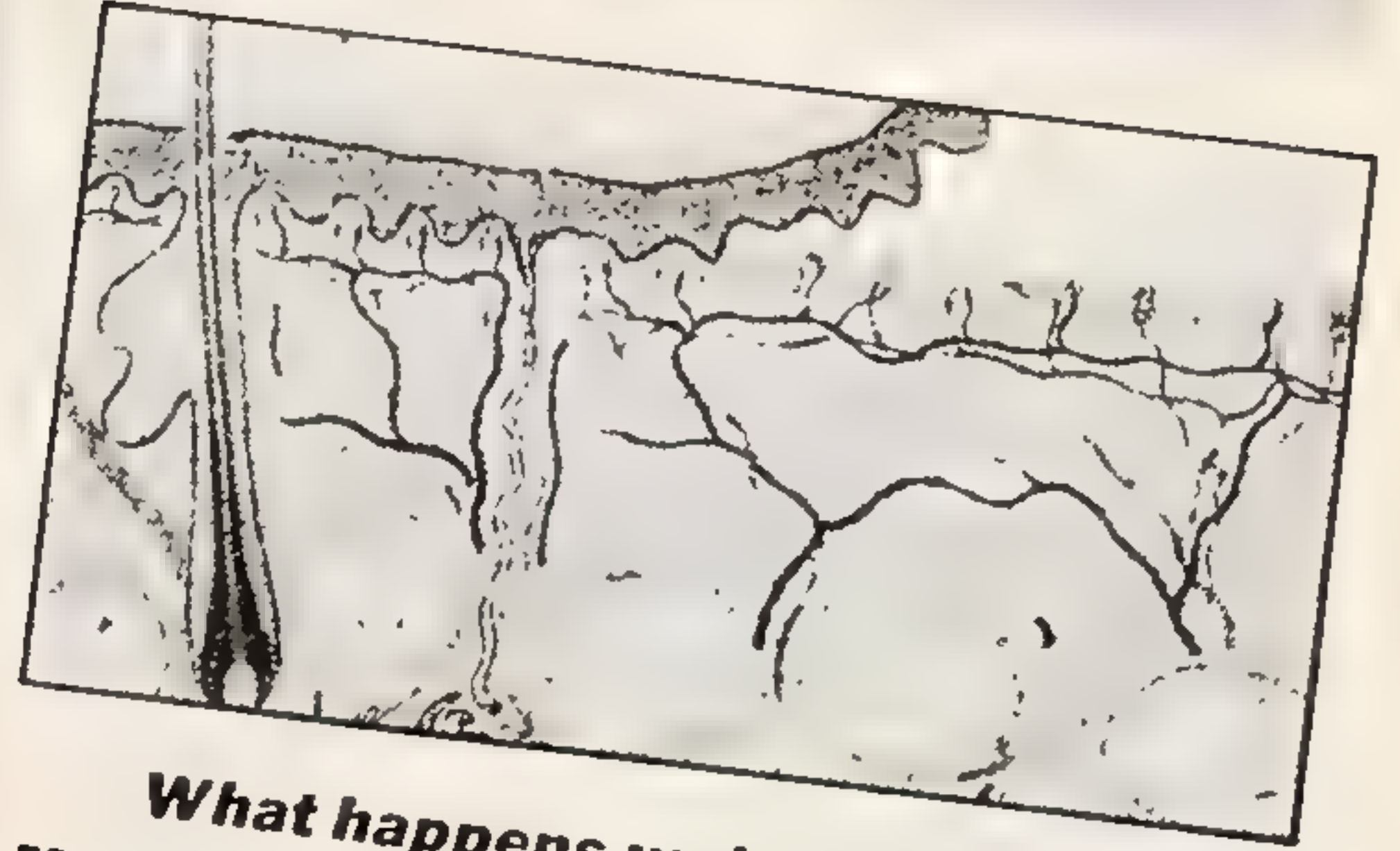
You see, the *under* layers of your skin are full of little nerves, fibres, cells, oil glands, fat and muscle tissues. Keep *them* actively at work, and your outer skin just blooms beauty.

But once the teens are past, oil glands begin to dry up. Circulation slows. Nerves and fibres lose their snap. Result—little blemishes, blackheads—as you grow older, wrinkles, sagging tissues!

Cleanse deep—keep underskin active

That is why it is so important to choose a cream that *goes deep* and keeps your underskin active.

Pond's Cold Cream goes right to the



What happens under your skin

Underneath your outer skin is the true skin or *corium*. Here myriads of tiny blood vessels, elastic fibres, fat and muscle tissues, oil glands create the beauty of your outer skin. When they grow sluggish, look out for blackheads, coarseness, blemishes, lines.

LINES, WRINKLES, signs of wasting of the underskin—impaired nutrition—lack of invigorating oils.

COARSENESS is made worse by clogged pores, improper cleansing.

BLACKHEADS come from pores clogged by thick secretions from overactive skin glands.

DRYNESS is often due to poorly functioning underskin, insufficient oil.

BLEMISHES. Many factors lead to blemishes—among them, inactive circulation, improper cleansing.

SAGGING TISSUES, due to loss of nerve tone, impaired circulation, fatty degeneration of the muscles.



Mrs. Francis Grover Cleveland says:
"Pond's Cold Cream seems to
wipe away lines and blemishes,
gives the skin a fresh look."

underskin. Its specially processed oils sink deep. As you pat it into your skin, you feel the circulation freshened, stimulated. Dirt, make-up, impurities from within the skin itself, are softened, loosened, lifted from the pores by these light, deep-reaching oils. Your underskin is liberated, free to function actively again.

Look in your mirror, after a thorough, deep-skin cleansing and stimulation with

this cream. How much fresher and clearer your skin is! With just one treatment!

Pond's Cold Cream is pure, germ-free. Use it *every night* before retiring to flush impurities away, free the skin, stimulate its under layers.

In the daytime, too, to freshen your skin for the day, give it the satiny surface that takes your rouge and make-up so smoothly.

See what 9 treatments will do

It is very easy to try Pond's. Send the coupon for a tube containing enough for 9 treatments! Remember, the healthy, vigorous *underskin* Pond's Cold Cream gives you is a sure means to the lovely, satiny *outer skin* every woman wants.

MAIL COUPON TODAY—for Generous Package
including 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream and other beauty aids.

POND'S, Dept. F-50 Clinton, Conn. I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company



SAD AND BLUE



NOW "I DO"

Blue Waltz brought me happiness

I used to be so sad, so blue. Secretly I was starving for good times, dates. It seems like a miracle to think that all those dreary days are gone and that now I'm a happy bride. And all because I discovered what alluring charm Blue Waltz Perfume can give!

It's almost magic how this exquisite perfume creates a world of enchantment around you...how, like a dreamy waltz in moonlight, it inspires romance and tender yearning.

And you can look lovelier, too. I got the thrill of a lifetime when I tried all of the Blue Waltz Cosmetics. You can get the same thrill!

Make up carefully with Blue Waltz Lipstick and Blue Waltz Face Powder. See how temptingly luscious your lips look. Notice how perfectly this fine powder blends with the natural tone of your skin, making it radiantly fresh and youthful. Your mirror will tell you honestly how beautiful you are and what a glorious improvement Blue Waltz Cosmetics have made!

You are really unfair to your beauty if you don't buy Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics today. For your protection, they are "certified to be pure" and they are only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.

Now you can ensemble your beauty preparations. You find the same alluring fragrance in Blue Waltz Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Cream Rouge, Brilliantine, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Toilet Water, Talcum Powder. Only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.



Blue Waltz
PERFUME AND COSMETICS
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

MODERN SCREEN DRAMATIC SCHOOL

Directed by Katherine Albert

Some practical advice on the subject of crashing the stage or the movies

I WAS so thrilled at the marvelous response I got when we decided to organize dramatic clubs throughout the country. Hundreds of them are now flourishing nicely and that's very cheering news. But there is always room for more. And if you want to have the most fun you ever had just fill in the coupon below. And please, please don't forget to enclose that self-addressed, stamped envelope.

The many requests I've had for club information make me realize just how interested in dramatic art people are everywhere. This is your very own department and I am completely guided by your letters. I do so want to tell you what you want to know.

This month hundreds of letters have come to me asking the question, "How can I get the breaks? If I am anxious to make the step from the amateur stage to the professional stage and thence to pictures, how can

I do it? What is my first move?"

WHAT a question! How can it be answered? You see, there are no cut-and-dried rules. There is no golden path to success. It all depends so definitely on circumstances, individual breaks and luck. But it is a question that I cannot shirk. And I will tell you everything I have learned about this subject.

I seriously recommend that all of you content yourselves with the marvelous fun of amateur dramatics, of MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School or of Little Theatres. But many people have the urge to do professional acting and so I am going to discuss this with you.

First, I'll tell you the mechanics of it. Get all the amateur dramatic training possible. Specialize in every dramatic course your schools give you. And then, if possible, attend a first-rate (Continued on page 97)

Do you want to organize a dramatic club in your own community? Katherine Albert, the director of MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School, has prepared complete, detailed instructions about organizing such a club. Here is an opportunity to have a lot of fun and to do something really worth while. Fill in the information asked for below (please type or print plainly) and send it, with a stamped, addressed return envelope to Katherine Albert, MODERN SCREEN Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your instructions for organizing a dramatic club.

Name.....

Street... ..

City and State.....



YOU'VE WON HIM— NOW YOU MUST KEEP HIM...

Don't let COSMETIC SKIN spoil your good looks!

SO much of a woman's charm depends on keeping her skin clear — appealingly smooth. Yet many a woman, without realizing it, is actually *spoiling her own looks*.

When stale make-up is not properly *removed*, but allowed to choke the pores day after day, it causes unattractive Cosmetic Skin. You begin to notice tiny blemishes — enlarged pores — blackheads, perhaps — warning signals of this modern complexion trouble.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

In Hollywood the lovely screen stars *protect* their million-dollar complexions with Lux Toilet Soap — the soap especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its

rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deep down into the pores, carries swiftly away every vestige of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day — ALWAYS before you go to bed at night — give your skin this protecting, beautifying care. Exquisite smooth skin is a priceless treasure. Don't take chances!

ELISSA LANDI
PARAMOUNT STAR



ANY GIRL CAN HAVE A SMOOTH, REALLY LOVELY SKIN. YOU CAN USE COSMETICS AS MUCH AS YOU WISH IF YOU GUARD YOUR SKIN AS I DO — WITH GENTLE **LUX TOILET SOAP**



NOTE **FREE** OFFER BELOW**AMAZING****WHAT A SINGLE BOTTLE OF
Hires EXTRACT
WILL DO****1**

Makes 40 bottles of sparkling Hires Root Beer, easily, quickly with yeast. Economical—8 glasses for 5c!

2

Instant Hires Root Ade can be made, using a teaspoonful of Hires Extract to a quart of ice water. Sweeten to taste. Add juice of half a lemon.

3

Nutritious Hires Milk Shake brings a new appeal in flavors, winning both children and adults. Makes children like milk.

Hires Root Beer is delicious, wholesome and economical—accepted by the American Medical Association's Committee on Foods and approved by the Good Housekeeping Bureau.

To avoid oil flavored imitations, insist on

Hires
R-J
ROOT BEER
FOR REAL JUICES

FREE

FREE—a generous trial bottle of Hires Extract—enough to make 4 quarts of Hires Root Beer—to all who mail the coupon, enclosing 3¢ to cover postage and handling.

The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
Please send me free bottle of Hires Extract. I enclose 3¢ for postage and packing. M-5-35

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Canadians should mail coupon to
The Charles E. Hires Co., Ltd., Toronto

The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 12)

Janet Gaynor, I am going to profit by her example and stick to the old-fashioned simple type of things that always have been popular, still continue to be popular and, I'm sure, will go on being popular for countless years to come. I refer to the delicious home-baked foods that come out of the family oven, filling the air with the appetite-provoking aroma of "sugar and spice and everything nice."

"Cakes like Mother used to bake" (and pies, biscuits and breads as well) are famed in song and story and take precedence in Janet Gaynor's affections over any other form of home-made foods. That's why, in one form or another, they so often find their way into the basket that Janet's German cook packs to send down to her at the studio.

"I never eat in the studio commissary," petite Miss Gaynor informed me as we settled down for a chat, each in our own corner of the chintz covered divan in the living-room of her little bungalow at the Fox Studios. "I don't mean that as a reflection upon the food they serve there," she continued, "but I find it so much more restful to eat in here."

AND no wonder, I thought, as I looked about me. For Janet Gaynor's dressing-room is just too adorable for words. The same pattern of chintz that covered the divan hung in graceful folds at the window. Framed flower prints hung upon the wall, and still another note of color was brought in through gay dishes standing upright on the shelves of the buffet and the corner cupboard.

In the actual dressing-room of the bungalow, however, which had been shown to me before we sat down, I was interested to observe that Janet had discarded Colonial simplicity and indulged in truly feminine coquetry. Windows on either side of her dressing table were shaded by Venetian blinds with satin pulls, if you please. Curtains of gossamer sheerness on either side of the dressing-table, were held back by bows of satin. A true setting for a Dresden shepherdess—or a French frame for Janet's cameo-like quality. Femininity on the one hand, tasteful simplicity on the other, in short, a visual example of the secret of Janet's success.

And these same qualities should characterize your home-baked goods, according to Miss Gaynor. No strange concoctions for her, no unusual fillings or combinations—just a cake put together with a light feminine touch and a simple icing.

The baked things Janet told me that she likes are certainly not one bit complicated to make, either. Gingerbread, for instance—just plain good old-fashioned gingerbread. Janet's cook often includes a generous square of it in the basket lunch that the chauffeur brings, straight from the Gaynor home, to the Gaynor dressing-room bungalow. Sometimes, the cook puts mounds of sweetened whipped cream on the gingerbread—at other times it is taken hot from the oven, wrapped and delivered quickly, so that it is still warm when served. (Janet also has facilities for reheating things in her bungalow, but gingerbread, somehow, seems to taste better when it retains the original flush of its heat!)

To accompany the gingerbread, when hot, the cook sends a covered glass container of icy cold apple sauce. The contrast of hot and cold foods is always a welcome one, you know.

Another luncheon dessert made by the

Gaynor cook is Cheese Tarts—little, flaky pastry bites made with cream cheese for shortening and with dabs of jam for sweetening.

JANET also is particularly partial to Fruit Cake, I learned, but feels that it is too heavy for noontime consumption, especially when she is working in a picture.

"That's a treat I forego until dinner time," she told me. "Fruit Cake makes a frequent appearance on my home menu," she went on, "not because I order it, for I let the cook plan the meals, but because that worthy soul realizes that I'm so fond of it."

This Fruit Cake favorite turned out to be a simplified version that is neither too hard on the digestion nor on the cook's patience.

No mention of baked products is complete without referring to home-baked breads and biscuits, I feel. And when I expressed that conviction to Janet she agreed with me heartily. A novel bread made its appearance one day on her cute little, drop-leaf luncheon table. (The table and four chairs make a real dining-room group, as you will notice in the picture accompanying this article.) It was Banana Bread—and I found, after getting the recipe, that it does not require yeast! That's a feature which makes this bread easy enough for the most amateur cook to attempt with almost certain success crowning her efforts.

At tea-time little cakes or cookies are served, if Janet is home, or knows she will be getting off the set early. I am including a recipe for a rich tea cooky of the type she favors.

The other four recipes for Janet Gaynor's favorite cakes are included in our monthly recipe leaflet. Fill out the coupon, send it in, and recipes for Janet's Spice Gingerbread, Favorite Fruit Cake, Cheese Tea Tarts and Banana Bread are yours! Of course they're **FREE**—like many other good things in life.

Right here, let us leave Janet Gaynor, and go on to other more prosaic things, not nearly so pleasant to talk about but very important for successful home-baking.

There are four major points about baking to be considered. I have only enough room here to go into them very briefly.

THE first is your mixing, of course. Under this heading would come the use of first class ingredients and measuring equipment. (Gracious me, here I am, riding my pet hobby again and urging you, as before, to use only standard measuring spoons, standard measuring cups and lots of A-1 care. And you *will*, with these recipes, won't you?)

The second is your oven—including an oven thermometer as part of your cooking equipment. (They may be purchased for as little as 20c.) Another consideration, under this heading, is the correct placing of your baking pans so that they do not touch one another or the sides of the oven. This insures a free circulation of air during the baking.

A third heading is utensils. A well-equipped baking kitchen would include pie pans, layer cake pans, cup cake pans, loaf pans, deep baking dishes for thicker types of cakes, cooky sheets, a cake rack for cooling cakes and, if purse and room permit, such luxuries as an angel-food pan and a spring form. With that bak-

ing equipment you should be positively inspired!

The fourth heading is the time required for baking. Nowadays baking time generally is included in the recipe directions—I know I try never to omit time requirements from Modern Hostess recipes. But, unfortunately, baking time varies for one reason or another—a different temperature than that called for in the recipe, a different size in cake or pie pan—these are but two of the many possibilities. So, besides watching your clock, you *must* watch your cake. A five cent cake tester will be a blessing, too.

Here, then, is a new recipe with which to try out your skill and the truth of my statements. The recipes in the leaflet will make Janet Gaynor's name even more popular with you than ever which is saying a good deal for them, is it not?

CHOCOLATE TEA PATTIES

- 2 squares unsweetened chocolate
- 1 can sweetened condensed milk (1½ cups)
- ¾ cup fine graham cracker crumbs
- ¼ cup chopped nut meats
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- A pinch of salt

Melt chocolate over boiling water in top of double boiler. Add sweetened condensed milk. Stir and continue cooking over boiling water for 5 minutes until mixture is smooth and thickened. Remove from heat. Roll out enough graham crackers to make ¾ cup fine crumbs (or put crackers through food grinder). Add cracker crumbs, chopped nut meats, vanilla and salt to chocolate mixture. Blend together thoroughly. Spread to ½ inch thickness in well-greased muffin pans. (This will take approximately 1 tablespoonful of batter to each cup). Bake 15 to 20 minutes in moderate oven (375° F.). Cool. Makes about 18 patties.

QUICK DATE CAKE

- ½ cup soft butter
- 2 eggs
- ½ cup milk
- 1¾ cups flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
- 1⅓ cup brown sugar (packed firmly)
- ½ cup dates, chopped

Allow butter to stand in bowl at room temperature until very soft. Add eggs and milk, sift in the combined flour, baking powder, salt and spices, add sugar and chopped dates. Mix together thoroughly. When mixed, begin beating and beat for 4 minutes. Pour into greased loaf pan and cook in moderate oven (350° F.) until cake shrinks from sides of pan and cake tester inserted in cake comes out clean (40 to 50 minutes). Or turn batter into greased muffin pans or square cake pan and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 20 to 30 minutes.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
149 Madison Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.
MODERN SCREEN Magazine

Please send me Janet Gaynor's recipes for May, 1935.

Name
 (Print in pencil)

Address
 (City) (State)

.....
 (Street and Number)

SUCH GOOD
 SPAGHETTI! WHERE
 DID YOU GET THE
 RECIPE?

I'LL LET YOU IN
 ON THE SECRET
 —IT COMES ALL
 READY-COOKED



*What a surprise when I
 tasted its marvelous sauce!*

"I'd always felt that no ready-cooked spaghetti could ever come up to the home-cooked kind. But I certainly changed my mind when I tasted Franco-American. *What* a delicious sauce it has—mine simply can't compare with it. Can you wonder I always serve Franco-American now? It means less work for me and *better* spaghetti for all of us."

Franco-American isn't the ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. One taste will tell you how *different* it is. Its sauce contains eleven different in-

gredients. Luscious, flavorful tomatoes . . . choice Cheddar cheese . . . delicately piquant spices and seasonings . . . blended by the skilled hand of the trained chef into a delectably smooth, rich, savory sauce that good home cooks declare is the *best* they ever tasted.

No cooking or fussing; simply heat and serve. Saves time and *money*, too. You never pay more than ten cents for a can holding three to four portions—less than it costs to buy dry spaghetti and other ingredients and prepare at home!

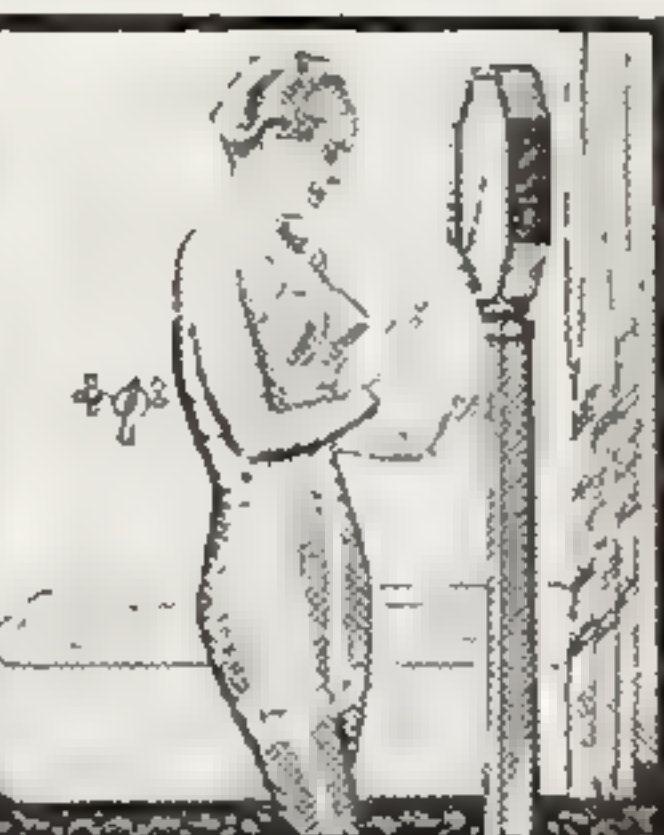


TEST...the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
... at our expense!



... Read how
Miss Jean Healy
reduced her hips
9 INCHES!

"I read an advertisement of the
Perfolastic Co. and sent for
their FREE 10-day trial offer."



"They actually al-
lowed me to wear
the Perfolastic for
10 days on trial..."

"and in 10 days,
by actual measure-
ment, my hips were 3
INCHES SMALLER"

"In a very short time
I had reduced my
hips 9 INCHES and
weight 20 pounds"

WE want YOU to test the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere at our expense! Test them for yourself for ten days absolutely FREE! We are so sure that you can be your slimmer self without diets, drugs or exercises, that we make this unconditional offer...

**REDUCE Your Waist and Hips
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS**

... or no cost

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as the gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement... stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer — Act Today

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips **THREE INCHES!** You do not need to risk one penny... try them for 10 days... at no cost!

DON'T WAIT! MAIL COUPON NOW!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 535, 41 EAST 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

Garbo Vas Dere

(Continued from page 32)

she'd never appear in public. But I was wrong! Garbo did step out, and, as ever, the venture was surrounded with an aura of deep, dark mystery.

I know that you have read that she smiled weakly at Dietrich; that she didn't look at Dietrich; that she glared and glowered at Dietrich; that she didn't know that Dietrich was in the place; that she was nervous and shaky; that she was perfectly at ease; that she was ill at ease; that she sat at her table like a scared rabbit, ready to flee any moment.

I know exactly how you feel sitting by your fireside after reading these conflicting reports. You'd like to know the truth, the real truth, about Garbo's night out.

BUT it is a long and mysterious story and so that you won't be denied any precious little detail, I must begin at the very beginning.

Some said it was a clever publicity stunt engineered by the studio. Others said, "Garbo's getting smart. She isn't so dumb, that Swede. She has mapped out a publicity campaign all her own. And she'll get away with it."

Others recalled her flirtation with her director. "Remember the time she went on a skiing party to the Grand Canyon with Mamoulian. There wasn't a flake of snow within hundreds of miles of the place not to mention the fact that it was out of season for snow. As the story broke in the headlines, 'Queen Christina' was released."

Someone else chimed in with, "Yeah, and then all those phoney romance stories with George Brent and the Palm Springs trips broke simultaneously with the showing of the 'Painted Veil,' I'll say that gal isn't dumb."

This was the type of conversation I heard on all sides. It made me furious. No one, it seemed, was willing to give her credit for wanting to be just human.

It happened this way—and I got it straight from members of her party—during an informal gathering of her small, select circle of friends, Garbo expressed the desire to visit the Trocadero. Sincerely believing that a gay evening would do her good, the entire group prevailed upon her to go ahead with her plan. A date was set for Friday, January 25th. The party plans included Max Reinhardt, his son Gottfried, Garbo and her closest friend and adviser, Salka Viertel, a writer at M-G-M. They had a quiet dinner first at Lucey's, a small café on Melrose Avenue across the street from Paramount. At ten-thirty they arrived at the Trocadero.

But wait, I must take you back to the first party, for it was on this occasion that her female friend (not Salka), unable to restrain the desire to let the whole world in on the secret that the great and glamorous, silent Garbo was going to appear in public, got on the phone and called another woman friend. And that little friend wouldn't tell a soul. Oh, no! You know the rest. Five minutes later she had me on the wire. This was about two-thirty in the afternoon.

She was terribly excited.

LISTEN, Scotty," he said, "be at the 'Troc' tonight at ten-thirty without fail. The greatest thing that ever happened in Hollywood will take place. You'll get the scoop of the year."

She must have told a dozen others the same thing.

Intrigued, I inquired what would happen. "Oh, I can't tell you over the phone," she replied, breathlessly, "but I'm so excited I can hardly wait. I'm taking a party of stars to see it all and you'll be sorry if you don't show up. Don't say I didn't warn you."

As the afternoon wore on I became highly interested. At least fifteen friends of mine admonished me to be there. I called the maitre d'hotel and asked him what was coming off.

"Nothing special," he said. "The usual Friday night crowd. Not many reservations so far."

A flurry of telephone warnings kept me busy all afternoon. I called him again.

"Say," he said, with high elation, "I don't know what has happened. The house is sold out, more than New Year's Eve. Everybody is here or on the way. Joan Bennett, Alice White, Lupe and Johnny, the Joe E. Browns, Peggy Fears," he rattled the names off rapidly.

I checked my camera equipment and rushed over. The place was filled with celebrities.

The guests were nervous, more so than the employees. They eyed each newcomer with eager expectancy. Some jumped up from their tables every few minutes to run outside and inquire of the doorman or hat check girls, in a decided whisper, "Has she arrived yet?"

All this secrecy was getting too much for me.

"Has who come?" I asked the hat check girl, rather disgustedly.

She flashed me a look of disdainful surprise. "Haven't you heard? Garbo is due at ten-thirty."

"Phooey," says I, with as much nonchalance as I could muster.

Then Felix Rolo came. He is the wealthy Egyptian who escorted Dietrich places for so long, and incidentally hoaxed Hollywood into believing he was a Prince. He said to the proprietor, "When she comes I want a guard stationed near our table to keep people away. I want the hired help to treat her as if they were accustomed to waiting on her every day. I want her visit to be enjoyable in every way, and if she doesn't show up (ah, ha, I thought there would be a catch), and there is a strong possibility that she may not, then I don't want it mentioned that she was scared away, but rather that she comes here all the time. Don't inform any newspapers (there were eight different press representatives in the house at the time waiting for the big moment) under any circumstances."

The owner agreed.

I STUBBORNLY refused to believe and I parked my camera behind some window drapes, which I later regretted.

Promptly at ten-thirty I wandered out to the front curb. I saw a black, dilapidated Lincoln sedan draw up. It bore a California license number, I-P-6108. I knew that Garbo was inside.

Max Reinhardt was the first to step from the car, followed by his son, Gottfried. Then came Salka Viertel. She helped Garbo alight.

She stood there dressed in a neat gray, tailored suit, covered by a light, loose polo coat. The usual black beret graced her head. Her hair was combed straight as in "Queen Christina." And me with-

out a camera! I could have kicked myself.

The station attendant shouted to me, "Garbo ain't comin', is she?"

I "shushed" him as best I could, making grimaces with my face, trying to warn him that she stood at his elbow.

But she had heard his remark and walked hurriedly toward her car. My heart sank as I saw the last glimmering hope of a picture going away from me. She planted one foot on the running board and resorted to woman's oldest artifice—powder. She daubed carelessly here and there at her face in the meager light of the car. Salka took her by the hand and led her into the café. I followed at a discreet distance.

At this point, few inside believed that she was coming. The nervous tension had eased up. The house was gay and happily boisterous. As she appeared in the inner doorway to the room a hushed silence fell over the place. Alice White's eyes almost popped out of her head; Joe E. Brown's mouth snapped shut and for once the incessant chattering of Lupe came to a stop, while Johnny just grumbled something and went on about the serious business of eating. The eyes of Joan Bennett, Dietrich, Fears, Marian Nixon, the Chico Marx', everybody in fact, was directed to the table in the center of the floor. GARBO HAD ARRIVED!

She made her way to the table with the utmost ease, apparently unaware of the furore she had created. She and her party joined Felixe Rolo, accompanied by Princess Natalie Paley, daughter of the Grand Duke Paul of Russia. A few feet away Dietrich sat with an old friend and admirer of Garbo's, Fritz Lang. Despite all assertions to the contrary, she nodded recognition and smiled graciously in Dietrich's direction. She smiled at many others as if she had known them for a long time. Perhaps it was only a lovely gesture to let them know she had seen their work on the screen, but she smiled. She chatted animatedly, laughed freely, smoked almost constantly. During the course of the evening she shook her head negatively to proffers of dancing. The only actual words I heard her express were when someone made a suggestion that she might like to leave and she replied, "Oh, no. Not yet. I'm really enjoying myself."

THE management prevailed upon Frances Langford to sing "Night and Day," to which Garbo responded with much applause.

From the moment she arrived until she departed, my eyes never left Garbo's face. While I enjoyed every moment and considered myself pretty lucky to have seen her, nevertheless I realized that, after all, Garbo is no different from other stars whom we see every day.

Her chauffeur sent word at two-thirty a. m. that the car was ready. I rushed around to the back exit, setting my camera distance as I ran. Fortune favored me, so I thought, by placing a huge, empty wine barrel within ten feet of her car door, where she would have to face me to enter. This was an erroneous impression for fate decreed otherwise. As she left by way of the fire escape, one overanxious cameraman leaped out of the darkness and ran toward her. She saw him in time to cover her face. As she struggled with the door handle I fired my flash and the barrel collapsed simultaneously, leaving me sprawled on the ground at her feet. As Garbo vanished into the night, four weary cameramen scurried toward dark rooms to see how much of her Royal Ladyship had been captured for posterity on photographic plates.

Healthy mouths now come in packages *labelled Dentyne*



A healthy mouth, white teeth, how important they are to any woman and to all well-groomed men, too! Here's an easy way to have them . . .

DENTYNE IS AN AID TO MOUTH HEALTH

The extra firm consistency of Dentyne provides just the vigorous mouth exercise everyone needs—the exercise lacking in modern soft-food diets. This chewing stimulates the circulation in the tissues, and keeps the mouth and teeth clean. It prevents flabby muscles, too. Many doctors and dentists recommend it as a regular health habit.

AND A DELICIOUS GUM, TOO —

Chewing Dentyne is a pleasant health habit because it is such a delicious gum . . . At the first taste of its spicy, tempting flavor you congratulate yourself on having found a chewing gum that is different . . . thoroughly satisfying. Dentyne has a characteristic, handy, flat shape which makes it easy to carry in your purse or pocket . . . an exclusive feature for many years.

DENTYNE

KEEPS TEETH WHITE · MOUTH HEALTHY

Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard

(Continued from page 15)

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Hollywood Reporter	Film Daily	Variety	General Ratings
The March of Time (First Division)	4★	4★	4★	0	0	4★	4★	0	4★	4★	0	0	4★	0	4★	4★
Marie Galante (Fox)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	3★	0	1★	2★	2★	2★
The Marines Are Coming (Mascot)	2★	1★	1★	2★	1★	2★	1★	1½★	2★	1★	0	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2★
Maybe It's Love (Warners)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	0	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★
Menace (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★	3★	0	0	4★	3★	3★	3★
The Mighty Barnum (20th Century)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★
Mills of the Gods (Columbia)	0	0	0	2★	0	0	0	2★	2★	0	0	2★	0	2★	2★	0
Murder in the Clouds (First National)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	0	2½★	3★	4★	0	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
Music in the Air (Fox)	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2★	4★	3★	3★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★
Mystery Woman (Fox)	2	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	4★	0	0	3★	2★	2★	2★
The Night Is Young (M-G-M)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	0	0	2★	2★	2★	2★
Night Life of the Gods (Universal)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	0	3★	3★	3★	2★
A Notorious Gentleman (Universal)	3★	3★	2★	0	2½★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	0	0	3★	3★	2★	3★
One Hour Late (Paramount)	3★	0	0	2★	0	0	0	2★	0	0	0	0	0	0	2½★	0
One More Spring (Fox)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	0	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★
Outcast Lady (M-G-M)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	0	0	0	2★	2★	2★
The Painted Veil (M-G-M)	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	4★	2★	3★	2★	3★	2★	3★
The President Vanishes (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	3★	5★	5★	0	0	5★	5★	4★	5★
The Private Life of Don Juan (United Artists)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	0	0	2★	2★	3★	3★
The Right to Live (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2½★	0	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★
Romance in Manhattan (RKO)	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Ruggles of Red Gap (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	0	5★	5★	0	5★
Rumba (Paramount)	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2★	4★	2½★	3★	2★
The Scarlet Pimpernel (United Artists)	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	0	0	4★	4★	4★	4★
The Secret Bride (Warners)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★
Sequoia (M-G-M)	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	0	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Shadow of Doubt (M-G-M)	3★	0	0	3★	0	0	0	1½★	3★	3★	0	0	3★	4★	2½★	0
The Silver Streak (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★
Sing Sing Nights (Monogram)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	0	2★	0	2★	4★	3★	2★	2★
Six-Day Bike Rider (Warners)	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	0	2½★	3★	3★	0	0	3★	3★	2★	3★
Society Doctor (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	0	0	3★	3★	2★	3★
Sweet Adeline (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
Sweet Music (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	4★	0	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★
There's Always Tomorrow (Universal)	3★	0	3★	0	3★	3★	3★	3★	0	4★	0	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
365 Nights in Hollywood (Fox)	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	1½★	3★	2★	0	0	3★	2★	2★	2★
Under Pressure (Fox)	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	0	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
Unfinished Symphony (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	0	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★
The Wandering Jew (Twickenham)	4★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★	0	0	4★	4★	4★	3★
Wednesday's Child (RKO)	2★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	4★	3★	3★	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
We Live Again (20th Century)	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★
West of the Pecos (RKO)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	2★	0	2½★	2★	2★	0	2★	3★	4★	3★	3★
When a Man's a Man (Fox)	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	0	2½★	0	2½★	3★	2½★	0	0	3★	3★	2★	2★
The White Cockatoo (Warners)	2★	2★	3★	4★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	0	3★	0	3★	2★	2★
The White Parade (Fox)	4★	0	3★	0	3★	3★	4★	3½★	0	4★	0	0	4★	4★	4★	3★
The Whole Town's Talking (Columbia)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
A Wicked Woman (M-G-M)	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★	0	2★	2★	0	3★	0	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★
Wings in the Dark (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
The Winning Ticket (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	0	2★	1★	2★	2½★	2★

Modern Screen-Warner Song Contest

(Continued from page 45)

final list—is set forth in the box containing the rules on page 44. This list completes the total of fifteen picture titles.

You are asked to tell what was the most popular song in three out of each set of five pictures. That is to say, three from last month's list, three from the list in the issue before that, and three from this month's list. That makes nine in all. *You must choose three from each set of five—not any nine from the complete set of fifteen.* You need not necessarily have seen the picture to be able to fulfill the requirements. You need only to have heard the song and to have known who sang it in the picture. Of course, you may, if you wish, fill out the complete list of fifteen pictures, but you will be judged on a basis of three out of five.

Remember, you must tell who sang the song which you designate as the most popular hit from each of the pictures which you choose.

We have asked you, in the two preceding installments of this contest, to keep each list until you have completed the contest. If you misunderstood and have already sent in the previous installments, we will try to keep your contribution on file, but we assume no risk.

With your complete set of nine (or more) answers—three chosen from each set of five—you are asked to write one hundred words telling which Warner musical you have liked the best to date—and why. You may use less than a hundred words, but don't use more. The words "a," "an," and "the" will not count.

Aside from winning one of the prizes in this contest, do you know the big

feature? Yes, you are right. It is writing a set of lyrics. The best of those submitted will be set to music and published by a *real* music publisher and used in a forthcoming Warner Brothers production.

You undoubtedly have someone—may we surmise a sweetheart, wife or husband?—who has awakened within you a feeling that you could write a poem about them or to them. Well, when you come down to it, a set of lyrics is really a poem which is set to music to make a song. We bring this up as a hint here, because Mr. Julius P. Witmark, Jr., the one who arranged this contest for you has had so much experience with some of the great song writers and he has told us that the most successful lyrics ever written have always been due to some such inspiration. Imagine the great thrill of writing such an inspired lyric, having it accepted, taking the one and only to the movies and having *your* lyric sung from the screen.

You stand just as good a chance of winning one of the prizes—the first prize of \$250; the second prize of \$100; the third prize of \$50! the fourth prize of \$25! one of the five fifth prizes of \$10 each; or one of the five sixth prizes of \$5 each—if you stop at the list of songs and singers and the one-hundred-word description. BUT—an extra added honor goes to the person who writes, in the opinion of the judges, the best set of lyrics. He may or may not win one of the prizes—that depends upon how accurately and aptly, in the opinion of the judges, he fulfills the above requirements. The special honor reserved for the writer of the best set of lyrics is the inclusion of these lyrics—set

to music and everything—in a forthcoming Warner musical production.

So get busy, not only in answering the questions in this contest, but also with your lyric. Keep your three sets of answers, composition of one hundred words or less, and lyrics, if you wish to submit a set, until after you have completed the three parts of the contest, and send them all to the MODERN-SCREEN-WARNER Song Contest, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., mailing them no later than midnight on May 15, 1935, when the contest closes. All entries must be mailed by that time.

For the lyric which will be used in a Warner production, the usual royalties on music publication and commercial, mechanical instrument use will be paid by the music publishers.

No entries will be returned. All lyrics submitted will be returned, if not accepted, upon receipt of your request together with a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Remember, we assume no risk for the return of same.

Send all entries and lyrics to MODERN SCREEN-Warner Song Contest, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Everyone is eligible to compete in this contest except the employees of MODERN SCREEN and employees of Warner Brothers-First National Studios.

The judges of this contest are the editors of MODERN SCREEN and Julius Witmark.

Please do *not* send elaborate, pretentious entries. They stand no better chance of winning a prize than accurate, simple entries. Neatness is important, of course.

Amazingly Mild with

NEW KIND of Mildness

HEAR JOHNNIE IN PERSON
Tune in Tuesday Nights
RADIO'S SMARTEST MUSICAL SHOW

"Call for
PHILIP MORRIS"

Call for
PHILIP MORRIS

Philip Morris

America's
Finest 15¢ Cigarette



Pretty on the TABLE . . . and grand for BAKING in the OVEN

YES, those platters and serving dishes, those round and oval bowls, those cute little French one-handled casseroles, even the cups, saucers and plates, will all stand oven heat.

So bake in them . . . pies, puddings, meats, vegetables, anything you like. And whisk them from oven to table. They save work in serving. Save dishwashing.

Next time you're in a Five, Ten or Dollar Store, look over OvenServe dishes. They cost but a trifle. And you can do with them what you can't do with any other table dishes . . . use them in the oven!



OVENSERVE

SOLD AT MOST 5¢—10¢ AND
\$1.00 STORES

One Girl's Hopeless Love for Bill Powell

(Continued from page 27)

the house."

Glasses in hand, they were ushered about the house. Into the bar, the study upstairs, and, heads together, they pored over the blueprint of the new home he was building. How typical of Bill, Georgia thought! When she had presented him to her friend, she had proudly mentioned that Valerie was an up-and-coming interior decorator of New York. Now Valerie was in her element. Her eyes sparkled and Bill, prodding her enthusiasm, asked her advice on the furnishing of his new home. In his usual effortless, charming way, he was making her feel important. They gabbled like a couple of children with a new toy. Then Bill straightened up. "Say," he smiled, "this is work for you! And look at that sunshine outside. Let's take a swim." Valerie blinked up into his face. "But we haven't any bathing suits!" she declared. "That's all right. Show her, Georgia." As the bewildered Valerie was led downstairs, Bill called after them, "I'll beat you in." He dashed into his bedroom.

In the commodious dressing quarters hard by the swimming pool, Georgia pulled back panels and opened drawers to show her friend a complete array of bathing suits, pajamas, and robes. On the vanity and dresser were powders and rouge of every shade. Valerie caught her breath. She stood motionless, gaping about her, until Bill's voice came from the balcony.

"Is everything all right?" he called. With a squeal of joy Valerie started to rummage frantically for a suit of her size.

Bill, however, didn't beat them into the pool. A director arrived for a conference. So when the ladies dashed out, Bill met them in his old bathrobe and trotted them up to the loggia where introductions to the director were quickly made. Then the men went to work.

GEOORGIA'S mind was reviewing the things which had taken place since their arrival. Her friend poked her with her elbow. "What's the matter," Valerie complained, "can't you hear? I just said that any woman who married him wouldn't have a dull moment all of her life."

"I know," answered Georgia. "Excuse me. I was thinking."

"Why didn't you tell me you knew him so well? I thought I was your friend?"

"There's nothing to tell. I just knew him, that's all."

Good old Valerie. She would understand. She left her friend to her memories. Later, perhaps, she would know. Georgia cupped her chin on the back of her hands and peered through half-opened eyes toward the spare figure talking so earnestly in the shade of the loggia. Two men. And one of them Bill.

She remembered the first time that they had gone out together. On that memorable evening, years ago, she recalled the misery she felt before he arrived. Her head was splitting. A throbbing ache brought on, no doubt, by her nervous excitement. She knew that she would be poor company. And Bill, she felt sure, wouldn't care to see her again. So when he arrived, blandly smiling, she did her best not to spoil the occasion. Tried desperately hard to be gay and amusing.

But Bill, she soon discovered, is too sensitive a nature not to sense immediately the mood of any person he is with. She had to confess the intolerable ache. His hand reached over and folded gently around hers. "After all," he said, "we

can't stand this." He swung the car to the curb. They hustled into a drug store. There, perched on high stools, he watched her drink two bromos. "Now do you feel better?" he asked.

From that time on her heart was not quite her own. They went on to their party only because she refused to return home to spend a quiet evening. And for three miraculous hours, she was unconscious of the agony in her head. She floated on a roseate cloud, supported by the envious glances of women, the flattering attentions of men. All because, she understood afterwards, her popular cavalier never relaxed his solicitude. He took her home early. Next morning she was awakened by the fragrance of his flowers, which her maid had quietly brought into the room. And that day he phoned three times to inquire how she was feeling.

AH YES, Bill was so sweet. Always attentive. And his manners had that careless quality of one who is confident in his heart that he won't hurt the feelings of another person, even unintentionally. But were these the reasons why she fell in love?

Now, as Georgia's eyes caressed the figure on the loggia, she had to admit that they certainly were not. Silly, even to think so. So many polished gentlemen are frightful bores. What Valerie had said was exactly right. There was never a dull moment with Bill. Whenever she went out with him, she never failed to have a glorious time. Behind his bland exterior was a robust sense of adventure. Always ready for anything. That night, for instance, when she had said to him, "Bill, I feel like raising the devil. Let's cut loose. Let's do something really wild." Without a word, Bill called for his check and they left the night club. Leaving his car they hailed a taxi. . . .

But Georgia's chain of memory was rudely broken. Valerie was speaking close to her ear. "Say," she exclaimed with hushed enthusiasm, "I've just discovered something. It's been troubling me all the time. You know, this is the most livable house I've ever been in. Yet it's sumptuous. Almost lavish. Know the secret? It's Bill. He is so informal. Look at that old bathrobe. Makes you feel you can be yourself. And at the same time you feel that all good things are not just ornaments. They're to be used and enjoyed."

"I know," replied Georgia absently. "Yes, I know."

"Look," said Valerie excitedly. "I think that man is going. Good!"

Georgia looked up to see the director rise to his feet. Bill arose also to pace back and forth. Odd, the way he does that when he tries to settle some irritating point in a discussion. Talking so softly, the other person has to walk beside him in order to hear. Talking so indifferently, as if it really didn't matter anyway.

Had she always had a good time with Bill? Rubbish! True—every moment with him had been crowded with enjoyment because he was never bored. Never bored even with himself. But every time she was with him she felt miserable inside. That was the reason she loved him. He made her experience a constant hurt.

His indifference! The most captivating and the most irritating quality a man can possess. A sweetness that warms the heart, little attentions that flatter, and then the blank wall of emotional indifference. How many times had she beat against that

wall in vain! Flattery was a useless weapon. Bill was immune. He always flattered the other person just a little more than he was flattered. With his tongue in his cheek. Then—that time just before she left for New York. In a rowboat off Laguna. That heavenly half-hour when the ocean was changed into claret . . . She wanted to say something then . . . To prod him, but she didn't. Bill was the type who had to make up his own mind.

No. A woman would never know just how much he cared for her until he asked her to marry him. Only then would she fully enter that secret life which he must have. The secret life which must hold fretful worries about tomorrow while he enjoys today.

Well, Georgia reflected sadly, even if she had been excluded from so much of this, it at least was worth a try. Bill was not a man to pride himself upon conquests. And a man who really loves, seldom expresses that emotion in empty words. For a moment, she thought wildly, "Perhaps—I haven't failed. Perhaps it needs time!"

Valerie was on her feet. Bill was dashing across the lawn letting his old robe fall off behind him.

"Beat you into the pool," yelled Bill.

Two lithe bodies plunged in simultaneously. Georgia pulled on her cap.

"Be content, old girl," she chided herself firmly. "There's no 'perhaps.' And Bill makes a dandy friend."

Good News

(Continued from page 41)

is made of shining copper, and decorated in scarlet and black, while the bottles are of every shape, size and color. Mary Ellis, the star of the picture, was heard to moan on seeing the display, "Bottles, bottles, everywhere—and not a drop to drink!"



Wouldn't you expect a stony-faced, ultra correct valet of English extract to be hovering in George Raft's background? Wrong again! George is shadowed by a small cullud boy in sloppy overalls and sweater, with a disreputable cap on his kinky head, who attends to all the gentleman's wants. Sambo was hanging around the studio gates one day and George was so attracted by his amiable toothy grin that he hired him on the spot. "Ah sho nuff had a rabbit foot in mah pocket dat day!" says Sambo, rolling his chocolate eyes.



"Go West, young man" is easy advice to follow for any young man after seeing the beautiful Mae. But in the star's recent picture even an elephant became enamoured of her! Sneaking up behind her one day, he encircled her with his trunk and swung her high into the air. Mae was quite composed when finally set on terra firma, only remarking pleasantly, "Just try that once more, baby, and I'll break every bone in your body."

And did you know that the public's palsy-walsy is actually trying to out-Garbo Garbo? Yep—Mae will have no one on her set while emoting, any more. Says she's getting too bashful!



No wonder Joe Morrison gets ahead with such leaps and bounds—he's always on the jump! He'd be a swell example for the perpetual motion theorists, too, aside from his present important position as a feminine pulse-pounder. On the "Small Miracle" set, Joe was busy every minute, singing, running up and down steps, tap-dancing, doing all kinds of gymnastics, talking and laughing—and always chewing gum. And if you want to see a team which we feel justified in calling "cute," see Joe and little Helen Mack together. Helen, by the way, married Charles Irwin recently.

"Who's afraid of the big baboon, the big baboon," caroled the cast of a recent picture out at Paramount, where said baboon, securely caged, was waiting to appear in a picture with Carole Lombard. But one day there was no singing—everyone was too busy climbing adjacent trees. Seems that while the trainer was lost in admiration of Carole, the wily animal decided to have some fun. Being a creature of initiative, he loosened the catch on his cage, and then it began! For his first playmates he chose two portly ladies who were visiting on the set, and gayly chased them all over the lot before he was finally corralled. Which all clears up the whys and wherefores that visitors ask nowadays when they have to sign a statement that the studio is not responsible for any ill effects suffered while looking about.



Wild Indians may be a thing of the past, but scalping is still prevalent in Hollywood! You aren't a bit more stunned than we were on seeing the gentle art revived. It happened to Henry Wilcoxon, whom we were admiring while a hair-dresser arranged his blond locks for a scene in the "Crusades." Suddenly a shrill call came for him from the set. He leaped up and rushed off—and we were *that* amazed to see those blond locks dangling from the hair-dresser's hands!



Jean Arthur's capital has gone up, but her stock's hit a new low out at Columbia, since a recent pool was made up among the studio workers—electricians, script girls and extras, among others. Jean was the lucky winner of fifty dollars, and promised the whole gang a real blow-out as she tucked the booty into her purse. So, all in the party mood, the gang waited and waited—and waited. Finally, someone stopped her on the lot and asked about her party plans. "Party?" inquired Miss Arthur, perplexed, "Why, I've never mentioned a word about a party!"



Rejoice, all you Tom Mix fans! For the handsome, fearless hero of many a "wild western" is planning to stage a comeback. Tom has been financially embarrassed for the past year, due to spending all his for-



"Give me fresh air and plenty of it.. but —"

—You can't whiz along the road to health on fresh air and exercise alone. It takes a well-balanced diet to really keep you going at full speed. And here's my recipe for a breakfast that gives you a flying start: Delicious Shredded Wheat and milk, heaped high with fresh fruits or berries."

Crisp, golden-brown Shredded Wheat gives you a perfect balance of Nature's vital health elements in their most appetizing and digestible form. Try it tomorrow morning.



SHREDDED WHEAT



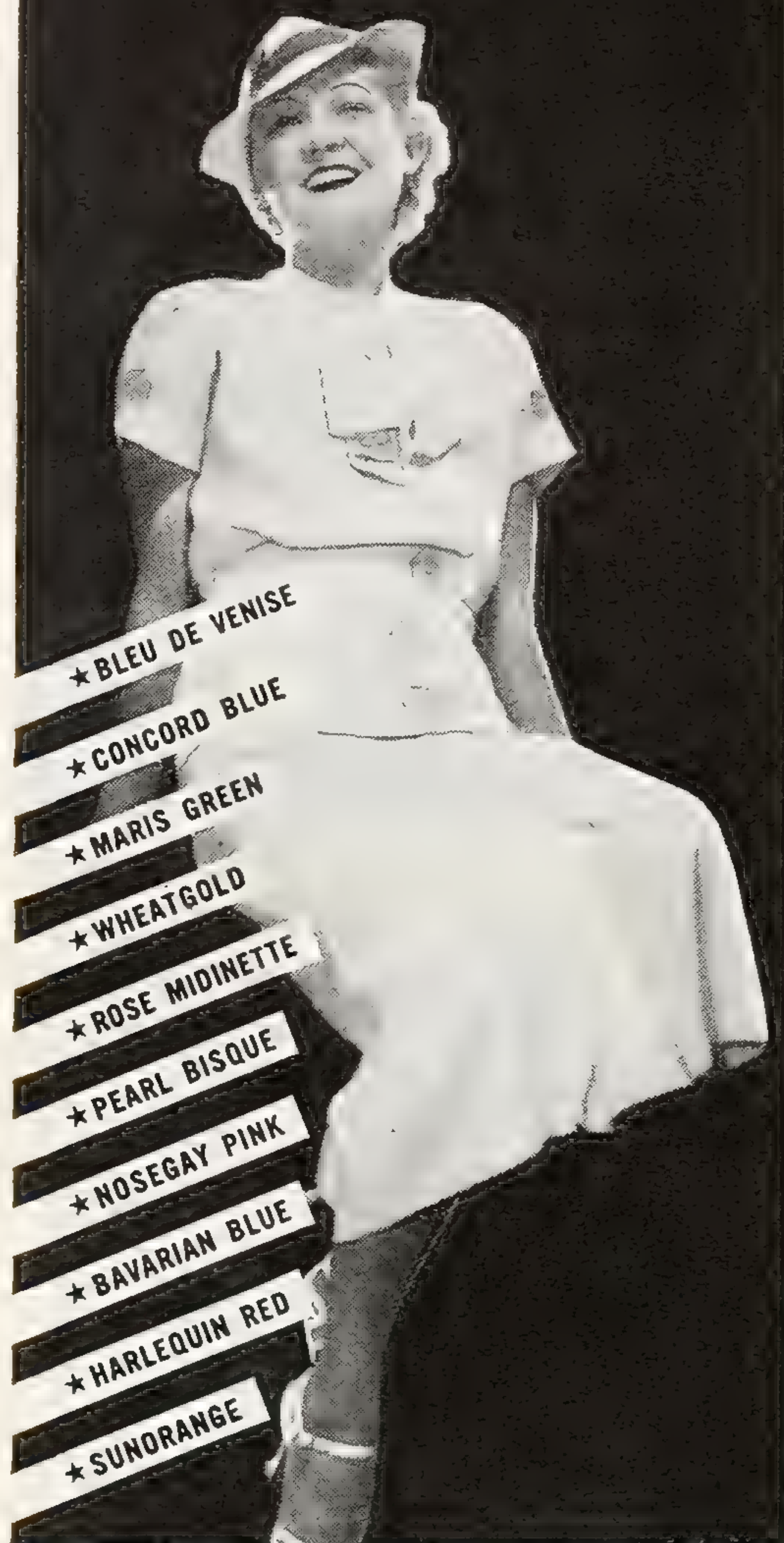
Ask for the package showing the picture of Niagara Falls and the red N.B.C. Uneda Seal.



"Uneda Bakers" NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

NOW the season's NEWEST UNUSUAL PARIS COLORS for old frocks

Shades never possible before
in tinting and dyeing



Send for **FREE** Silk Samples
of the 10 Newest PARIS COLORS and
exclusive RIT "Color Recipes"

• See how easily you can give old frocks
delightful unusual Paris Colors—just like
those shown in the smart dress shops.
Simply *mix* colors as directed in Rit Color
Recipes (one part of this to two parts of
that), and presto! you have the season's
latest stunning shade!

FAST COLORS WITHOUT BOILING!

Only RIT offers this advantage! RIT is the modern dye
—easier and surer—far superior to ordinary "surface
dyes" because it contains a patented ingredient that
makes color *soak in deeper*, set faster and last longer.



NOT
A SOAP!



TINTS and DYES
Rit is a convenient
scored wafer; easier
to measure; won't
sift out of the package

FREE PARIS COLOR SWATCHES

Miss Rit, 1401 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago
Please send me **FREE** Silk samples of Newest
Paris Colors and your Booklet D74.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



The youngest Young steps out. Georgiana Young with sister Sally
Blane and Monte Bell at the Opera.

tune on monograms. Shirts, shorts, houses,
horses, automobiles and airplanes—all bore
the gleaming letters T. M.!

when he shows up. "Course," he added
hastily, "I promised I wouldn't tell nobody
—and I won't neither."

Our cameraman was attending the pre-
view of "All the King's Horses," Carl
Brisson's new picture t'other evening, when
the small boy next to him tugged at his
sleeve. "Y'know," he whispered, "these
sure are swell seats, ain't they? I never
sat in preview seats afore, have you?"

Scotty admitted that he had, but asked
the boy how he happened to come by this
honor. "Well, y'see," came the confiden-
tial whisper, "Mr. Brisson told me I could
sit here, so's I could start the applause

In his private dining-room adjoining the
dressing-rooms at M-G-M, Louis Mayer was
entertaining some distinguished guests for
luncheon. His final hospitable gesture was
to invite Jeanette MacDonald to warble a
few notes for the party. She selected an
aria from "La Boheme," and on reaching
the chorus, a rich baritone voice joined in
the singing—seemingly pouring from the
walls! On investigation it developed that
Nelson Eddy's dressing-room was next door.

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(Continued from page 47)

killing an evening painlessly, this picture
might serve as a good weapon.

★★★ Devil Dogs of the Air (Warners)

This is an excellent picture if you've
ever craved to be a marine or an aviator.
In fact, it's a good picture even if you
haven't had such suppressed desires. The
government has obligingly cooperated with
the studio by furnishing the use of their
training camp in San Diego and the studio
has done its part by furnishing Pat
O'Brien, Jimmy Cagney and Margaret
Lindsay, so you can figure on a good
time.

Jimmy is the dare-devil aviator who de-
cides that the air corps needs him. There-
fore, it takes some time for him to be-
come convinced that it can really get along
quite nicely without him. Pat O'Brien
and Margaret Lindsay join forces to
squelch the young man, with some hilari-
ous results.

The photography is remarkable, show-
ing the best pictures of stunt flying and
war manoeuvres that we've ever seen.

★★★ The Good Fairy (Universal)

To be sure, it's a little on the "whimsy"
side, but this picture is so rapidly paced
and boasts such excellent characterizations
that its decidedly fairy-tale tone is some-
how lost in the shuffle of probable reality.
It is the one about an orphan, just emerged
from the protective asylum, intent upon
doing the good deed she has long been
trained to perform.

Cinderella, herself, was never thrown
into such a contradictory wonder world
of men, some of whom mean no good by
a gal and others who are overanxious to
lend protection! First acting honors go
to Frank Morgan as the wolf in million-
aire's clothing, although Reginald Owen,
Margaret Sullavan and Herbert Marshall
all give splendid accounts of themselves,



Some call it glamour
I call it **FAOEN**

Miss Williams is well known both here and abroad not only for her excellent stage and screen characterizations, but for her keen perception for what's correct in fashions and things fashionable. She is now featured in the current Broadway musical success, "Life Begins at 8:40".



says **FRANCES WILLIAMS**

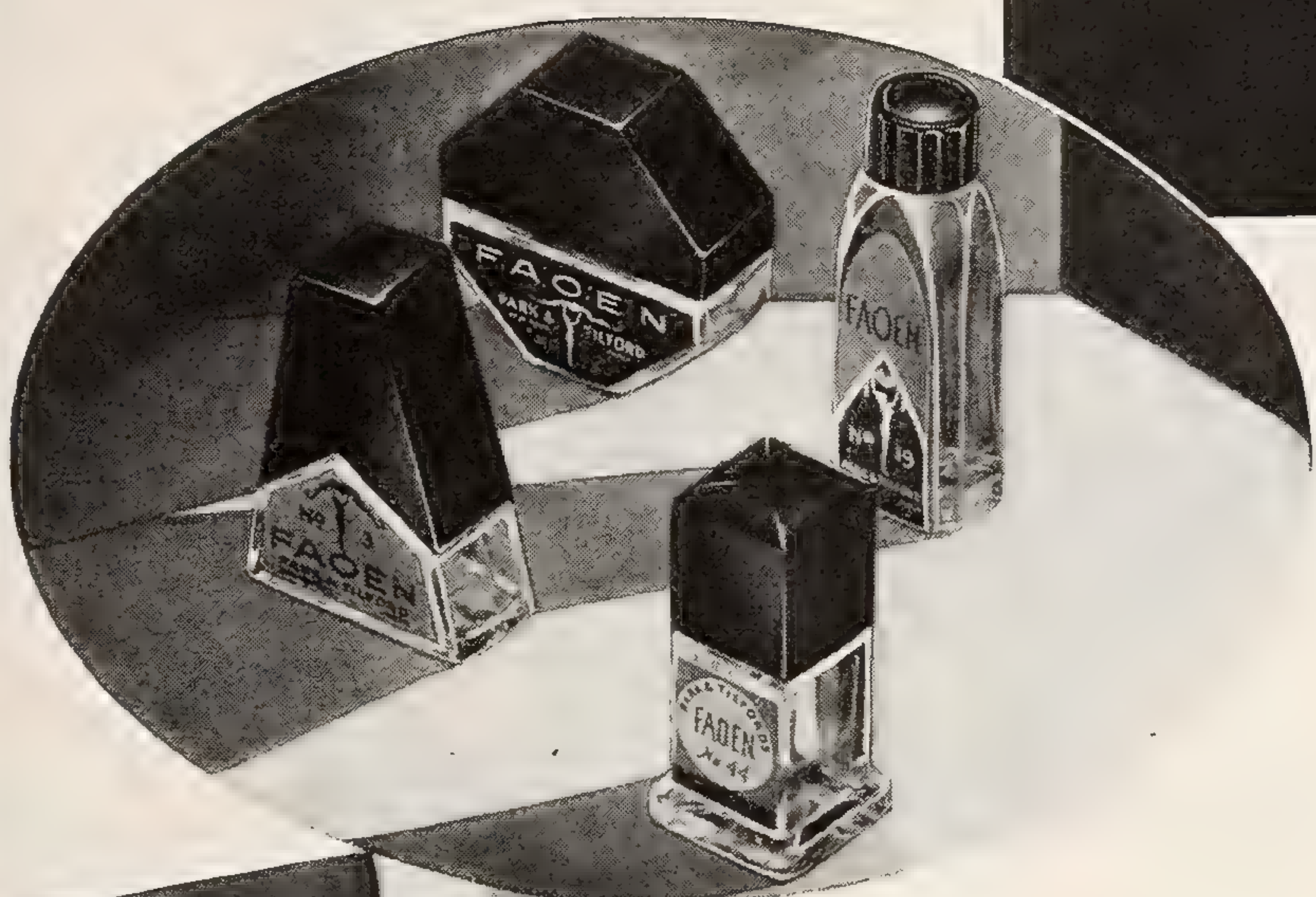
"To be successful, an actress must possess that subtle something that accentuates her charm," says lovely Miss Williams. "Some call it glamour—but I call it FAOEN! Naturally, I have tried many expensive perfumes and cosmetics but frankly, I find that FAOEN beauty aids are more beneficial to my complexion. They've kept my skin smooth, firm and fine. As for the perfume . . . glamorous . appealing . compelling . . . call it what you will—I *prefer* it!"

In her inimitable way, Miss Williams has deftly expressed the preference of many fascinating women for FAOEN perfume and beauty aids. Let FAOEN show *you* the way to glamour!

FAOEN perfumes and beauty aids in compact sizes as illustrated, are on sale at your local five and ten cent store.

FAOEN
(FAY-ON)
Beauty Aids

P A R K & T I L F O R D



FAOEN Beauty Aids

in tuckaway 10c sizes



"My 15¢ CLOPAY New SHADES Surely Gave Me One Big MONEY'S WORTH"



"I'VE found that the amazingly low first cost of Clopay window shades is only part of the saving. They stay presentable much longer . . . never crack, ravel or pinhole as ordinary shades do. Besides, they hang and roll straight so that edges don't get scuffed up. Attach to old rollers with a patented gummed strip—no tacks or tools! And how handsome they are, either in plain colors or those attractive chintz-like patterns." No wonder millions prefer CLOPAYS even when they can afford costlier shades! Buy Clopays at all 5-and-10c stores and most neighborhood stores. Send 3c for color samples to CLOPAY CORP., 1399 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Yes Clopay Shades Save Me Plenty . . . But FABRAY SAVES ME EVEN MORE on ALL Oilcloth Needs!"



LOOKS - WEARS LIKE OILCLOTH

.. Costs 1/3 to 1/2 Less!
"I thought Clopay Shades were the last word in economy until I found FABRAY. It's marvelous! It looks, feels and wears like the best oilcloth, yet I can use it longer because it never cracks or peels. Best of all, I can afford to use FABRAY many more ways than I ever did oilcloth because it costs 1/3 to 1/2 less!"

Fabray is a new and entirely revolutionary product—made on tough, solid fibre instead of cheesecloth backing. New lovely patterns—in standard table and shelf widths. See FABRAY at leading 5-and-10c stores or send 10c for 2 1/2 yard roll of shelving. Would cost 25c in oilcloth. State color preference.

CLOPAY CORPORATION
1400 York Street Cincinnati, Ohio

too. The story is replete with excitement and laughter and Director William Wyler occasionally stresses pathos by accenting the naïvete and sincerity of the refreshing heroine.

★★★ Murder on a Honey-moon (RKO)

If the enterprising RKO doesn't arrange to team Edna May Oliver and James Gleason in another as good as this very soon, they are not doing right by the fans. While the story chiefly concerns itself with a murder committed in an airplane, it is the Grade-A comedy rather than the interesting and morbid details of the plot which will thrill you. The principal characters glean almost a laugh a minute through lines and situations. Miss Oliver, you see, is an amateur detective and, while Mr. Gleason rates the status of professional, his "gumshoeing" is more often calculated to warn the criminals than to apprehend them. Of course, although the most unlikely member of the cast is the guilty one, the suspense is maintained until the very last sequence.

Besides the expert playing of Miss Oliver and Mr. Gleason, there is an excellent piece of acting turned in by Dorothy Libaire, the bride on her honeymoon.

★★ Transient Lady (Universal)

With a sleepy town of the Old South as a background, this picture ambles along too slowly. There is a thread of plot, but it becomes sadly tangled by darky dialect, illogical love affairs, political skulduggery and some more darky dialect.

The actors, one and all, give convincing performances, as far as the meandering story will allow. June Clayworth embodies all your ideas of what a charming southern girl should be, and Frances Drake shows possibilities of becoming a comet in the cinema skies, if she is provided with a suitable role. Gene Raymond, as the young lawyer who is torn between two loves and a political machine, does as well as might be expected under the circumstances. A really humorous touch is given the story by Helen Lowell and Clara Blandick as the strait-laced, kindly spinster sisters.

★★★ Shadow of Doubt (M-G-M)

You won't know until the last sequence is run who steals the gun, but you do know before the first reel is over who steals the picture! She is Constance Collier, famous stage recruit from New York and London, who makes her cinematic bow in this fast-moving mystery which is punctuated with hilarity and murders; yes, plural, for before it's all over, three bad men and untrue pass on to their doubtful rewards.

Miss Collier enacts a testy, rich spinster who plays jazz on the organ, drinks champagne in night clubs and disapproves of her nephew's intentions to marry an actress. In a scene in which she pretends to be feeling the effects of a quart of the very best, she solves the guh-rate crime. Yes, the story is a bit hard to swallow, but it's such fun that you somehow get it "down." Ricardo Cortez gives his famous polished performance as a scion of millions, Virginia Bruce makes a pretty leading woman, Isabel Jewell is as good as usual, and Regis Toomey rates a bow or two.

★★★★ Naughty Marietta (M-G-M)

When a picture is as good as this one, it is difficult to review. Everything concerning "Naughty Marietta" is well-nigh perfect. The enchanting, lilting Victor Herbert tunes, their delightful renditions by Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, the charming, light story of the naughty, adventurous princess, and the usual fine direction of W. S. Van Dyke.

Miss MacDonald looks simply luscious and is in especially good voice. Her acting is deft and sure, and so—let's go on to Mr. Eddy. He has become a sort of "man of the hour" in movies. The concert and opera stages know him well; the radio, too. And now it is our chance at Mr. Eddy, who has everything it takes, and a little bit more for good measure. The movies gave him the run-around for nearly two years and now they've returned to pray. Do not miss this picture.

★★★ The Wedding Night (Samuel Goldwyn)

Insofar as plot is concerned, this story seems like a hangover from the Scott Fitzgerald days, days when the giddy young set tossed off cocktails and highballs, while one in their midst recorded their activities for posterity. Gary Cooper does just that in this picture. He is having a book turned down by a publisher when the film begins to unroll, so he and the lit-tul woman, Helen Vinson, have "another" on the bad news. Because of lack of funds, they move to their Connecticut farm house and, as next-door neighbors, find Anna Sten and her Polish family. Helen departs. Gary remains to work—and love. There is drama—much drama, some of it even great; all of it truly touching. Somehow one feels that the picture should have been better, that King Vidor did not make the most of his directorial opportunities. Scenes that should have been colorful, somehow are not. Miss Sten's performance is simple and sincere. It is indeed her best work to date. Cooper tries hard, but seems to be too impressed with his surroundings. Helen Vinson is excellent as the rah-rah wife, who learns to appreciate what she has had only after losing it.

★★★ Folies Bergere (Twentieth Century)

Glamor, glitter, girls and Chevalier; that's "Folies Bergere." And let it be said that the gentleman from Paris hasn't fared so well cinematically in many a movie moon. Yes, Maurice has come back and in a sure-fire dual role, which gives him every chance to sing, clown, act and exude his famous charm. The story is as light and frothy as champagne without the morning-after effect. It's all good fun—most of it clean, too. There are divine dancing routines staged by Dave Gould and peppy melodies and plenty of cuties, for much of the "plot" is laid backstage at France's favorite girl show.

Ann Sothorn is splendid as the tempestuous dancer in love with the star of the Folies (Chevalier). She doesn't believe in sparing the rod—in this case her small, pink palm—when her sweetie becomes recalcitrant. Merle Oberon, made up to look like a celebration in Chinatown, is seen as the other woman. Wotta woman! If this is exoticism, let us root for the blue-sashed ingenue. But the picture is fun and exciting and colorful.



Tintex

BRINGS COLOR MAGIC TO EVERY WASHABLE FABRIC

Keeps Your Wardrobe and Home Decorations Up-to-the Minute in Color-Smartness

The millions of smart women who are never without Tintex in their homes have learned this vital fact: *Tintex Tints and Dyes give you the color you want . . . when you want it...where you want it!*

Tintex always gives professional tinting and dyeing results . . . in a jiffy . . . without muss, fuss, or bother. Simply "tint as you rinse" and Tintex brings fashion's latest colors . . . or restores faded colors . . . to everything in your wardrobe...or home decorations. Try Tintex today! 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose.

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors

Avoid Substitutes . . .
Tintex quality never varies! Perfect results every time. That's why millions of women
INSIST ON TINTEX

Tintex

The World's Largest Selling TINTS & DYES

Tintex
KEEPS "UNDIES" BRIGHT AND GAY
All your dainty underthings . . . negligees . . . lingerie . . . stockings . . . slips . . . laces . . . so easy to keep color-fresh, color-new with Tintex.

Tintex
KEEPS APPAREL SMART-WITH-COLOR
Tintex brings the latest Paris colors to your entire wardrobe . . . dresses, blouses, sweaters, sports clothes . . . children's frocks and men's shirts, too.

Tintex
KEEPS YOUR HOME DECORATIONS NEW
Your curtains, drapes, bedspreads, luncheon sets, doilies, slip-covers...and other home decorations are so easy to keep up-to-the minute in color-smartness with magic Tintex.

TINTEX COLOR REMOVER
WHEN TO USE
Whenever you want to change a dark-colored fabric to a light color . . . first use Tintex Color Remover. It removes all the old dye. Then simply tint the fabric the color you wish with Tintex.



SIX years ago Gerber began saving young mothers hours of daily tiresome work... began giving babies strained vegetables richer in *vitamins* and *minerals*, more scientifically prepared than home equipment permits.

This year's babies have a *special* treat in store. They'll find their Gerber's Strained Vegetables finer than ever in flavor... fresher-tasting, brighter in color, more uniformly cooked because of Shaker-Cooking, an exclusive new Gerber process that shortens cooking time 50% to 60%.

Gerber's Strained Vegetables are specially grown—fresher, richer in vitamins. Air-excluding equipment further protects vitamins. Moisture regulation conserves mineral salts. Straining is through monel metal screens, five times as fine as kitchen sieves. Gerber's Strained Vegetables are unseasoned. Serve as they are or season slightly if the doctor directs.

Strained Tomatoes... Green Beans... Beets... Vegetable Soup... Carrots... Prunes... Peas... Spinach... 4½-oz. cans. Strained Cereal... 10¼-oz. cans.



MM-5h

Ask Your Doctor
Gerber's
Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods

MOTHERS! Send for these helpful books. "Baby's Book"—practical information on daily care of baby, by Harriet Davis, R. N. "Mealtime Psychology," by Lillian B. Storms, Ph. D.—widely distributed to mothers by physicians for its practical suggestions in developing normal eating habits.

GERBER PRODUCTS COMPANY
FREMONT, MICHIGAN
(In Canada: Grown and Packed by
Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ont.)

Check book wanted:
☐ "Baby's Book." Enclose 10c
☐ "Mealtime Psychology." FREE
(Enclose 10c additional
if you wish picture of
the Gerber Baby, ready
for framing.)



Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

★★★ One More Spring (Fox)

Those who like "realism" will have a field day in this one. It is life in the "roar," emphasizing what we mortals, devoid of the world's goods, must go through in this vale of tears. It reveals suffering, privation, kindness, rebellion and a host of traits people are wont to display when things persist in going wrong.

A bankrupt auctioneer, a jobless musician, a helpless actress and a cheerful street cleaner are the humans comprising the vortex of life's whirlpool insofar as this story is concerned. How they survive and manage to help each other and do good are pointedly emphasized by Henry King, the director. First acting honors go to Roger Imhof as Mr. Sweeney, the street cleaner who wants to play the violin. Walter King, who feels that the world owes him a living, comes in for goodly praise, as do Warner Baxter and Janet Gaynor.

★★ The Devil Is a Woman (Paramount)

If the outcome of this celluloid opera doesn't convince both Marlene Dietrich and the Powers That Be over Paramount way that the star needs another director—or perhaps merely a director—well then they'll *never* be persuaded. Von Sternberg is responsible for the indifferent direction and the excellent photography of this picture. As a cameraman, Joe is something to cheer about, but as a megaphone-wielder—the less said the kindlier. Once again, he has subserviated everything—plot, characterization and dialogue—to endless sequences of pictorial effects.

La Dietrich is gotten up like something you warn your son against at sixteen—a frowzy little number you would think that any man with the intelligence of a Lionel Atwill would run from and not towards. But, for the purposes of plot (if any) Atwill ruins himself over her. Caesar Romero, handsome, personable and talented, is about to do likewise as "finis" is written to this dull piece. Poor Marlene!

★★★ Vanessa (M-G-M)

If, once in a while, you enjoy a good cry—but a *good* one—here is your meat and gravy, with perhaps a vegetable or two for good measure. "Vanessa" was undoubtedly fashioned for women who weep. It is a love story—love, suffering; love, enduring; love, triumphant and just plain love.

Helen Hayes plays the title role, that of a young woman who knows her man and, despite advice, sticks to him. Through a misunderstanding their ultimate marriage is delayed until the final sequence. There are several sacrifices to be made and impulsive moral debts to be paid. There is the hero's hasty marriage to be undone and the heroine's obligations to her insane husband. Well, you at least get the idea, by now. Miss Hayes, as usual, is excellent—sincere, direct and convincing. May turns in a good performance. Bob Montgomery is better than adequate.

★★★ Car 99 (Paramount)

Here is a thriller and, while it may have been designed to give the young boys a treat, everyone is going to share in and enjoy the excitement. It's all about the operations of the Michigan State Police, how they get their man and how Old Man Law will catch up with you if you have anything in your past or present that

warrants being caught up with.

The picture gives you an opportunity to see Sir Guy Standing in the role of a smooth, confident, cruel master mind of a gang of crooks. He can burn thousands of dollars worth of marked money—which *he* didn't risk his life to get—without batting an eyelash. But he and his pals come to a bad end, for there is one Fred MacMurray, who saves the day and wins the girl. There is a thrilling automobile-motorcycle race to make the blood chase up and down your spine and, besides the performances of Standing and MacMurray, an excellent characterization of a dull-witted sheriff, played by Frank Craven, that is calculated to entertain you.

★★★ The Casino Murder Case (M-G-M)

If this thriller doesn't make your blood run cold, you can give yourself credit for cast-iron nerves. For these murders aren't committed by such trite methods as guns or strangling, but mysteriously administered doses of poison. Paul Lukas does the Philo-Vancing for this unhappy situation. Very efficiently he manages his sleuthing, too, but gets himself in for some unsuspected emotional entanglements.

An excellent setting for the strange occurrences is the wealthy family, with its assortment of hysterical sons, daughters, uncles, aunts and servants—any one of whom might be suspected of ulterior motives. Alison Skipworth is splendid as the domineering mother, Rosalind Russell makes a lovely, harassed secretary, while Donald Cook and Isabel Jewell are outstanding as the spoiled offspring.

★★ Mississippi (Paramount)

Somehow, it all seems like a bad dream and we heartily wish, for the sakes of director, players and producers, it was. But no, there is "Mississippi" right up there on the screen for the fan to contemplate its tangibility! There is Bing Crosby "stooging" for W. C. Fields, and poor Bill Fields doing what he can with sets of hopeless, time-worn gags and little Queenie Smith, recruited from the New York stage, where as a comedienne, she is something to reckon with, permitted to do nothing. Joan Bennett is as graceful as a young maple—and just as sappy! There are songs—and even Rogers and Hart didn't come through here—and the famous "Swanee River," warbled rather effectively by Bing.

★★★ West Point of the Air (M-G-M)

Seems like the studio execs can't keep their feet on the ground anymore when selecting stories, for here's another aviation tale! But from the flying start to the final happy landing, this one is good entertainment, though packed with some too, too familiar emotional devices—triangular passions and patriotic fervor. Wallace Beery and Lewis Stone are the fond fathers of two budding aviators, and give sincere, convincing performances. Robert Young, Maureen O'Sullivan and Rosalind Russell manage the heart-involving quite capably.

Randolph Field is the army training school locale where West Point men come for their aviation training. The photography of air activities is the best yet, with some thrilling escapades that will stir up the most sluggish blood pressure and make every last one of you yearn to don a snappy uniform and do a few somersaults and swan dives up in the ozone. This picture is as good an antidote as we can suggest for "that tired feeling."

Especially for Redheads

(Continued from page 43)

something is unjust that I always end up by having my intensity act as a boomerang. We redheads start out being the heroes of a fight but end up being the detested heavy—the real villain of the piece!"

Can't you see some of the youthful Carroll emotion and vim being interpreted as over-zealousness and downright temperament? Can't you imagine the fiery hair adding an extra emphasis to any point? I asked her if she felt her red hair had caused her unhappiness. She said yes. She feels that she has been frightened into losing much of her native Irish spirit. She feels that the many unkind jibes about her temperament have caused her to check her emotional, volatile spirit with the result that she appears less colorful and dynamic upon the screen.

"I seem to play roles now in which I worry about everyone in the story. If I am not looking out for my little brother or an aging father, I am trying to untangle some other difficulty. I like gay parts, light comedy in which I can express the person I really am."

She is a gay soul, just made for parts that call for light, skillful comedy. Let's hope, now that she is staging a come-back, (you'll see her soon in "I'll Love You Always") that producers will appreciate this side of her.

EVEN though Nancy is a natural redhead—she has been a blonde and brunette, too! And here is where her story takes an unusual twist. Nancy is an individualist, she believes in doing what she wants regardless of silly criticism. Haven't you felt that you could make a magic change in your life if you could just become another person for awhile? The same feeling of change struck Nancy Carroll. Right at a time when things weren't running so smoothly and she was beginning to feel that her red hair wasn't such a crowning glory after all, she decided to become a blonde. So off to the hairdresser she trotted—she does everything impetuously and worries later. She emerged a blonde.

"I didn't notice that my change from redhead to blonde made such a difference with people who knew me well, but the change in the attitude of people who didn't know me was amazing. Especially among the men. They became so solicitous, they wanted to wait on me, protect me. No one ever bothered to protect red-haired Nancy Carroll, I can tell you; she could fight her own battles was the thought. I never experienced such a lovely, languid feeling—I could feel myself mentally relaxing, not wanting to express myself quite so forcefully. In fact, I felt sweet! A sissy."

"One of the most amusing experiences I had when I was a blonde was in a golf tournament. A prominent society woman, who is an expert golfer, was instructing a group of us on our weak points. Turning to me, she said, 'Now here's a little girl who will make a grand golfer. She has an easy swing and no temper.' Needless to say, she had never heard of Nancy Carroll!"

Even Nancy's husband felt that she was somehow different as a blonde. "He hated my blonde hair," Nancy explained. "He didn't complain about it but I knew that he thought it unbecoming, unlike me. Then one evening, when we were out dancing, I made some little complimentary



"I knew if I kept my eye on this thing Aunt Patty would leave it around some time where I could get it! Let's see—what does she do to this dingleberry on top to make it come open? Ah... that's the trick!"

"Look what I found! Contraption with a looking-glass! (I'm looking very well today.)... And what's this? Powder! Oh, I know what to do with that!... Put it under my chin and arms and where I sit down!"

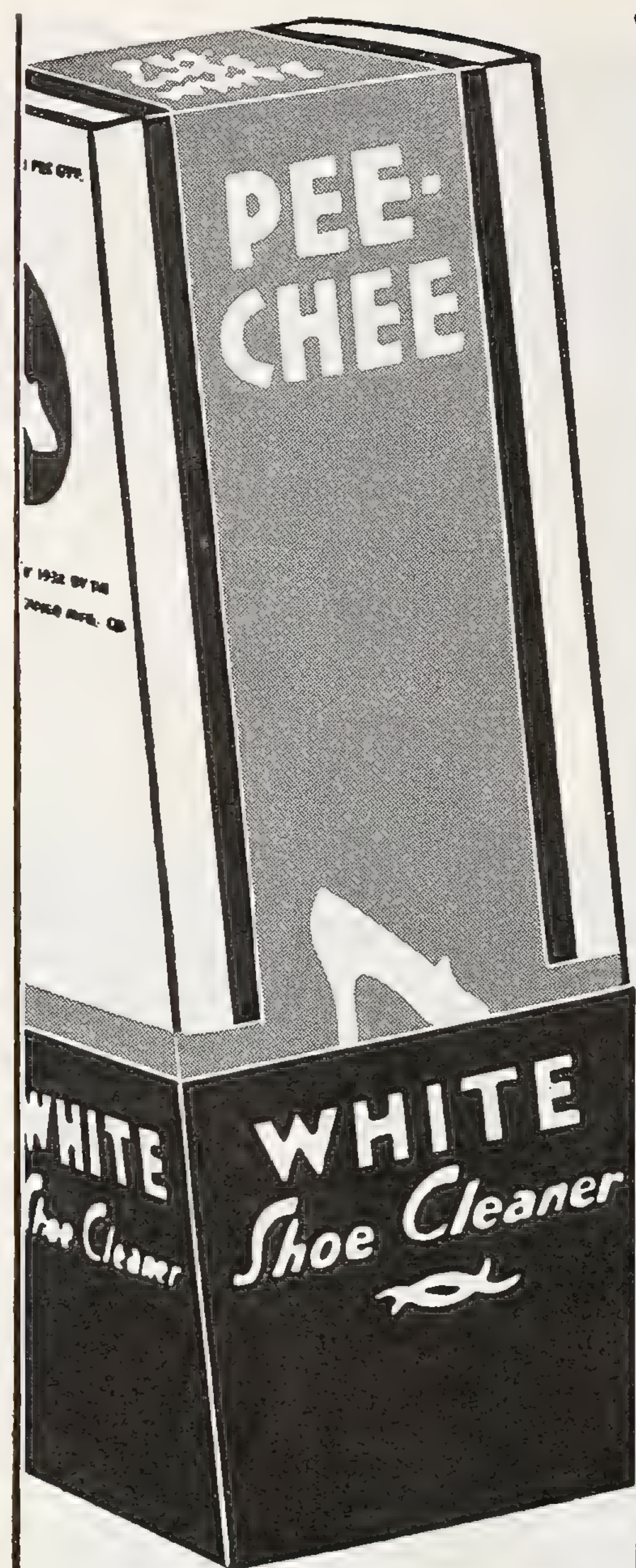


"Hi, Aunt Pat! I tried your powder... but honest, it doesn't feel near as soft and fine and snuggly as mine. You ought to use Johnson's Baby Powder, Auntie... and then I'll bet you'd be a smoothie just like me!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder... a real protection against chafing and rashes. Your thumb and finger will tell you why... I'm made of fine satiny Italian talc—no gritty particles as in some powders. No zinc stearate or orris-root either... Be sure to try Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too!"

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY





STYLE DICTATES
WHITE SHOES

COMMON SENSE
DICTATES ...

PEE-CHEE

PEE-CHEE
CLEANS WHITE SHOES
W·H·I·T·E·R!

remark to him. He stood away from me, viewed me with surprise and made the astonishing remark, 'Now I know why I don't like you as a blonde, Nancy. I don't believe you when you say such sweet nothings. I keep thinking you are just giving me a line! You don't seem like yourself.'"

And that was when Nancy hastened back to the hairdresser to return to her own natural coloring!

A YEAR or so later, the need for change struck Nancy again—she loves change in everything. Her nature doesn't enjoy any very static state. This time it was jet black hair. Nancy said she looked like a hybrid. Not daunted by its peculiar hue, the first thing she did upon emerging from the dye, was to go shopping for every wild color she had never been able to wear as a redhead. Cerise and pink headed the list. However, people told her she looked demure and the Carroll individuality couldn't stand that. So, back to red again—and red it stays.

And here is a thought from Nancy who has been blonde and brunette but is red-

headed. "Whenever boredom with yourself becomes too much to bear, go ahead and change your type. If you decide to dye your hair, be sure to go to an expert and have it done gradually so that your hair won't suffer. And be more than sure that you are brave enough to suffer the consequences of its growing back to its normal color when you are tired of the dyed shade."

In the matter of make-up, Nancy advocates the following for redheads. Use a yellowish powder, one on the yellow-copper side, this to tone down the blue-whiteness of the skin nearly all natural redheads possess. Use an orange-red lipstick. And wear colors so neutral in themselves that they make your hair stand out in contrast. Beige and brown are two of her favorite costume shades. She never wears more than two colors at a time.

Nancy's going to click again in Hollywood—and when she does it will be because of that bright red hair and the gay, fiery spirit that goes with it. Nancy's a redhead, all dye pots and experimental changes to the contrary, and Hollywood wants more of them.

I Bet I Stay Married

(Continued from page 60)

sort of raised my parents and that's one reason I thought I'd never get married. We are just a part of one another. I remember bringing them up. I'd tell mother, 'Now, father didn't mean that, mother. He'll say he's sorry later.'

"Of course, they quarreled. Any family that doesn't quarrel must get awful bored with each other. Only Ronni, my husband, has the disposition of an angel. He couldn't live with me if he hadn't. It's awful hard to quarrel with Ronni. He won't! He just goes out and slams the door as a climax, when he's had enough of what I'm saying.

"But you understand about my mother and father and me? They were so young. And I was, too. So we all grew up together. And I thought they were all the family I'd ever have and they were enough—

"I was goin' with another boy and he introduced me to Ronni. I thought he was awful good lookin' and dignified. And he asked me if I would go out with him and I said 'yes' and then he never took me out!

"Late in October, two years ago, he gave a dinner party. Six couples. He took Rochelle Hudson and I went with the other boy. When we danced, he asked me again to go out and I said 'yes' but he'd asked me before and then never done it. And he said he didn't think I meant it. I was in movies and all that sort of thing. But I told him I always meant what I said. And I do.

"I was working and somehow we couldn't get together. Until one night, at ten o'clock and just for awhile.

"My father was in Europe and, of course, I couldn't see too much of Ronni, anyway, until I knew what father thought about it. When he came home, I mentioned Ronni and father said, 'Oh, yes, I remember him. A nice person. I liked him.' So that was all right. But I was still working and we didn't get together.

THEN father and mother decided to take me to Agua Caliente for New Year's Eve to get me away. I'd been working awful hard. The only thing Ronni worries about now is I work so hard. He's afraid I can't stand it. But I have the

constitution of an ox for which I am very thankful. (She knocked on wood.)

"And father said, 'Why don't you ask that nice young chap, Ronni Burla (and please spell his name right. It isn't Burlap) to go along.' And Ronni and I talked a lot going down and sort of decided we'd like to get married the next spring. And we wondered how we could tell father. And then, at five minutes of twelve—er, oh, I forgot. We changed our plans and went to Coronado. Father said, 'Now, your mother and I can see you two want to get married. Why don't you help us celebrate our wedding anniversary and do it?'

"'And wait a whole year?' I asked him.

"'It will be our wedding anniversary in five minutes. I mean tomorrow.'

"So we did. In Tia Juana. And Ronni said it looked like a shot-gun wedding with three Merkels on the wedding license. Because, of course, my mother and father were witnesses. And it was sort of funny. We had a bungalow at Coronado and mother and I had one room and father and Ronni the other. And when we came back from Tia Juana we had to change our luggage all around. And mother and father were right there to help us celebrate our honeymoon. Only we didn't have much time. We had to come back to Hollywood the next day and an agent came in that evening down there and tried to sign me up. And I was so busy talkin' to him, Ronni didn't have much chance to talk to me.

"And we thought we would keep it a secret. But we stopped on the way back to buy some fruit and we read it in the newspapers.

"And then, you see, after we were married, we sort of started going together. And we still are. (She knocked on wood.)

"Oh, I forgot. When we read it in the newspaper, Ronni and I were awful worried because we hadn't told his mother and father. We went right up to see them and explained we'd intended to keep it a secret from everyone but them. And we had! I just hate tea. I can't stand it. But when Ronni's mother served us tea, I just shut my eyes and swallowed hard. I was just determined to make a good im-

pression on her.

"In a week, we had bought a big house and all moved into it. I love it.

"Oh, no, it's nice having two families. I can't keep house and work all the time. And my mother and father just love Ronni. They take his part. That's a good thing. I would get awfully indignant if they didn't.

"He always falls upstairs. And I'm always getting awfully mad at him for that. He was an aviator, you know, and he's always goin' around with his head sort of in the clouds.

"Oh, yes, he went to college. Several. I don't quite understand whether he changed his mind or was kicked out or what. You see, he went to Stanford and then to some college in Oregon to take aviation and right away he was almost teachin' aviation. He was in Mexico City for two years; head of an aviation field. Then he was in a smash-up and the oil burned his eyes and he's color blind so now he's with a steel company and they're training him to be a junior engineer.

CERTAINLY we are going to have children. My father is German and my mother is French and Irish, from New Orleans. Ronni's mother and father were Swedish, Spanish and French. His grandfather was really a Basque. So I don't know what our children will be. Probably explosions! And Ronni says we've got to have triplets so there'll be one left over for us. My mother and father will have to have one, and his mother and father. So I've just got to have triplets, but not until I can give them a little personal attention.

"Oh, no, he doesn't have a thing to do with taking care of my money. Nor my mother or father, either. I do that. I have little books—they cost a nickel—and I have every cent I ever earned in them. From the first five dollars I made posing. And until just a little while ago I had every cent I ever spent in them, too. Now, I don't put in every little item that I spend but I do put in everything I make. And nobody else takes care of anything for me. And they never interfere.

"Oh, yes, I posed. I posed because I thought I might meet some theatrical people that way. You see, I didn't know anybody. But so many had started by posing. So I posed for pictures for the true story magazines and I always tried to get the serials because they lasted longer. I was 'the little country girl betrayed by the big city man.' I've been betrayed more times!

"I've always worked awful hard. Even at bein' betrayed. But I guess I'd work until my legs crumpled beneath me. But when I complain to my mother and father and Ronni, they say, 'If the studio didn't call you for three days, you'd be telephoning the casting office to see what is the matter.' I guess they're right. They usually are. Although I don't always admit it like this. Not when I'm talking to them.

"And I don't see why he married me. Because he just loves to swim and play golf and ride polo ponies and tennis. And I just hate them. Oh, I like to swim. Ronni would laugh at that. I went in once last summer.

"And he's a wonderful dancer. At least, they tell me he is. I don't care for it much and I'm not good on a dance floor. I guess I'll rent him around to the girls who like dancing. So you see, we don't fit, exactly, as people are supposed to who stay married. But if I weren't so superstitious I'd bet we are going to stay married even though I am a motion picture actress. He really doesn't mind that. And I don't either."



Miss Susan Hall,
fair-skinned brunette
(below) Miss Dorothy
Richards, dark brunette

Should Brunettes use Brunette Powder?

Optical Machine Gives Surprising Answer

Yes and No!

Nothing could be more foolish than for a girl to choose her face powder by the color of her hair! Some of the blackest hair is found with very white skin. Some girls with brown-black hair have a muddy skin which needs to be cleared up. Others are pale. Their skin needs to be warmed up.

With an optical machine Pond's color-tested the skin of over 200 girls. They found that blonde skin owes its transparent beauty to hidden notes of brilliant *blue* in it—brunette skin owes its allure to hidden tints of bright *green*. They blended these tints *invisibly* in the new Pond's shades. Now every girl can find the powder that will give her skin the lively look it lacks.

If you are dissatisfied with your skin, try these new Pond's shades—

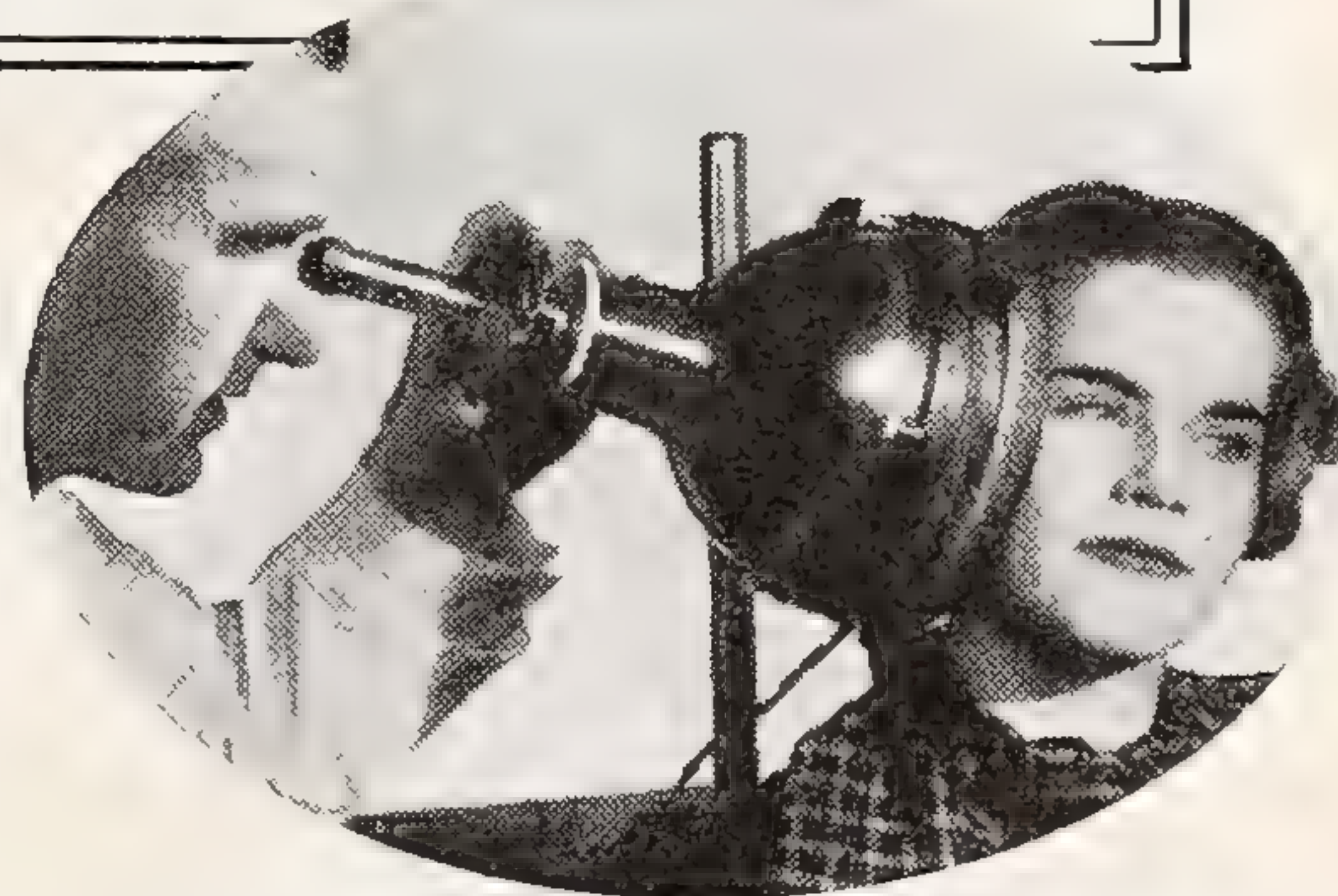
Rose Cream—lovely on many clear-skinned brunettes

Brunette—a wholly new brunette shade—gives a velvety look

Rose Brunette—gives a warm glow to dull skins

Light Cream—lightens the skin.

So that you may try Pond's new powder shades free of charge—we will send



Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed—to find the hidden beauty tints in skin, now blended invisibly in Pond's new powder shades.

you absolutely free generous samples of 5 different shades—enough of each to last five days so that you may test this powder thoroughly on the three points most important in a face powder—smoothness, staying quality and, above all, flattering color.

5 DIFFERENT SHADES—FREE!

... mail coupon today

(THIS OFFER EXPIRES JULY 1, 1935)

POND'S, Dept. E.94 Clinton, Conn.

Please send me free 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company



New! AN EMOLLIENT MASCARA

that gives lashes new glamour

If you don't agree on these three superiorities, your money back without question.

Louise Ross

THIS introduces my final achievement in cake mascara, my *new* emollient Winx. I bring women everywhere the finest lash beautifier my experience can produce—one with a new, soothing effect that solves old-time problems.

It has three virtues, this new emollient Winx.

- (1) It has a greater spreading capacity, hence it hasn't the artificial look of an ordinary mascara.
- (2) Its soothing, emollient oils keep lashes soft and silky with no danger of brittleness.
- (3) It cannot smart or sting or cause discomfort. It is tear-proof, smudge-proof, absolutely harmless.

I'm so confident that I've won leadership in eye make-up that I can afford this offer.

Give your lashes a long, silky effect with Winx Mascara. Shape your brows with a Winx pencil. Shadow your lids with Winx Eye Shadow. The result will delight you, giving your face new charm.

Buy any or all of my Winx eye beautifiers. Make a trial. If you are not pleased, *for any reason*, return the box to me and I'll refund your full price, no questions asked.



EYEBROW
PENCIL

AT ALL
10¢
COUNTERS

MASCARA

EYE
SHADOW

A Little Child Shall Lead Them by the Nose

(Continued from page 59)

minute intervals she made her reports to the worried train crew. "It's still breathing," Gracie would whisper through the door and the word traveled like lightning from baggage coach to club room. "It made a funny noise." "It yawned." "It hissed in Ohio," went out the reports.

Waiting in New York was George and a reception committee including Jack Benny, the baby's new nurse, everyone, in fact, but Gracie's brother who couldn't pry the handcuffs off in time to make it.

Grandly, Gracie descended the train steps with Sandy in the basket over her arm. And then, a terrible thing happened.

The baby sneezed.

"Oh, now it's ruined," Gracie moaned while everyone tried to locate Sandy in her size four coat.

From that moment on, life for the Burnses became one long, sad trek in search of food. Where once cozy breakfasts and tasty dinners had been prepared in the Burnses kitchenette, only milk bottles were now prepared. "Out," the nurse would command the cook. "I need this kitchenette for Sandy's milk bottles." And George and Gracie would creep out to the nearest tea room.

When Sandy had reached the ripe old age of six months, the Burnses arrived in Hollywood to make "Love in Bloom," which Gracie insisted be called "Love in Rubber Bloomers" for Sandy. Suddenly, George and Gracie found Sandy the center of attraction, while they were invited to take a back seat. "Is Sandy receiving today?" friends would ask over the phone. And, if Sandy felt like receiving, the Burnses saw their friends. If instead, Sandy wanted to "spit" up her milk alone and in peace, George and Gracie remained alone, completely ignored.

The nurse, to George's bewilderment, immediately became Sandy's mouthpiece. "And how are we feeling this morning?" George would ask Sandy each morning. "Oh, we're feeling fine, thank you," the nurse would say, which just mixed up George more than ever.

"And how did you sleep, honey?" George would ask Sandy, taking hold of her little pink toe.

"Oh, we slept fine and don't play with our tootsies," would come from the nurse, while George would reel out of the room in a stupor.

"Why, Sandy, you didn't drink all your milk," Gracie said one day. "You won't grow nice and fat if you don't drink your milk."

"I know we won't," the nurse pipes up. "That's just what I've been telling her. If we don't take our bottle we won't grow up to be rosy like W. C. Fields. I'll bet he always takes his bottle." And even Gracie felt that somewhere, something was wrong. But what?

A LOUD clamor in the hallway of their very exclusive apartment greeted George and Gracie one day on their return from the studio. "I'll have you know we're Sandy Burns, that's who I'll have you know we are," the nurse's angry voice cried.

"What is this? What's going on here?" George asked.

"Him," the nurse pointed to the assistant manager of the apartment house who stood by nervously wiping his forehead. "Wanting Sandy and me to go down the service elevator in our baby buggy. We're paying

guests, I'll have him know, and we'll go down no freight elevator or out no back door. If dogs ride in these elevators and walk out the front door, so do we. Come on, Sandy," and into the elevator popped Miss Sandy Burns in her carriage, with her indignant nurse.

Then came George's birthday with the cake and the presents and the invited guests. All dressed up, with a blue ribbon tied around her six little hairs, Sandy made her appearance. She eyed George curiously. "Da, da, da, da, da," she gurgled and that was enough. Like a mad man George tore through the apartment house rapping on doors and calling through transoms. "It's my birthday and she called me 'da da.' She knows me," he yelped. "She called me 'da da.'" It took days for him to calm down while, in the meantime, twenty-seven guests and thirteen Pekingese moved right out.

Every gag that Burns and Allen flip over the radio or from a movie screen, is first tried out on Sandy. If Sandy laughs, or even smiles, the gag is in. If Sandy fails to laugh or ups with the coddled egg and throws it at papa's head, the gag is out. Many a priceless quip is thus lost to a waiting world simply because Sandy didn't think it so hot. One day production was actually held up while George and Gracie went over their gags before Sandy. There wasn't a smile. In fact, there wasn't even a slight yawn, and in the midst of the funniest gag Sandy simply rolled over and went to sleep.

Carefully, the nurse carried her into the bedroom. The door had scarcely closed when, suddenly, a loud baby chuckle followed by a long, loud raspberry reached George and Gracie in the other room.

They still can't make it out.

It's the regular evening game with the Burnses to hide in the room and listen to Sandy's baby gurgling. If Sandy sees anyone about, smart girl that she is, she refuses to talk, but left to herself Sandy will babble for dear life.

The Burnses had promised an interview to a prominent English writer, and when he arrived he was ushered into what seemed a room devoid of anyone. As he sat waiting, his attention was attracted by a loud "sss-sss-sss" from under the davenport. Gracie's black, curly head popped out. "Hide. Get back of the chair. We're listening to Sandy." An equally loud hiss came from George behind the drapes. "Hide, hide," George cried. Bewildered, but convinced the two were as nutty off screen as on, the dignified Englishman hid behind the chair. And Sandy, from her carriage in the corner, babbled on.

THE jealousy that goes on these days among Hollywood parents is one for the book and, have no fear, Gracie is top-notch among them all. "Poor Bing Crosby," Gracie will say, "even when his new baby came with a stand-in, he couldn't get a girl. And anyhow our Sandy is twice as smart as the Crosby twins."

"Quiet, Gracie," George will say, "you don't know anything about the Crosby twins."

"Ah, I know, George, but I'm just getting in practice for my sister-in-law, wait till I tell her how much smarter our baby is than hers."

Of course, Hollywood will never get over the day a frantic message came to the studio for George and Gracie to come



Gracie Allen thought "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" was about doctors until she and George Burns saw the première!

at once, Sandy had a tooth. "Upper or lower?" George kept gasping over the phone, "Upper or lower?"

"What's the difference?" Gracie cried, "I can't sleep on a train anyhow. Let's take a taxi."

Gracie, dressed in a Fatima costume for a scene in her picture, tore from the studio to the apartment. Guests swooned at the sight of a harem skirt swishing through the lobby with a wild-eyed man in pursuit.

"It is. It's a tooth. A real tooth. Now what do we do?" they cried.

"Bring on a newsreel camera," George phoned the studio, "we'll take a newsreel of it."

"No, I want it in technicolor," Gracie cried. "If they can make 'La Cucaracha' in color they can take Sandy's tooth in color."

They're still trying to figure out a way to take a technicolor newsreel of Sandy's tooth with music and a part written in for Charles Laughton.

Oh dear!

If this happened just once in a lifetime a body could accept it as one of life's many crosses and go on. But no. It's going to happen all over again, for one fine day very soon, George and Gracie are planning on a little baby brother for Sandy. Gracie is busy now saving coupons. And true to form she's got the name long before the baby.

It's to be Alan Burns. "Short," Gracie says, "for Burns and Allen."

And people worry about inflation and things!

Becky Sharp

(Continued from page 55)

visits to Queen's Crawley she had appeared quite captivated by the blonde governess.

Becky did not suspect that it was her guileful scheming which intrigued the redoubtable spinster. That Miss Julia was wickedly amused by her mendacious charm.

"The girl hasn't a principle to bless herself with," Miss Crawley chuckled to her outraged elderly companion, Briggs. "That's why I like her!" And, indifferent to the protests of Sir Pitt, she carried Becky off with her to London.

Becky was delighted. Though it was no easy task to cater to the whims of the elderly aristocrat, she felt sure that she

"If he were my youngster, I'd use the hairbrush"



Wait! Spanking may be the wrong prescription

At times a child's behavior may call for a bit of sturdy, old-fashioned discipline. But nine times out of ten—*no!*



don't do it!

If your child is unduly fretful, or hard to manage—suspect that something is wrong! Often you will find it is childhood's commonest ailment—*constipation*.



but I don't like it!

Give him a laxative, but—be careful! A bad-tasting laxative may upset his whole digestive system. A laxative which may be all right for grown-ups, may do your child more harm than good.



try this

Give him Fletcher's Castoria—the laxative made especially for children. For it is *safe*. It is gentle, yet it is thorough. Your doctor will tell you that it con-

tains nothing that is not suitable for a child's delicately-balanced system.



that's swell!

And children love the taste of Fletcher's Castoria. Get Fletcher's Castoria today—and *save money by getting the large, family-size bottle!*



Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The Children's
Laxative



from babyhood to 11 years

Cary Grant

PICKS MOST

KISSABLE LIPS

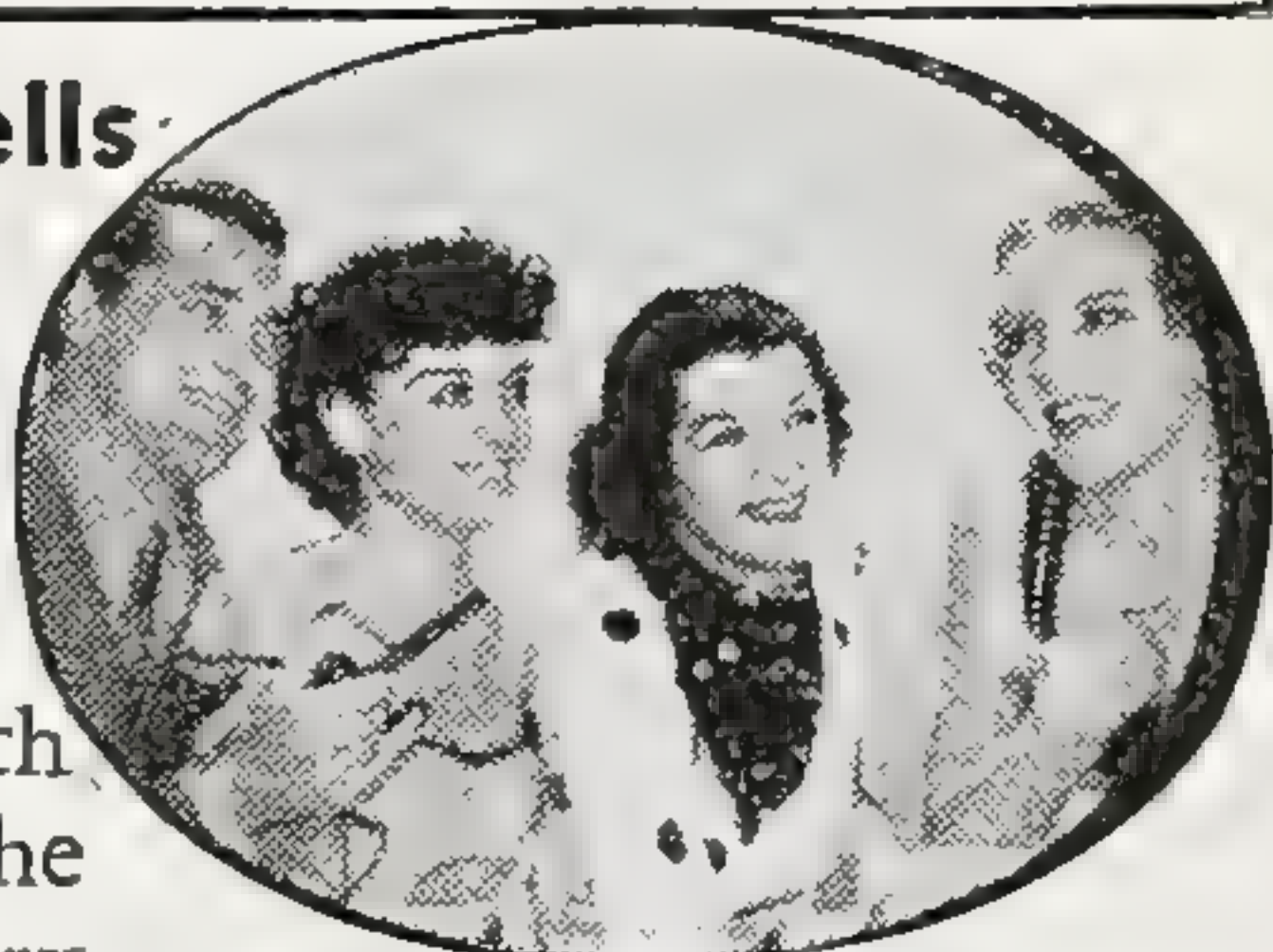
IN INTERESTING TEST!



HERE ARE THE LIPS CARY GRANT SAW



Famous star tells why Tangee lips appealed most to him



● "I see too much grease paint on the lot," said Cary Grant emphatically. "Away from the studio I want a girl to look feminine. She can't do it if her lips are caked with paint."

● Cary Grant takes time out from "Wings in the Dark", a Paramount picture, to make this unusual lipstick test.

Tangee lips are never "caked with paint". Because Tangee isn't paint. It is the one lipstick in the world with the Tangee magic color-change principle... one lipstick that on your lips changes to your own most becoming shade of blush rose. It costs just 39 cents and \$1.10. And if you'd like to try all the Tangee products, send 10 cents with the coupon for the 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee color principle



★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM55
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

had won her heart. Joyously she visioned herself and Rawdon spending Aunt Julia's money. And one evening, after giving the matter careful thought, Becky slipped out with Rawdon—and they were married!

Rawdon, too, felt sure that Aunt Julia would smile on their romance. But when next day he came to ask her approval, she disillusioned him with cruel firmness, before he even could break the news to her!

"Did you hope to find Becky Sharp at home?" She thrust her cane at him with sinister emphasis. "She's out—gone when I want her! But I won't have you look at Becky," she went on. "I won't have her twist you around her little finger as she did that fat Joseph Sedley!"

"Aunt Julia—I assure you—" Rawdon stammered nervously.

"Don't assure me! I'll assure you! I have been generous with you. I have paid your card debts. And I have been amused at your extravagance. But I will not have you ensnared by any calculating little snip of a menial! The woman you marry will be a lady of quality."

Rawdon's brow creased with anxiety. Like one in an unhappy dream, he heard the fateful words:

"Disobey me and not a penny of mine will you get! I'll disinherit you!"

And before he could find words to frame a plea, other visitors had come—Amelia Sedley, George Osborne, Captain Dobbin. And then Briggs burst in to report that Becky had not come back. Her closets were empty and a trunk was standing in her room.

Rawdon paled as his aunt demanded to see the contents of the trunk. But he dared not assert his rights, as Becky's husband, to forbid it. Unhappily he watched the rifling of the trunk.

How bitter life could be, Becky thought passionately, when you were an underling! That Miss Crawley should dare to open her trunk! To pass from hand to curious hand its treasured contents! She had opened the door unobserved upon this extraordinary scene. Had heard Amelia exclaim, over a pair of sequin-spangled tights, "Her mother must have been a French dancer!" Heard Captain Dobbin, "Her father was a third-rate painter fellow—brought her up in poverty." Heard Rawdon's outraged protest, "I don't believe a word of it."

BELIEVE it, Captain Crawley!" With icy dignity Becky advanced toward the group. "Believe anything—everything!" Her eyes blazed. "But these relics—they are mine! No hands are to touch them but my own!" She sighed with tragic grief. "Yes, my mother was a dancer. But she was an aristocrat. The finest blood of France. Exiled. Her fortune taken from her. Yes, she danced to feed her baby—her only child!" She stole a glance at her audience, observing beneath their hostile curiosity a grudging willingness to believe. "Do you wonder," her voice shook with suppressed sobs, "why I treasure these things that remind me of my sainted mother?"

Touched, Miss Crawley and Amelia moved toward her. But as if unaware of them, her eyes glazed with tears, Becky walked past them out of the room, closing the door behind her.

As she mounted the long staircase, Rawdon overtook her. "Becky!" He clasped her in his arms. "Becky, sweet! Do you suppose I would have cared?"

She looked at him tensely. He had been so impressed with her story of aristocratic lineage! "Don't pity me! Perhaps I'm lying, inventing the story."

"I don't care," he said doggedly. "I still love you!"

Her expression softened. "That is what I wanted to hear," she said tenderly. "Love me, Rawdon! Love me! I've had so little love in my life! Take me away from here," she went on passionately. "Let's not care what happens. That's why I had my trunk packed. We're going away."

He looked confused. How could they live? He had no income save what Miss Crawley provided. No skill, save at cards and dice, and that not always! If Aunt Julia should disinherit him...

But she clung to him. "Get a hackney coach. Come for me when it's dark. Oh, Rawdon, kiss me! Never stop kissing me!" She held him away from her, after a moment. "I could have married others. Why did I want you, my silly? What have you but your flashing eyes? Not a penny! Not a plan! Not an ambition!" She ran her hand fondly through his hair. "But we'll make out, my Rawdon. Life owes me many things, but one can get everything, if one has wit. She laughed. "Don't look so disturbed. I don't expect you to supply the wit. That's my dowry to you."

But that evening, as she stole softly down the staircase on her way to Rawdon, the opening of the outer door checked her secret flight.

"Ah, there you are, my pretty!" Old Sir Pitt gazed up at her fatuously. Lady Crawley, he explained, had died, and he wanted her. "To make short o' long, Becky," he finished, "you must come back!" And he took her hand in his gnarled old one.

She gazed at him, astonished. "Come as—as what, sir?"

"Dang it, come as Lady Crawley!" Becky's eyes widened. As Lady Crawley! She bit her lips. "It's too late," she said in a shaken voice. "I'm already married."

"Married? Who's it to you're married?"

"Oh, why didn't you come a day sooner? Oh, dear Sir Pitt—" she clung to his hand, "if I can't be your wife, let me be your daughter!"

At the foot of the stairs the drawing-room door had opened, framing the startled faces of Julia Crawley and Briggs.

"Daughter!" Miss Crawley echoed in a shocked whisper. Then, with an inarticulate groan, she tottered. Fell fainting as Becky, with a frightened cry, sped down the stairs and out of the door.

THE door, closing softly behind her, closed, as Becky soon learned, on many fond hopes that now never would be realized. Miss Crawley disinherited her nephew and discontinued his allowance. Sir Pitt was implacable. The younger Pitt presently married a distant cousin, Lady Jane, but he thought of Becky frequently, and with charity, as he believed.

But charity did not pay bills. And for Becky and Rawdon now there were only his gift for gambling and her wit and charm. But Becky was not dissatisfied with her bargain. As much as it was in her to love anyone other than herself, she loved Rawdon. He was always amiable. Always impressed with her superior intelligence. Whatever she wanted to do was right in his eyes. And one day, Becky felt sure, they would win the position and fortune that should be theirs.

To their apartment in Mayfair, Rawdon's fellow officers came often, delighted to play at dice or cards so long as Becky was there to smile upon them. George Osborne came, too. He was married to Amelia now. And Becky set herself to be especially charming to him.

Amelia came one day to beg her not to let George play with Rawdon, since he so invariably lost. "He already is in debt,"

she pleaded. "I am afraid . . ."

"Debt?" Becky laughed sagely. "We must owe money to every shopkeeper in London. Let them do the worrying." She patted Amelia's cheek. "You make life happy for your George."

"That is my only dream!" Amelia looked at her wistfully. She could not confess to Becky how it hurt that George should come here, evening after evening, while she sat at home in lonely despair.

But this interlude ended suddenly. Napoleon escaped from Elba. And Rawdon's regiment was ordered into Belgium. He was not sorry. His winnings were a drop in the bucket, and debtors threatened prison. And besides, Becky somehow had acquired a pair of silver dice which with great glee she had shown Rawdon. *They were loaded!* If she should ever use them . . . He shivered.

Becky openly exulted at the news. "What dazzling luck!"

"Are you out of your mind?"

"I'm crazy for joy! Belgium—a new start. Officers, their wives, the best people, the richest people! Society, Rawdon! A new life!"

And as always, Rawdon felt that Becky must be right.

It did seem so, at first. Life in Belgium was a series of gay and glittering events, with no hint of the enemy creeping closer, closer . . . Color and gaiety. Dancing and laughter and wine. And gambling . . .

With superb aplomb, Becky moved always to the front. Who knew how she contrived to be at the Duchess of Richmond's ball? Let Lady Southdown look down her nose at a mere ex-governess. Let Lady Bareacres offer her ineffectual snubs. Lord Bareacres asked her to dance. Lord Tarquin and Prince Peterwaradin vied for her favors. Even the Duke of Wellington asked her for a waltz!

Becky was intoxicated with her triumph. She could scorn Joseph Sedley now, returned from India, trying pompously to seem important—a mere civilian amid dazzling soldiery and glittering nobility. Smiling, she drifted away on the dance floor with George Osborne.

Followed by the faithful Dobbin, Amelia fled to the garden. "She is trying to take him away from me," she sobbed. "William, how long is this to go on?"

NAPOLEON is not likely to attack for another fortnight," Captain Dobbin kept his eyes resolutely on the ground. He longed to take her in his arms. But she thought only of George.



As we go to press the fickle Mr. Bert Wheeler is beaming about the attractive Miss Sally Haines, above with him.



That hideous feeling of panic —now ended by the new "CERTAIN-SAFE" MODESS

Here's news! REAL NEWS!

. . . more startling than the invention that made sanitary napkins disposable.

. . . more important than the improvements that have made napkins soft and comfortable.

Now—at last—comes a napkin that gives complete protection from embarrassing "accidents!"

It is the new "Certain-Safe" Modess—only recently perfected in the Modess research laboratories.

The secret? It lies in a combination of THREE special features. Two of these features may sometimes be found in other brands of napkins. But the third is absolutely new—and *exclusive with*

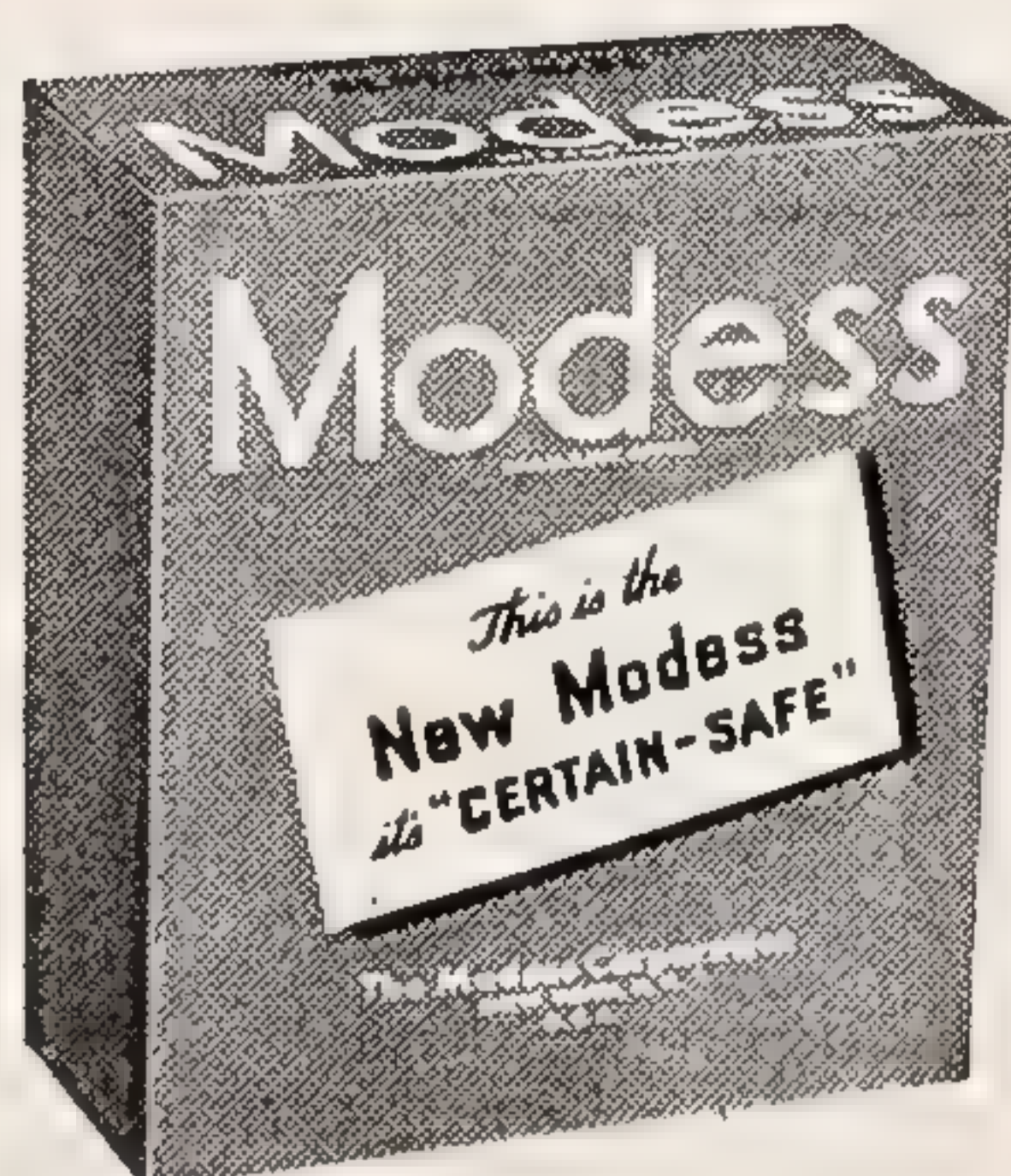
Modess. It is the combination of *all three* features that gives complete protection.

Test this three-way protection!

Just do this. Get a box of the new "Certain-Safe" Modess. (You won't risk a penny . . . see Money Back guarantee below.) Read the printed slip that you'll find in the box. Look at the diagrams shown on the slip and compare them with the napkin itself. *See and feel* the three new features that bring you dependable protection against (1) striking through; (2) tearing away; (3) incomplete absorption.

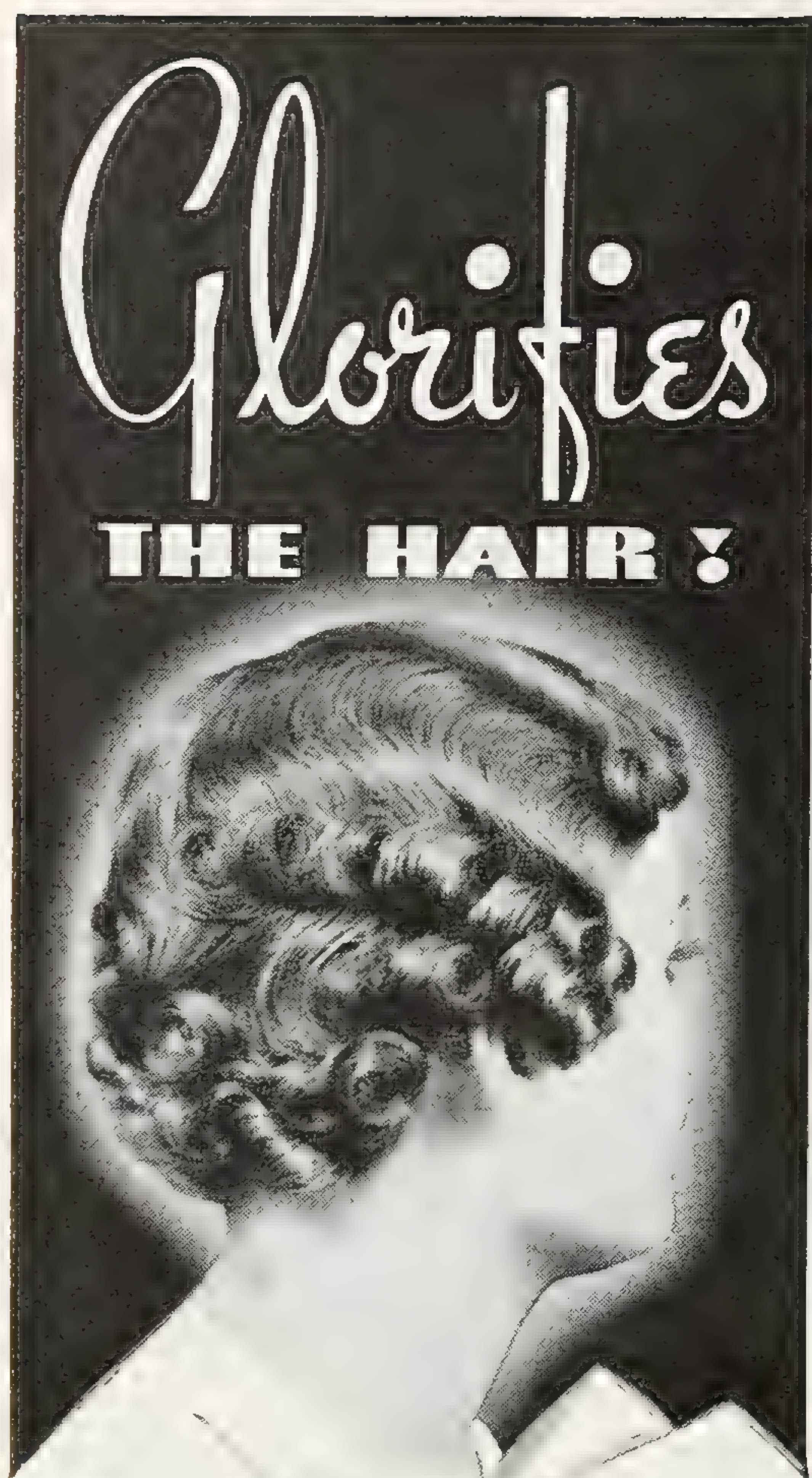
Then wear the new Modess! You'll never again feel safe or satisfied with any other napkin!

YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU'RE NOT CONVINCED!



Here's a challenge! *We'll refund your money if you try the new Modess and don't like it!* Get a box. Wear as many napkins as you need to make a thorough test. If you aren't completely satisfied, return the box and the remaining napkins to The Modess Corporation, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. We'll send you every penny you paid, plus postage!

MODESS—STAYS SOFT—STAYS SAFE



Nestle COLORINSE

• For those sleek effects so much in vogue right now, your hair must be uniformly colorful, soft and pliant, with a subtle lustre. Dull, faded, harsh hair simply will not respond to these new, modish hair dressings.

But don't worry about it. Just put ColoRinse in the shampoo wash. Use as much as you want to... it's harmless vegetable compound, not a dye or a bleach, and you have 10 lovely shades to choose from. The instant result will delight you, for your hair will glow with renewed youthful color and glamour... that "Sheen of Youth" you never want to lose.

Also ask for Nestle SuperSet, Nestle Golden Shampoo or Nestle Henna Shampoo.

THE NESTLE-LEMUR COMPANY
MAKERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS
NEW YORK



10c at all 10c Stores and Beauty Shops
... Nestle ColoRinse, SuperSet,
Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo

And George, dancing with Becky, whispered fiercely, "Why didn't you answer my letter?"

"Because," Becky said calmly, "only madmen put such things in writing. What if Rawdon read it? What if Amelia found out?"

"I can't be concerned with them. You and I are going away..."

"I love Rawdon," she declared. "Always remember that!"

"I remember it daily," he said bitterly, "when I lose to him. Ten pounds. Fifty pounds. I tell myself this will buy silk for Becky. Champagne for her. You've been expensive, Becky. But I lost willingly. But now I've no more. I'm in debt."

"Have you tried to borrow?"

"There's no one left to borrow from. But it doesn't matter, does it? It changes nothing between us?"

The moonlight softly flooded her lovely face. But her eyes were cold.

"Oh, you're silent. Perhaps it does alter things. Is there bigger game in the offing?" His eyes followed hers, which turned away from him to the foot of the great staircase, where the Marquis of Steyne was standing. Then he laughed hoarsely. "How perfect your instincts are. Is the millionaire Marquis of Steyne distinguished enough, rich enough, to meet with your approval? Perhaps he also is fond of dicing!"

Her lips parted as if to say something withering. But without a word she turned and left him. Anguished, he watched her dancing presently with Steyne.

Suddenly a flare brighter than the mellow moonlight lit the sky. It was followed by a low, ominous rumble. Stricken, the dancers paused.

"Cannon!" a hushed voice exclaimed.

And now the sound increased in volume. The sky seemed seared with racing meteors of fire. "The French! Artillery! Bonaparte!" terrified voices babbled.

The lights in the ballroom dimmed. Outside a bugler sounded a summoning call. Hurriedly soldiers gathered. Women cried out for their husbands and rushed, panicky, to the exits.

"Wait for me," Steyne said quickly to Becky. "I'll take you home. You will wait?" And, as she nodded eagerly, he hurried off.

Amelia's arms were about George's neck. "I won't let you go!" she cried.

But he disengaged her clinging arms. "I must look for—someone."

"You'll never come back to me," she wept. "I'll never see you alive again. George... George!" But he was gone.

"Becky!" He hurried up to her breathlessly. "You're coming with me!" His voice was shaken with passion. "I'll desert, Becky! We'll go somewhere—anywhere—"

She laughed. Drew him back to the forlorn Amelia. "George, here's your little wife! Take good care of my poor Emmy." And she swept away.

Rawdon came hurrying toward her. "Where have you been?" Becky flung her arms about him.

"Wellington's orders..." He was breathless. "I dashed back for a moment. There's so much to tell you before I go..." He gazed tensely at her. "Becky, I've been happy with you. I want you to know that. I love you!" His voice broke. "We understand each other, don't we?"

"We've always understood each other," she said softly.

"Take this—" he drew some money from his pocket. "Not much. Not enough. But I shan't need it. If I catch a bullet, I'll need even less. Sell my rings. My watch. My horses. Oh, we've so many debts! All I want to keep is your locket."

"Don't think about money," Becky urged, genuinely touched. "I'll get on, Rawdon. And I'll pray for you! I've never loved anyone else! I want you back!" She held him close. Her lips were warm on his.

"I must go!" Regretfully he loosed that dear embrace. "But—never forget—I worship you, Becky!" He kissed her again. Then, obedient to the summoning bugle, he hurried off.

"Rawdon!" She was weeping now. Rawdon! I love you!" Slowly she moved across the deserted ballroom to a window. Pushing aside the portières, she looked down into the street. Torches flared. To the shrill sound of the fife, the mutter of the drum, lines of men marched.

There was a sound behind her. The Marquis of Steyne stood there, watching her thoughtfully. She turned to him, eyes shining. "There they go," she murmured. "In an hour they'll be dying for their country!" For a moment her eyes were far away, as if visioning that brave sacrifice. Then she laughed. "Well, I'm dying for my breakfast!"

And the Marquis of Steyne came forward and took her arm.

THE Duke of Wellington won his famous victory, and the men returned from the battlefields. But George Osborne was not among them. A tablet in a London church was inscribed to his memory, and Amelia went in tragic black, her face wan with weeping. The faithful Dobbin continued unobtrusively to serve her, and his eyes worshiped her with a love that seemed destined always to be denied. For Amelia, lost in the dream of a love that never had been real, could not recognize the reality that might be hers.

Becky's apartment in Mayfair now was gayer than ever before. And if underneath the gayety lay a threat, only Rawdon, perhaps, was keenly aware of it. There were whispers about Becky. And there were debts he could not pay. But Becky was concerned only with their new position in society, their new friends. Beau Brummel. Count D'Orsay. Even, though incognito, the Prince of Wales, to whom she had been presented at Court. And the Marquis of Steyne...

No warning of the price she was paying for this gratifying position troubled Becky's complacent thoughts. They would manage somehow. Perhaps Rawdon's brother, now Sir Pitt since their father's death, would help him...

Joseph Sedley frequented the gay gatherings, losing at dice with the complacency of those who saw Becky adorned with the winnings. Though one evening he complained to her, "I say, Becky, every time I enter this house it costs me money."

"Have you ever considered stopping your visits?" she retorted.

He looked at her languishingly. "You know I couldn't do that."

And then the absent Rawdon returned. Greeting him joyously, Becky dismissed Joseph. Rawdon's face was lined.

"What's happened, Rawdon?"

"Nothing... Everything!" He turned toward her desperately. "I had a nasty night of it at the club—almost came to blows with Deuceace. He threatened me—demanded immediate payment of the four hundred pounds I owe him."

"A pretty time he picked!" Becky frowned. "We haven't a penny!"

"I know. That's the devil of it!" He sighed. "After the argument—it became a matter for the club. A debt of honor. I was instructed to pay—or be expelled. Captain Dobbin is in charge of collecting it."

"Deuceace..." Becky muttered savagely. "He was here only last

week, and never even mentioned the debt. He and I gambled while you played billiards with the boys."

"Gambled . . ." Rawdon looked at her with sudden doubt. "What did you play?"

"Dice . . ."

"For heaven's sake! You didn't by chance—"

"The loaded dice?" She had herself in hand now. "I promised you I never would." She laughed. "I don't even know where they are. I seem to have lost them." She drew him down beside her on a sofa. "Why do you look at me like that? What do you see? A cheat? A liar?"

"No, no!" he protested, longing as always to believe her. "But I'm worried, Becky. Where is all this leading us?"

"Who knows? Who cares? We live elegantly on nothing a year."

"We're paying heavily—little bits of ourselves!" He sighed.

"It's worth the price! Women who cut me last year would give their eyes to be where I am now. They envy me. This is what I've worked for. Oh, darling, enjoy it with me!"

"I can't get Deuceace out of my mind," he said gloomily.

"I could borrow the money, from—"

"Steyne?" He stiffened. "You won't! Not from him! I won't have all London thinking that . . ."

"You don't trust me? Is that what you wish to believe?"

"No! I'll believe only what you tell me and nothing that you deny."

She leaned close to him. "Then believe that I'm your Becky and that I love you. And that nothing else matters. Perhaps Dobbin can be persuaded to wait. . . ."

It would be better to go to see Dobbin, she decided. Desperate with anxiety she planned her campaign. As yet her self-confidence was unimpaired. She would bring it off somehow. She had one trump card, she thought complacently. If nothing else would serve, that would win him.

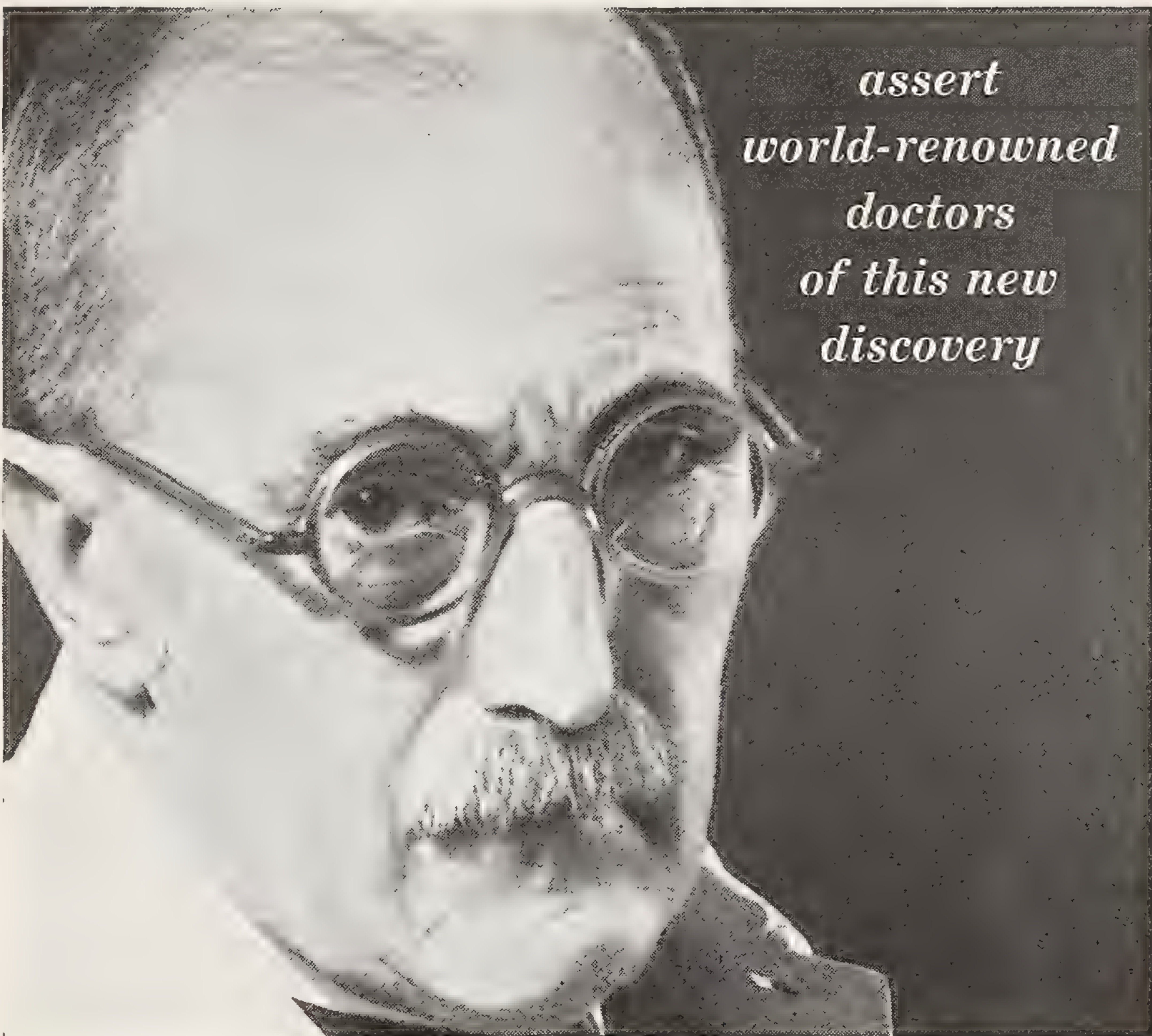
Rawdon, sitting wearily beside her had no suspicion of her devious plans. If he had said that he did not trust her, things might have been very different for them both. But so long as nothing disturbed his confidence in her, Becky continued her arrogant scheming, unperturbed by the thought of a reckoning day.

Still, as she sat in Dobbin's apartment the next day, she felt faintly nervous. He was so cold, so unyielding. Her smile



The Charles Butterworths arrive for the San Carlos Opera. Bet you didn't know Charlie was high-brow!

"—can end the cathartic habit for millions of people"



assert
world-renowned
doctors
of this new
discovery

"BIGGEST STEP IN YEARS in the treatment of constipation and related ills such as indigestion, skin troubles and run-down condition," says Dr. Richard von Stenitzer, chief medical consultant at the famous Consular Academy in Vienna.

Constipation chiefly due to lack of certain substances in the diet. This food abundantly supplies them!

TODAY, in clinics everywhere, remarkable results are being obtained in cases of chronic constipation by a new food recently developed—the new Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. It is the richest known source of certain "protective substances" the stomach and bowels need to work right.

Why people get Constipated

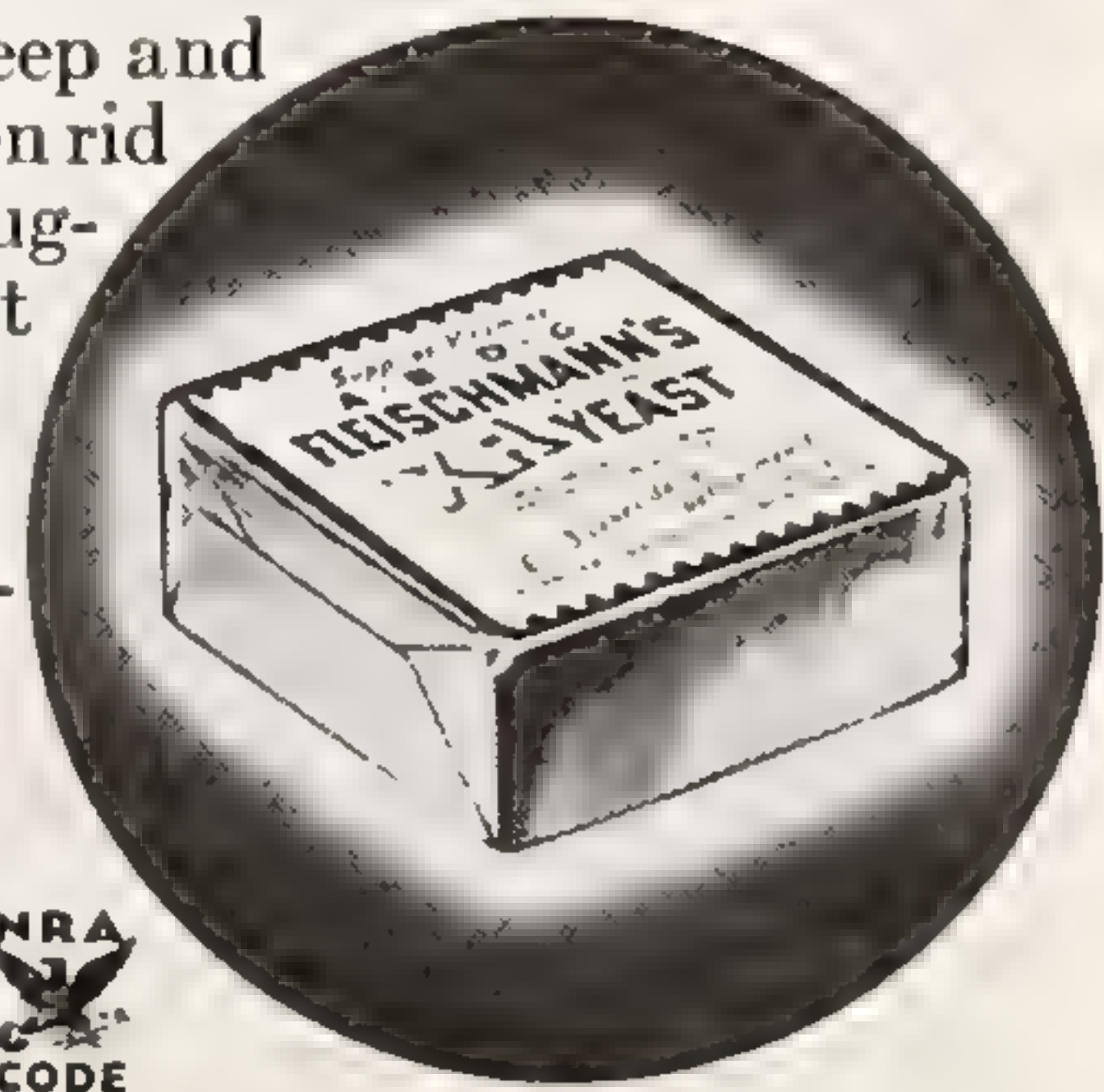
Unless your stomach and intestines obtain from your diet a sufficient supply of these "protective substances," your food doesn't digest fast enough and wastes collect. Constipation usually re-

sults, and you suffer from colds, skin troubles and poor digestion.

No diet—not even those containing leafy vegetables and fruits—contains enough of these substances. No laxatives supply them. But this new fresh yeast is so rich in them that it "conditions" the entire digestive tract. In one great eastern hospital, this new Fleischmann's Yeast overcame 93% of constipation cases—an amazing percentage!

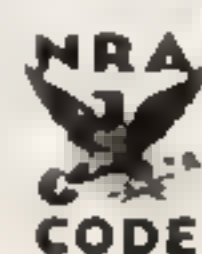
Begin today to *overcome* constipation by eating 3 or more cakes of the new Fleischmann's Yeast daily, a half-hour before meals—plain, or dissolved in water. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains.

You'll eat, sleep and work better when rid of digestive sluggishness. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast!



TAKING CATHARTICS? Cut down on them *gradually* as Fleischmann's new Yeast corrects your constipation. No other food is as rich in Vitamins A, B, D, G and other protective substances needed for health. Get this new fresh yeast today!

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Incorporated



(As good as ever for baking!)

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES—CORK TIPPED



MEET THE STAR OF SMOKING COMFORT!

Lay-dees and Gen-tel-men! We offer an all-star feature!! The tobacco is choice Turkish and domestic. It's mildly mentholated to give your throat a most *dee*-lightful, a most *ree*-freshing coolness. There are cork tips to save your lips. And—finally—there's a valuable B & W coupon in each pack good for handsome nationally advertised merchandise (offer good in U.S.A. only). So step right up! Buy a pack or buy a carton. Have the time of your smoking lives!! And write today for **FREE** illustrated premium booklet.

SAVE COUPONS for HANDSOME MERCHANDISE



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.



Louis B. Mayer, Connie Bennett and the ever-devoted swain, Gilbert Roland, have their own little joke at the President's Birthday Ball.

grew fixed as he told her the debt must be paid.

"Where do you propose I turn for the four hundred pounds?" she demanded.

"I have no suggestions to make," his voice was icy, "save this—you will have to raise five hundred, not four."

"Really!" Becky gasped. "A hundred pounds added for interest? Or for damages to Deuceace's wounded feelings?"

Quietly, coldly Dobbin explained, "Mr. Deuceace came to me privately. He was too much the gentleman to charge this before the club." He paused. "It seems," he went on, "he played dice with you last week and he lost a hundred pounds. You used a pair of silver dice." He put his hand in his pocket and brought out the fateful dice. "*Loaded dice!*" He managed to take them with him, after the game." His eyes were dark with contempt as he looked at Becky.

For a moment her lips parted soundlessly. "Really!" she managed at last. "I've never seen them before! You've always hated me. And now I'm in your power!"

"You're not in my power. And I'm trying to help Rawdon."

OH, Rawdon, of course." She seized at a straw. "You would lend the money?" Then, as he stared at her fixedly, sternly, without replying, she reached for her last card. "Well, I didn't think you would. That's why I came prepared—I have something to sell—something you might be interested in buying. By the way, I was broken-hearted to hear that Amelia had rejected you again!" Fumbling in her bag she brought out George's letter. "He proposed that we elope," she explained. "Do you remember the Duchess of Richmond's ball, before Waterloo? We were to go away that night. It would be invaluable in your courtship of Amelia," she urged insinuatingly. "It's for sale—five hundred pounds!"

"Mrs. Crawley!" he gasped. "Women like you—"

She drew herself up haughtily. "How

much time have I to pay," she asked. "Till tomorrow morning."

"Oh, generous! You'll have the money. I can get it elsewhere, most easily!" She smiled confidently as she departed.

But in her heart was a growing fear. Whom should she turn to now? Rawdon had forbidden her to ask Steyne. And while that alone would not have checked her, she was troubled by an uneasy sense of probable consequences. She must get it elsewhere.

She found herself walking up and down before Pitt Crawley's hotel. At last, with sudden resolution, she went in.

He was just as always, she thought with bitter contempt, as she listened to his sanctimonious words. He would help her—yes—but on condition that she give up her "unholy and imprudent connection" with the Marquis of Steyne.

That Becky could have promised. Promises never disturbed her. But as Pitt proposed to compensate her for the loss of the Marquis' company by having her come to read sermons with him, she drew back.

Pitt kissed her hand, babbling of conscience and brotherly love.

A shudder of distaste shook Becky. "At least," she murmured as if to herself, "the Marquis of Steyne has no conscience! And as for brotherly love—not an ounce of it!" She laughed, as once more she went out.

Lord Steyne promised the money readily. But there was in his manner, in his words, indeed, a hint that payment of a sort would be expected. "Perhaps," he suggested, "you would consider granting me that—er—little supper which you have promised so long now?"

Becky temporized. Rawdon, she said, would be entertaining some friends that evening.

Lord Steyne's eyes held hers. Rawdon, he suggested, would be hurrying to the club, to pay that unfortunate debt.

And so it was the Marquis of Steyne's money with which Becky presently surprised Rawdon.

"Where did you get it?" he asked.

"Young Southdown—he just paid me five hundred he owed me."

"You never told me Southdown owed you money."

DIDN'T I?" She laughed nervously. "Well, he did! Now you must be off with it. There's no time to lose! Our last debt, Rawdon! Once this debt is paid—" her voice broke. "Why don't you stay at the club this evening and play billiards," she added. "You need amusement."

Rawdon looked at her narrowly. Then he smiled, a thin, bitter smile, and went out.

It was midnight when Steyne called. Becky was alone, but she received him confidently. Invited him to sit at a little table before the fire and have some strawberries with her. Rawdon, she thought contentedly, would be back at any moment.

But Rawdon, it appeared, would not be back at any moment. Lord Steyne explained that he had arranged for that! Rawdon had been arrested as he left the house. In the morning it would be explained as a practical joke. Till then . . .

Becky tried to rally all her resources. There still must be some way. . . . She attempted casual conversation. Lord Steyne smiled.

"I suppose," Becky chattered, "our friends would hold up their hands in horror at this innocent little feast."

"This innocent little feast!" The Marquis smiled again. He rose. Bending over her, he fastened a string of priceless pearls about her neck. Then his arms went about her.

"My lord!" Becky gasped.

But he held her close. "How do you do it, eh? How the devil did you ever catch my fancy?" Despite her struggles he held her firmly. "There's not an ounce of goodness and sweetness about you! That's your attraction! There's the sting to it!"

Becky trembled violently. "Didn't you hear something?"

He laughed. "You heard your own wicked little heart!"

But she was listening for another sound. Her frightened eyes observed the latch of the door, pressed slowly downward.

The door opened.

"Rawdon!" Becky's smile was ghastly. "My lord and I are just . . . We're having a little . . . Won't you—join us?"

Rawdon stood on the threshold, trembling, silent.

It was Lord Steyne who spoke first. "So, this is a trap!" His voice vibrated with fury. "Timed to the minute! Well, sir, how much am I blackmailed for?"

"Rawdon, I've done nothing!" Becky pleaded frantically. "I'm innocent!" She turned to Steyne. "My lord, tell him I am innocent!"

But Steyne checked her contemptuously. Again he faced Rawdon. "Come, let me hear the amount. I've already given you five hundred—"

"You lie!" Rawdon's voice rasped hoarsely. His fist shot out, striking Lord Steyne savagely in the face. And as the Marquis staggered, he struck him again, laughing grimly as he fell, unconscious.

"Rawdon!" Becky screamed. "Rawdon!"

"Come here!" He stared at her. "Those pearls . . ."

She had forgotten them! Instinctively her hands flew to her neck as if to cover them. "I'll explain," she stammered, trembling.

"Take them off!"

She tried, but her nervous fingers failed to find the catch. And with an angry movement he seized them. Broke the string.

"Yes, let them go!" Becky sobbed. "I

Smooth Hands find Station "L-O-V-E!"



Your hands were born to be loved and kissed! They were meant to give him a smooth soft thrill! So get that exciting lovable smoothness quickly with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream!

Hinds soothes chapping, roughness and sore cracked skin at once. Yes, it works so fast because Hinds is liquid cream. Rich in softening oils, you see. Hinds does much more than leave a

slick surface-coating that lasts only an hour. When you rub in Hinds, it soaks the skin deeply with healing balms and beauty oils. It softens dry harsh skin into silky-smoothness.

Keep ugly roughness, redness and chapping away—use Hinds after housework and always at bedtime! Hinds gives such economical care—25¢ and 50¢ at your drug store, 10¢ at the dime store.

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream



**Do You SHUN
A Close up
WHENEVER YOU CAN—
CONSCIOUS OF
THOSE LITTLE SKIN BLEMISHES
YOU COULD NOT CONCEAL?**

YOU can avoid much of this embarrassment, if you will help nature heal these surface defects instead of trying to cover them up.

Your skin is sick when it is broken out and irritated from clogged, sluggish pores or blackheads or perhaps some temporary internal disturbance. It needs external medication—not beautifiers—to aid in relieving the disorder and promoting the return of natural loveliness.

The special medication in Resinol Ointment makes it particularly effective for such cases. It is so gentle, so soothing, so beneficial in its action that doctors and nurses have been using and recommending it for nearly forty years in the treatment of sick skins. Almost as soon as Resinol is applied, the soreness is relieved, and in a short time the irritated spots begin to improve. It does not smart or sting and is kind to the tenderest skin.

Resinol Soap as an Aid

Bathing the skin first with the lightly medicated, non-irritating lather of Resinol Soap, quickens the pleasing effect of the Resinol treatment. All druggists sell Resinol Ointment and Soap. Get them today—use them when you have sick skin—then see the improvement. For a convincing free sample of each write to

Resinol, Dept. 1-D
Baltimore, Md.



USE RESINOL ALSO
to quickly relieve skin
irritations generally—itch-
ing, eczema, chafing,
rashes, burns, blisters,
cuts and scratches.

Resinol
Ointment and Soap

don't want them! I want only you! Rawdon!" She tried to seize his arm, but he turned as if he had not heard her. "Rawdon!" She rushed after him. "I won't let you go! I won't be flung off!" But the door banged shut between them. He was gone.

Becky's arms fell limply to her sides. She shuddered. "They'll laugh—" she murmured brokenly. "How they'll laugh!"

Such a long way to go. . . . Such a little way! From that glittering Mayfair apartment to a drab *pension* in Germany. From lords and dukes and princes to shabby college students with scarcely a banknote between them. No more jewels and silks and Lucullan feasts. Only a worn black dress. Only a dingy room.

The furnishings of the Mayfair apartment had been sold for the benefit of creditors. Captain Crawley's name had been stricken from the membership rolls of his club. And Rawdon himself had gone—where, Becky could not learn. She had written him frantic letters, which came back to her unopened. She had written to Pitt. She even had written to Amelia. And waited despairingly for an answering word.

But one day visitors came to the sorry inn. Sir Pitt and Lady Jane! Becky's face glowed with new, incredible hope. Hope that faded to hopelessness, when they said that she could go back with them to Queen's Crawley to help with the accounts, to read sermons with Pitt, to teach the children. . . .

"It would be a new start for you," Pitt said unctuously.

"Not a new start!" Becky's voice was harsh with despair. "The same start all over again. But not the same prospects ahead."

They would come back later, they said, and take her to church with them. In the meantime, she must pray for guidance.

"For guidance," Becky murmured bitterly. And under her breath she whispered, "And for escape!"

But as she lay weeping on her wretched bed, more visitors came. Amelia! And Joseph! Captain Dobbin, Amelia explained, flushing, was waiting below.

"He wouldn't come up?" Becky's face was hard with malice. "He still remembers things? Well, so do I!"

"Don't!" Amelia said gently. "The past must be forgotten." She sat down beside Becky. "Dear, you can't stay in this place. You are coming to live with me. Jos," she turned to her brother, "go down and stay with Dobbin. I want to talk with Becky."

"Do you know what you're saying?" Becky gasped as Joseph went out. "That I am saved from Queen's Crawley! From those miserable children! From Pitt's clammy hands! Oh, I'm so happy! For the first time, I'm happy again!"

A knock at the door checked her raptures. Dobbin entered. His face was stern. He ignored Becky's outstretched hand. Joseph, he said to Amelia, had told him of her invitation to Becky.

"Yes, I have asked my oldest friend to live with me," she said.

"She was not always a friend to you!"

"I don't care to remember that," Amelia said proudly. "Becky needs my help."

"Even if it should mean the end of our friendship?"

Amelia trembled. "William, I must do what is right!"

Stunned, Dobbin gazed at her. Then he bowed, and went out.

Becky drew a long, relieved breath. "Now he is out of your life!" she exulted. "We're alone together, you and I! What are you crying about?" she demanded, as Amelia covered her face with her hands. "You're in love with the man! You can't live without him!" She laughed scornfully. "And there go my hopes!"

"No, no!" Amelia protested.

"Oh, yes! It's just as well. . . . I know what it would come to. . . . Go, get back your Dobbin. Marry him. Be happy!"

"I couldn't—forget George!"



Jean Muir may claim she's a wallflower but Scotty caught her out with her current best, Phillip Reed.

Beautiful Eyes ARE YOURS FOR THE ASKING WHEN YOU ASK FOR

Maybelline

says
**DOROTHY
HAMILTON**
Noted Beauty
Authority
of Hollywood



Notice your favorite screen actress, and see how she depends on well-groomed brows, softly shaded eyelids, and long, dark, lustrous lashes to give her eyes that necessary beauty and expression. More than any other feature, *her* eyes express *her*. More than any other feature *your* eyes express *you*. You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive . . . and it is so easy to make them so, *instantly*, with the pure and *harmless* Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

After powdering, blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Then apply a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline mascara to your lashes, to make them appear *naturally* long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold how your eyes express a new, more beautiful YOU!

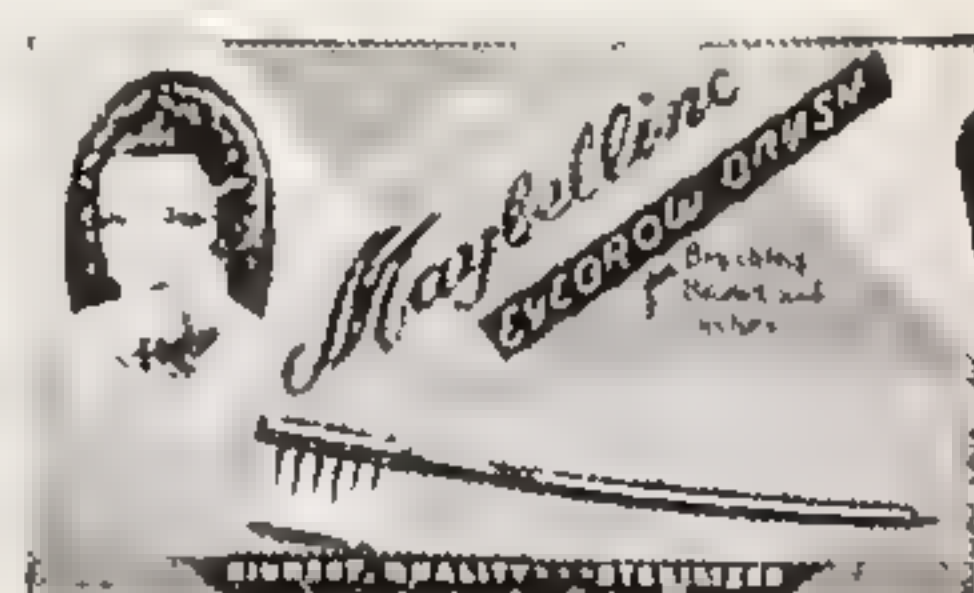
Keep your lashes soft and silky by applying the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream nightly, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in introductory sizes at any leading 10c store. To be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness, accept only genuine Maybelline preparations.



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GRAY
VIOLET AND GREEN



COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE
BRISTLES

"George!" Becky rummaged in a table drawer for the letter kept as a weapon or a tool. "Here, read this, he made love to me a week after he married you! He wrote this to me! Your husband! *Now you know!*"

She stood in the doorway watching Amelia, as, still sobbing, she stumbled down the stairs. Well, she had done one good deed for Amelia! Now there was nothing left for her but—Pitt!

"What's this?" Joseph came hurrying up to Becky. "Emmy going to marry Dobbin? Why, that's beautiful!"

Becky went close to him. "Would you like to be as happy?" she ventured. She urged him to sit down. Brought crackers, cheese and brandy. "Do you like brandy, Joseph?" she asked, with all the air of the old, beguiling Becky.

"How would it sit with the beer in me?" Joseph giggled. What a woman, he thought. What a marvellous woman, to be merry in a place like this! He was glad he had done something for her. "Becky," he leaned toward her, "your bills are paid! Joseph Sedley is no miser!"

"Dear Jos!" This was unexpected.

"Come closer," he urged, his arm about her. "Oh, Becky, maybe you're a widow! Let's go back to England and find out—and then—I'll make you *my* widow next!"

"Jos! You frighten me!" She was becoming coy. Then she tensed. Footsteps on the stairs. "It's Sir Pitt and Lady Jane!" she gasped. "They've come to take me to church!"

"Lock the door!" Joseph cried.

"What shall I do with you?" She flew to lock it.

"Lock me up, too!" He grinned rapturously. "Forever!"

"You delightful man!" Becky thrust him behind a screen. "Wait for me! I'll get the money from Sir Pitt. Then you and I . . ."

"I'll wait!" Joseph kissed her warm, red lips. "Forever!"

"We thought there was someone with you," Pitt said as she opened the door. "Are you quite alone?"

"Oh, quite!" Becky sighed mournfully. "Always alone."

"Come, we shall be late for the service." Lady Jane and Pitt stepped out through the door.

Becky turned toward the screen. "Oh, the joy of it," she said loudly. "I know that a new life is about to begin for me. The happiness of those who—"

Joseph's head appeared above the screen. He threw her a kiss.

"—wait patiently!" Becky gave him a roguish, adoring glance.

Then she flew out the door.

"I Work in a Factory"

(Continued from page 42)

stuffed me and everyone else with charred hotdogs and finished off the afternoon by literally pushing several larger female guests back up the side of the ravine to the house. No posturing young actor stuff at all.

Hollywood success hasn't changed the Raymond Guion I met then. It has made Gene Raymond a little older and wiser, perhaps, but it hasn't stripped him of his enthusiasm or his general likeableness. There's no posing about Gene—he hasn't delusions of importance—he's what your small brother would term a "swell guy."

I asked him how different he found his life, as a young-man-about-Hollywood, to his former mode of living in New York.

He laughed. "You can't call me any

Do you tire easily?



no appetite? nervous?
losing weight? pale?

then don't gamble with your body

IF your physical let-down is caused by a lowered red-blood-cell and hemo-glo-bin content in the blood—then S.S.S. is waiting to help you... though, if you suspect an organic trouble, you will, of course, want to consult a physician or surgeon.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic. It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved... food is better utilized... and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

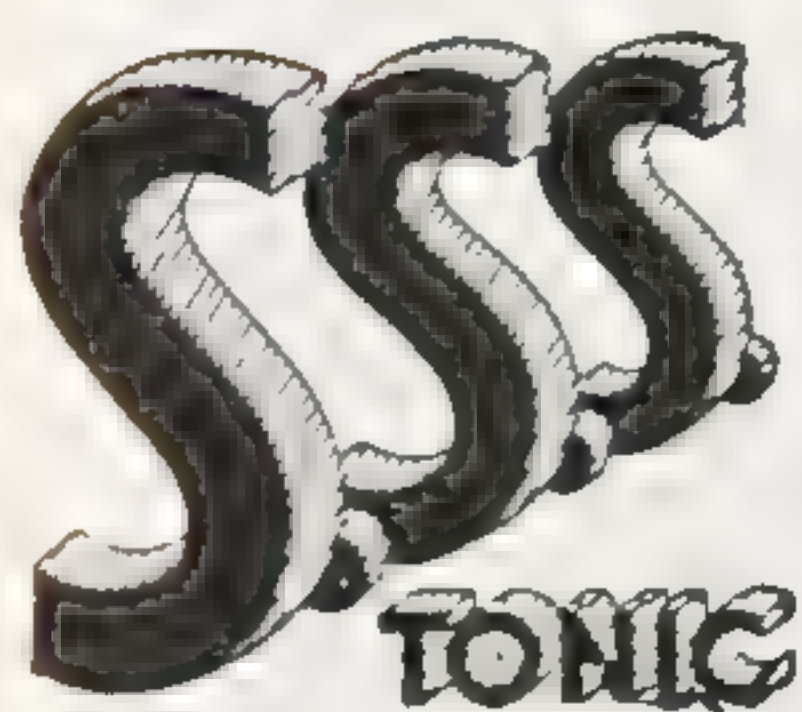
You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Let S.S.S. help build back your blood tone... if your case is not exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food... sound sleep... steady nerves... a good complexion... and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The \$2 economy size is twice as large as the \$1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today.

Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.

© S.S.S. Co.



**Makes you
feel like
yourself
again**



young-man-about-Hollywood. My social life is practically nil. It has to be. Hollywood is a factory! Your whole life is wrapped up in work from early morning until late at night. The little time there is for recreation is spent "talking shop"—everyone does, you have to join in, regardless of how tired of it all you may be.

"Why, you wouldn't believe it, if I described to you a typical evening of relaxation in Hollywood. It goes something like this. You've been invited to a dinner party. You race home from the studio, dog-tired—you manage to get a shower, get into a dinner jacket and sprint to your hostess' house before the butler announces dinner. If you arrive in time for a cocktail, you down two or three to get yourself into a slightly festive frame of mind. Dinner is announced and you sneak your cocktail to the table with you in the hope of sustaining the little animation you now feel. The minute you are seated, your partner asks you how production is going on your new picture. Wearily you tell her, then politely ask her how are tricks on her set. In no time, everyone (they've all been waiting for their turn) is launched into their own song and dance on work.

"As the dinner wears on, your glow wears off—and so does that of everyone else. By the end of dinner conversation is at a standstill so the hostess hurries you into her projection room to show you the rushes on her newest picture—or someone else's newest picture. This starts Hollywood's conversational ball rolling again. After you've seen the picture, you return to the living-room and sit about discussing its merit or lack of it. Your hostess serves highballs and soon everyone starts saying good-night because he or she has to be at the studio in the morning."

"But what of romantic interests for the eligible Hollywood bachelor, such as you?" I asked. Gene has been rumored interested in this one and that one, but never seems to get himself committed seriously.

"Hollywood ruins friendships! You can't be seen with a girl more than a few times before every gossip column has you headed for Yuma. You never get to find out," he continued, "whether or not you might feel romantic about any particular person because you or she are scared off before you have had two dates together. There were several girls that I liked tremendously and would like to have felt free to call up now and then, but after I had gone out with them a few times, everybody was calling it a match. Then when I called back, they began to be very busy. They didn't want to be linked romantically with me anymore than I did with them. They would have enjoyed a good average friendship but Hollywood never gave us a break!"

I remembered how often Janet Gaynor's name had been linked with Gene's and I wondered if she was another good friendship gone Hollywood!

"Don't you miss the stage?" I asked.

"Yes, very much. In fact, I have had a play in mind for sometime that I have wanted to do but no opportunity has presented itself as yet. Perhaps next year, at least, I hope so."

NO amount of picture success will ever wean Gene from his first love, the stage. And it is quite understandable when you realize that he had been on the stage ever since he was five years old, up to the time he went out to Hollywood. His first work was with a stock company.

His first important stage appearance did not occur until 1924 when he appeared in "The Potters." This play ran for two

years in New York and on the road, and by the end of its run, Raymond Guion's name was known. He played parts in a number of hits between the closing of "The Potters" and the opening of "Young Sinners." The latter was his play; for the first time he didn't have to share the spotlight with any veterans of the stage, he was a full-fledged star and he made the most of his chance. It was during the two years that this ran along, that Hollywood noticed him.

Gene has turned in consistently good performances in his past few years in Hollywood; he's one of the most popular of the leading men. However, he has some interesting viewpoints on his career.

"The reason I want to get back to the stage soon is because I don't want to lose ambition. Hollywood does that to young stars. You see, the psychology is all wrong. You make, say, a hundred thousand dollars for a year, but instead of returning to the stage for awhile, you figure that you better wait until next year, when you can probably make two hundred thousand dollars. That would leave you in better shape to take a flop on Broadway, should it turn out that way.

YOU know," Gene continued, "an actor needs to get away from his work at the studio when a picture is finished. It's bad business to hang around Hollywood when you're at leisure. You have to get away to get some perspective on yourself. You know a chap who manages to do it to perfection? That's Clark Gable. Clark finishes a picture, goes home and packs his stuff for a trip. He doesn't linger around, he gets just as far away as he can and I tell you, he is one of the most regular people in the industry.

"I'll never forget the riot he let Ria, his wife, and me in for on a trip West one time. I was returning to the Coast and discovered that Clark and Mrs. Gable were on the same train. They were going to stop off in St. Louis for a personal appearance that was scheduled for Clark. I kidded Clark all the way out about having to interrupt a vacation with stuffy personal appearances. He just grinned good-naturedly.

"And then, when we reached St. Louis, I discovered that my baggage was following theirs. Clark had quietly arranged for me to be shanghaied into an appearance with him!

"After St. Louis had been treated to a personal appearance of two stars for the price of one, Clark was mobbed by the fans. So in going back to the train, Mrs. Gable and I walked nonchalantly along with one policeman as guard, while a whole force was trying to quell the riot around Clark. Ria and I were chuckling at his discomfort and in no way trying to aid him. Well, everything was swell, until the fans and police had pushed Clark safely inside the train gates. Then, in turning around, they recognized me. With shouts of "There's Gene Raymond and his wife!" The gang turned on us and our one lone police escort. The last glimpse we had of Clark was a hand gingerly raised to the nose, as he loped down the platform and into our car, leaving us to fight our way after him with no help from his departed police guard!"

Gene was dashing off to see Leslie Howard in "The Petrified Forest," so we gulped down the last of our lunch and raced for a cab. "Good-bye and I hope to heaven that I haven't sounded like the earnest young actor or something. It was great seeing you again and let's be sure to get together on my next trip back. Maybe I'll be sending you orchestra seats to my playing opening by then, who knows?"

Modern Screen Dramatic School

(Continued from page 68)

dramatic school. Discover for yourself—and you must use your ingenuity to do so—where are the summer stock companies or first-rate Little Theatres near you and try to get work—no matter in how small a role—with them.

Naturalness is the keynote of good acting, it is true, but you must know the mechanics of acting first. A very great actor once told me that the best rule was "Learn all the rules, all the tricks, all the technique—and then forget them." Now why, you ask, should one learn the tricks? Because they give you a background, a basis upon which to work, upon which to develop your *own* technique, a technique which will give the *effect* of naturalness.

If you are fortunate enough to connect with some Little Theatre or stock company you will meet people, make contacts with the directors, who will be able to advise you about real professional work. These contacts are valuable. They open the door for you.

TO SHOW you that there are no absolute rules concerning the journey to success let me tell you the various ways in which the big stars broke into pictures.

If ever there were an inspiration to those who are discouraged, Clark Gable is that inspiration. How he studied! How he worked with his voice! How many bitter heartaches he has known! One evening he saw a performance of a certain play. He knew, that night, that he *must* become an actor. He applied for work numberless times before he finally got a small role. He was in and out of the theatre a dozen times. And when, at last, he came to Hollywood he was ignored for years. He had innumerable tests for roles which he didn't get. He played many, many roles—and played them badly. And then he did one role which caught on. He gave a few moments to the screen which excited the public and he was a success.

And there are other routes not so arduous. Take little Betty Furness, for instance. In summer, during her school holidays, she posed for commercial advertising. One of the artists for whom she worked thought she was picture material. He had a friend who worked for a studio. He got a test for Betty. She looked charming in the test and showed the vital spark. So she got a Hollywood contract.

Narrowed down, the elements of success are: natural ability and technical knowledge, plus someone who knows someone who puts you on the right road to making theatrical contacts, plus enormous talent, energy, will power and good health and ambition to forge ahead and make the most of the first break.

I cannot tell you how all this is done. No one can tell you. You must work out your own salvation. You must use your ingenuity and you must steel yourself to expects failure.

Don't forget that I am ready to answer your personal problems. Please tell me what you want included in these pages which will help you to gain a knowledge of dramatic art. And more power to the dramatic clubs. Tell me how you're getting on and let me help you with your productions whenever you need me. Address: Katherine Albert, MODERN SCREEN Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. And remember that self-addressed, stamped envelope.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW

—yet 8 out of 10 don't

EVERY woman should recognize this fact: Nothing ages the face more than *the wrong powder, crudely put on*. Often it adds 5 to 10 years.

Every woman should know how to powder, yet many don't. And all should know about one ultra-modern powder that actually subtracts years, giving the complexion a youthful, fresh glow that is adorable—natural. It is superior because of an exclusive process—*it's stratified* (rolled into tiny, clinging wafers). Hence no grit. Its delicate texture blends softly into the skin, lasts infinitely longer—conceals pores, but cannot enlarge them.

The name of this sensational new powder that is being welcomed all over the country is **SOFT-TONE Mello-glo**, so flattering and youthifying.

It meets the latest French vogue of *powdering to look un-powdered*, now widely advocated by American beauty experts. It stands the severest "close-up" inspection—flat and shineless—as your mirror will agree.

The new **SOFT-TONE Mello-glo** is presented in five flattering shades, caressingly perfumed, 50c and \$1. Buy a box today. See how quickly this super-powder makes you look younger, more natural.

NOTE: To obtain the new **SOFT-TONE Mello-glo**, you *must* ask for the gold box with the *blue edge*, which distinguishes it from our Facial-tone Mello-glo (Heavy) in gold box with *white edge*.



New SOFT-TONE MELLO-GLO

the close-up powder that gives an UN-powdered look

AT ALL 10¢ COUNTERS



THE
NEW
VOGUE
IN
POWDERING

Free

The first and only book on powdering, entitled "The New Vogue in Powdering." It shows how to look your best. The Beauty Editor of *Vogue* calls it, "An utterly new technique of powdering called Mello-glo Modeling." How to attain the complexion effect all men adore. How to accent or reduce the nose or chin, etc. How to mold your face. *You* can become the mistress of the fine art of proper powdering. Merely mail coupon for free book.

The Mello-glo Co., Boston, Mass. M-5-35

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

For a generous package (not a sample) of new Soft-tone Mello-glo, enclose 10c, checking shade you wish:

☐ Ivory ☐ Flesh ☐ Natural ☐ Rachel ☐ Brunette.

FO bottle's new design
Is my idea of something
fine!



CREME POLISH
AND
CREME POLISH
REMOVER

Cuticle Remover
Polish Remover
Oily Polish
Remover

At all 10c stores



6 Shades of
Clear Polish
and
Creme Polish

Colorless
Natural
Rose
Coral
Ruby
Deep

Ft. Orange Chemical Co., Albany, N.Y.

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 17)

part a healthy circulation plays in the acquiring of a glowing, petal-smooth skin. I asked Madge what she used for cleansing her skin, and I kept my fingers crossed until she said cleansing cream and soap and a complexion brush. Her skin was so radiant that I would almost have been willing to wager that she used all three of the cleansing aids, with especial stress on the complexion brush in the interests of a vital, vigorous circulation. She uses a small brush with a rotary motion which gives her grand facial exercise. Of course, she gets plenty of sunshine and fresh air tonic, and outdoor exercise, too. She loves to swim and ride, and the beaches and bridle paths see her often. Perfect health always reflects itself in one's complexion.

Most of us aren't fortunate enough to have the California sunshine, and the opportunity for swimming and riding. However, now that spring is here, we can all plan some sort of definite exercise program, even if it's only walking and "a daily dozen" exercising. I'll help you if you'll write me. The exercises I give you are selected from those recommended by the finest physical culture authorities in this country.

DEAR Miss Biddle: I'm desperate. What CAN I do about my complexion?" That's the theme song of many a letter that you write me. I think that in some cases the best possible complexion aid that I could suggest would be an electric shock every time you reach for candy, or another piece of cake, or any form of heavy pastry. Or maybe a more sugar-coated method would be to pretend you're a Madge Evans who honestly doesn't care for sweets of any kind. She really doesn't. Even as a child, she wasn't susceptible to candy bribes. And if you're susceptible to a good complexion bribe, you'll swear off too many sweets.

Madge is fortunate enough to have been born with naturally curly hair, but she has worked hard at keeping it lovely. That's a mighty valuable point for mothers to consider. As a matter of fact, the rules for children's hair health and beauty are the same as for grown-ups: plenty of sunshine and fresh air, frequent shampooing, and brushing, brushing, brushing. If more children acquired the hair-brush habit along with the toothbrush habit, there'd be a lot more crowning glories all along the line. Brushing helps to cultivate the natural wave in one's hair. Oh, I know you've heard that be-

fore but I doubt whether you've tried it. If you or your daughter have a tendency to naturally wavy hair, you can brush that tendency right into a stubborn curling streak. I've found the very hairbrush to do it, which I'll be glad to tell you about upon your request.

The other day I received a letter from a reader saying that she had naturally wavy hair on top, but that the ends and the back part refused to curl. She wanted to know if she should resort to a permanent. Well, if she did, she might ruin her natural wave; and it seems to me that with the many excellent waving lotions we have on the market, and the type of curlers that are not only effective, but comfortable to sleep on at night, we have the right solution for the treatment of partially wavy hair.

I have set myself to work to outline some common sense, strictly practical advice for you on "what to do about your hair." I've gone over my experiences and studies of the past years; I've interviewed outstanding hair and scalp specialists; and I've put down in black and white the gist of what you can do for your hair if it's too oily or too dry or too drab . . . or you name it! What's your trouble? I have this information available for you in multigraphed form, and it's yours for the asking and a stamped, self-addressed envelope. And, as usual, I'm at your service to help you with any other beauty problems that confront you. And a Happy Easter to you!

Mary Biddle,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me your advice on the care of the hair. My hair is:

Too oily.....
Too dry.....
Dull and drab.....
Streaked with gray.....

Name.....

Address.....
Street

City..... State

(Just check the coupon and send it in with stamped, self-addressed envelope.)

The Woman in His Life

(Continued from page 33)

break apart. But my religion forbids divorce. Marriage, I have been taught, is a holy thing. That is why, in Europe, we frown upon divorce and yet you will find that love is given full opportunity despite the restrictions of marriage and convention."

I saw a strange cloud pass across his face. Written upon his features was a curious emotion which I was then unable to read. There was a long silence.

At last he said, "I know what it is to love and to find that love handicapped because convention looks askance upon

romance when the loved one is married."

And then the story—or as much of the story as Tullio could tell—poured out. And I realized the greatness of that love, or Tullio could not be so content with the few crumbs tossed him.

He met her many years ago. She was beautiful, gracious, charming. At that time Tullio was in the throes of discouragements and disappointments. He thought his career was going badly. He was afraid that he would never be the actor his ambition told him he might be. It was during that troubled time that he

met her, and she with her great woman's wisdom helped him over his doubts and fears, advised him and helped him with his career. And he fell in love with her.

KNOWING she was married, Tullio was determined that he would not mention his love to her. And then he began to know—not through words, but through those slight gestures, the turn of her head, the interest in her eyes, all those mystic encounters apparent only to the lover—that she loved him, too.

For months they did not speak, but when they met their eyes told each other what they dared not say. And then at last they could refrain from a declaration of love no longer.

When this tremendous fact was at last shared by them they talked it over as calmly as two people desperately in love can talk to each other. Her religion and Tullio's forbade divorce. They were destined, they knew, to be victimized by unrequited love. There was no other way, but their affection is so great that it lasts on and on.

She is of high birth. Her name and reputation must remain beyond reproach. So when, for a few brief moments, they meet there is always a chaperon present.

"Occasionally I write to her. And sometimes, she will reply," Tullio said. "I see her when I am abroad or when she is here. But at all times I know and realize that she loves me and that some day, some time, I will be able to go to her, to acknowledge to the world that she is the one woman I love.

"And this explains why I am content to live here, alone, happy in those few days when she comes to America or when I can go to Europe to see her."

Although I cannot tell you her name I can reveal this much. She has a title. Her husband is an important dignitary and she is widely known abroad for her kindness and her many charities.

This calm acceptance of the marriage code on Tullio's part, this bowing to a convention when he is so obviously and deeply in love amazed me. He is a fiery, vivid Dalmatian. How is it possible, then, for him to sit back quietly knowing that the woman he loves is married to another?

CONVENTION forbids a divorce. In certain European circles, you see, society will condone an occasional indiscretion, but it will not forgive divorce. Yet here society will forgive divorce and chastise the indiscreet.

"That is why I cannot understand Hollywood. I feel that divorce is too free, much too easy. Somehow, despite an occasional slip from the path of convention, I feel that marriage is too beautiful a thing to be broken easily.

"And my personal case has nothing to do with my views. A marriage, perhaps, may be easily broken when there are no children or close ties, other than the enforced intimacy of living together. But when there are children, the family becomes important.

"Unless the parents are so temperamentally unbalanced as to make their lives together most difficult they should forget occasional differences and adjust themselves to furthering the happiness of their children. That, to me, is most important. If they then wish to find love elsewhere, they can do so. They can still be happy in their home life and find the need for romance satisfied elsewhere. That is not indiscretion—that is common sense."

"And this woman you love? When will you see her again?" I asked

He shrugged his shoulders. His is a great patience. "I do not know," he said, "but when I do we will know what we

FREDERICS 50% COOLER PERMANENT WAVE



FLORENCE RICE
Columbia Pictures

HAD A HUNDRED MOODS

OUT on the tennis court . . . basking on the sands! Always so different . . . always so adorable . . . but he didn't know it was her softly waved hair . . . glistening and tossing willfully in the breezes . . . never needing primping or dressing . . . that won his heart.

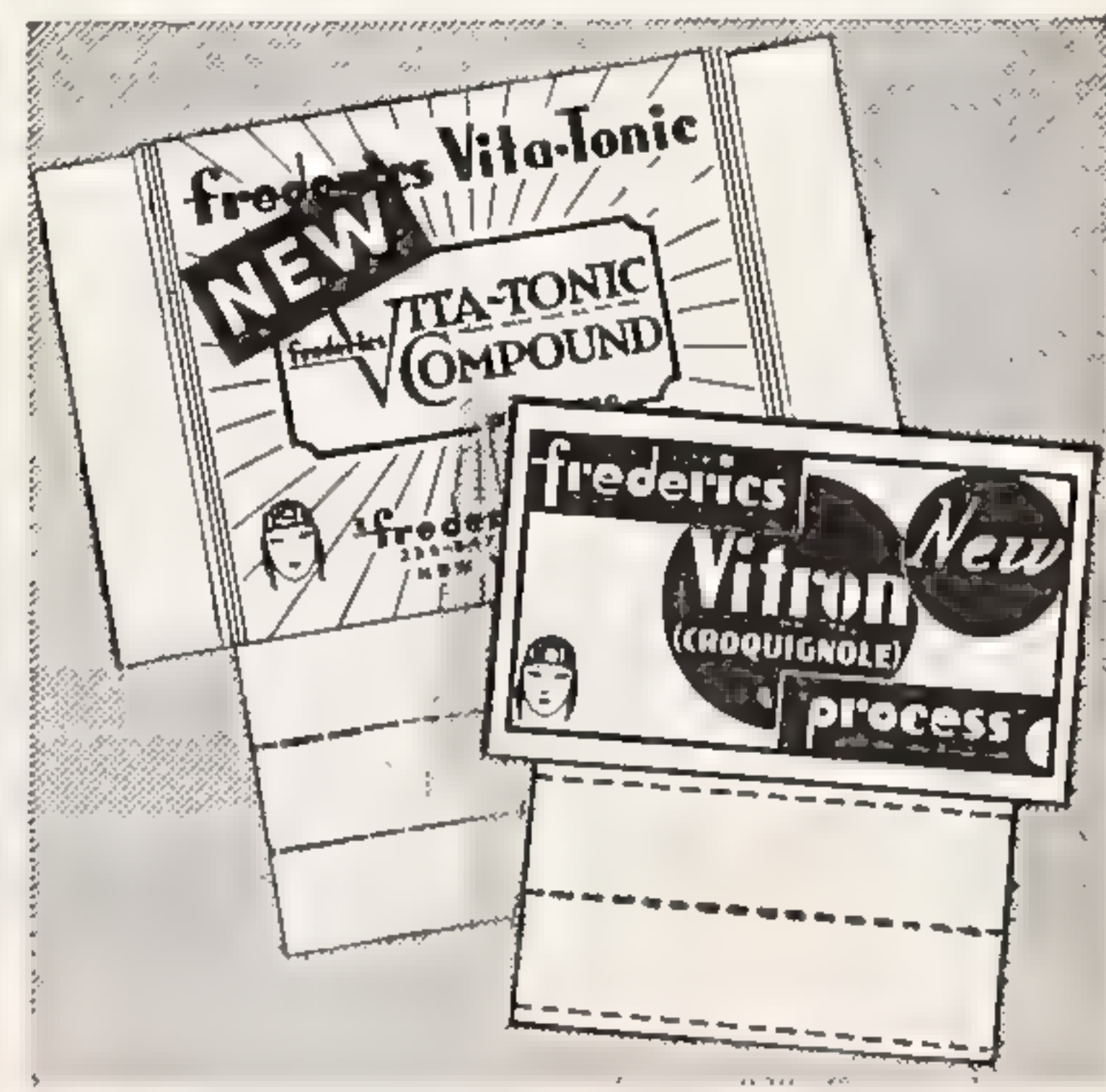
Many a girl has made her own romance . . . and "captured her man" by simply having a FREDERICS Vita Tonic or Vitron Permanent Wave. So natural, so beautiful, and so easily adaptable to every modern type of coiffure. And now, there's the new discovery that makes it possible to really enjoy this beautifying process. *It's the new . . .*

50% COOLER FREDERICS PERMANENT WAVE

where discomfort is entirely eliminated by the exclusive Frederics Thermostatically Controlled permanent waving machine, and a newly Developed Vita Tonic and Vitron Process that keeps the hair soft and moist throughout the entire moulding process. White, dyed, bleached, and hard-to-wave hair may be successfully waved by this new 50% COOLER process. *Look for these Wrappers*

frederics inc.
VITA-TONIC AND VITRON
Permanent Waves

FOR YOUR PROTECTION—patronize only authorized FREDERICS shops, which display Frederics Franchise. This guarantees the use of the Frederics machine, and Genuine Frederics wrappers and lotions.



E. FREDERICS, Inc., Dept. MM5, 235-247 East 45th Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me free booklet and list of Authorized Frederics Franchise salons.

Name Address
City State



Do You have Trouble Making Your MAKE-UP STAY ON?

NO DOUBT about it... it's a perfect nuisance having to apply fresh make-up a half-dozen times a day. And yet, what are you going to do when your powder *won't* stay on and your rouge and lipstick fade away?

You'll never have to put up with that sort of thing when you use **OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Aids**. For each of these preparations is made with a base of *pure olive oil*... an ingredient which not only enables your make-up to go on more smoothly, but to *stay on* longer.

OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Beauty Aids do more than merely beautify your complexion. They *protect* it, too! **OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder** guards the skin from the drying effects of wind and weather—keeps it soft, smooth and supple. Yet this powder is light and airy in texture. It never “cakes” or clogs the pores.

OUTDOOR GIRL Rouge and Lipstick protect cheeks and lips from cracking and chapping. Make your complexion come *alive* with youthful coloring and beauty.

Whether you are a blonde, brunette or titian-haired, you can be sure that regardless of the shade of **OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder** you choose, you will find an **OUTDOOR GIRL Rouge and Lipstick** of the *same tonal quality*... to blend with your own complexion and to provide a perfect Make-up Color Ensemble.

At leading drug and department stores for only 55c. Also in handy trial sizes at your favorite ten-cent store. Mail the coupon for liberal samples.

TUNE IN—SATURDAYS, 7:30 P. M., E. D. S. T.
“The Outdoor Girl Beauty Parade”
Over the Columbia Broadcasting System

**OUTDOOR GIRL
OLIVE OIL BEAUTY AIDS**

CRYSTAL CORPORATION, DEPT. 9 E
Willis Avenue, New York City

I enclose 10c. Please send me liberal trial packages of **OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick**. My complexion is Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark ☐.

Name

Address

City State

have always known. She will still love me and I will feel toward her exactly as I did when I first met her.”

So, even though they meet so seldom, even though there are only occasional letters, she is a part of his life. She is the keeper of his heart. He can go on year after year alone because he knows that

they have a love which “passeth understanding.”

And I wonder if, when Tullio enfolds some glamorous screen star in his arms as the cameras click before them, the star ceases to exist and in her stead he imagines that he is holding the beautiful, titled, glamorous woman he loves.

Six Months in Hell

(Continued from page 57)

maestro and throat specialist for the Metropolitan. Grace had always dreamed of coming under the tutelage of this man who had coached Caruso, Scotti, Mary Garden, and so many other great ones. And now this country girl waited in his office with a voice that couldn't speak.

But her eyes begged. There was nothing, the girl informed her, that she could do. The doctor's time was completely booked. He couldn't spare a moment for the next three days.

Three days! Grace scrawled a note to ask if she could wait in the outer office. He might have just one spare moment for her.

The girl tapped her on the shoulder. It was time to close the office. Grace clutched the collar of her coat about her throat and trudged home.

Next morning she was back. Another long weary day of waiting. But she was more resigned now. She didn't jump nervously every time footsteps approached close to the door inside of the studio office. The doctor, she was told, always came and went by another entrance.

On the afternoon of the third day, the information girl did something that almost cost her her job. New to the position, she was naturally fearful lest she do something to cause the disfavor of her temperamental boss. The sight of that silent young lady sitting there hour after hour finally became too much. She marched into the studio and asked Dr. Marafioti to see the persistent woman.

Afterwards, Dr. Marafioti upbraided her mercilessly for not telling him about her before.

There is nothing so touching as eyes lifted up to receive a verdict that may mean life or death. Dr. Marafioti's wooden expression didn't relax. He stared for long minutes into her throat. Then he straightened up, took off his headlight, carefully laid aside the laryngeal mirror, and drew up a chair and sat down.

THERE is just one chance in a thousand,” he growled, “that you can ever sing again.”

A clock ticked in the cold silence. The brave smile that suddenly froze on Grace's lips was more tragic than a flood of tears.

“One chance in a thousand,” the accented voice droned on. “And you'll never take it.”

Grace had no need of language to ask the next question. The reply was brief.

“Absolute silence. You must not even whisper for the next six months.”

Gretchen Smidt was the faithful companion and housekeeper for a courageous young lady who didn't utter a sound for six long months. These two women lived alone on Petite Beouf Island, one of the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence River.

It is there that Grace Moore went on the second day after leaving the doctor's studio. Her gypsy feet insisted that she go some place where she had never been

before. She wired home for funds, secured a housekeeper, packed a few things, and caught the train.

It was a lonely spot. But for Grace it is rich in memories. It is there that she made the acquaintance of one who, for lack of a better term, we might call her spiritual affinity. But this is getting ahead of our story.

IT was bitterly cold. At night she would lie in her bed listening to the gentle lapping of water against the pebbles on the shore and the symphony of the wind in the pines. It was the language of nature that her sensitive ear understood. But at first, on those nights, she would suddenly start up in a cold sweat. One chance in a thousand! What if she never regained her voice? What if this sacrifice proved in vain?

Dr. Marafioti had pronounced it a temporary paralysis brought on by overstraining her vocal cords. She had been singing the wrong sort of way. The question was, would they ever come back to normal?

This uncertainty constantly plagued her mind and clutched icy fingers about her heart, but she became accustomed even to that. So she played the piano, and trudged about her tiny domain in the snow, studied her French, and read the novels she had brought along.

It was in a French novel that she met her—that phantom creature from long ago who was thereafter destined to be her intimate companion in so many solitary moments of her life. Philomela was the daughter of a legendary king of ancient Greece. Her beauty and charm made her beloved by every young man of the kingdom. Her sisters, in a fit of jealousy, poked out her eyes. But this did not alter her disposition and the magic of her voice still held sway over the hearts of men. The sisters hired slaves to tear out her tongue. Zeus, looking down from Olympus, took pity on the girl and changed her into a nightingale. Thereafter she sang to lovers as they whispered at night.

Back in the deafening rush and roar of New York, Grace Moore sped to the studio of Dr. Marafioti. Her first words were: “I did it.” Then she wept.

“I knew immediately,” Dr. Marafioti told me a few days ago, “that anyone who had the courage and determination to go through an ordeal like that was bound to be famous.”

Grace was overjoyed when the great maestro insisted that she become his pupil. They worked easily. He had her sing naturally, without effort. The luminous carpet of fame gradually unfolded before her feet to lead from triumph to triumph. The crown of thorns was changed for a crown of laurel.

But there, high up at her penthouse party, that look of tragic amusement brought back, I fancy, the shades of that princess from long ago. She seems to smile when people are happy.

You Ought To Be in Pictures

(Continued from page 63)

to meet the director of the picture. What a cinch I thought. Is this all there is to breaking into the movies? Two days in Hollywood and already on my way to big things. Why didn't I come out here sooner?

But (my first *but*) when I met the director I was not the type he was looking for. This staggered me a bit, but I took it on the chin—there were other jobs. There were, no doubt, but I was never quite the type. Naturally, after a time, when the agent found he couldn't sell me, he forgot all about me.

"Oh, well," I thought, "I can find another." I did, but when they found that I had but little experience, they did not wish to handle me. It did not take me long to find out that the only reason the one agent even bothered with me at first was as a favor to my father. All right! Since no reputable agent wanted me, I'd get to the studio casting directors direct. I'd stand on my own feet. The only satisfaction I got was "I'll keep you in mind, Paul." What a poor memory those guys must have.

As one hope after another dwindled and faded, my fine resolve to ask no favors collapsed like a pricked balloon. I began clutching at straws.

I had the entrée—through my father—to almost anyone in Hollywood I wanted to see. Not only casting directors but writers, directors, producers. A lot of good it did me. I've almost come to the conclusion that "pull" hinders more than it helps.

Finally, against Dad's advice, I managed to secure some extra work. I was convinced, in my own mind, that if I watched every scene being made, instead of playing bridge or gossiping as most extras do, the directors would notice me and wonder who the boy was who was so determined to learn the technique of picture-making and acting. It didn't take me long, however, to discover that although I learned something by watching



"Don't look now, but who is that?" Maybe that's what Elsa Lanchester Laughton is saying to husband, Charles!

The extracts below are quoted from authentic testimonials, the originals of which are in our files and free to inspection.



FIRST DAY

"... Formerly my hair was thin and straggling



TENTH DAY

"... But thanks to your excellent comb, my hair is now soft, wavy and beautiful" M. H.



FIRST DAY

"... am now 49 years old. Already at about thirty my hair started to get gray, especially at the temples, and during the last years it has become quite gray.

TENTH DAY



"... but in spite of the short time I have been using your comb, I must say that the result is wonderful. This comb certainly does all that your advertisements promise and MORE. My hair is a lot darker already, also a quantity of new, dark hair is coming forth. The time given by you for testing is ample, because already after 4 or 5 days the effect of the comb is obvious to anybody." C. M. L.

Sold in New York at Leading Department Stores

Manufactured Exclusively By G. LINDHOLM CO. 607 Bergen Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

GUARANTEE COUPON

Please send me the Evans Electric Comb I have checked, in plain package, with full instructions and ready for use. I will deposit with the postman the amount indicated, plus few cents postage.

- ☐ Evans Electric Comb, Standard model, at \$3.25 complete.
☐ Evans Electric Comb, gold plated deluxe model, \$5.00 complete.

Under guarantee—you undertake to return my money if I send the comb back within seven days and say I am not satisfied with the results. This is an absolute condition of my order.

1,000,000 in daily use by men and women throughout Europe



----- THAT CAN DO WONDERS FOR YOUR HAIR!

Here is the new great sensation of the world, EVANS ELECTRIC COMB, the "Live" Comb which has such a remarkable power of stimulating the hair—in fact, of giving new life to the hair roots. The gentle electric current in the Evans Comb acts upon the hair as water on parched plants, thus stimulating the hair roots to renewed activity.

Here are the results reported by delighted users:

IN MANY CASES OF PREMATURE BALD SPOTS the condition has improved as through a miracle.

DRY, DULL HAIR GAINED NEW LIFE; became wonderfully lustrous.

STRAIGHT AND THIN HAIR gets thick ... glistening ... soft ... wavy. ...

DANDRUFF AND FALLING HAIR have been checked in a few days. You and your friends will be equally surprised at the health and beauty of your hair.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! This is perhaps your comment on reading the above claims, but we have received thousands of letters which prove that Evans Comb really has worked wonders. European specialists explain this miraculous phenomena thus:—that the gentle, shockless electric current passing from the battery through the teeth of the comb to your hair and scalp is able to reach the weakened hair roots—literally pouring its life-giving energy over them, waking them up and stimulating them. Over one million Evans Electric Combs are now being used by men and women all over the world. The electric current is generated by a battery concealed in the handle of the comb. NO SHOCKS—NO SPARKS. You cannot feel the current, but if you put a pocket lamp bulb against the teeth you will see it light up. The battery lasts several months—spare battery costs only a few cents. Thus at a cost of only about 5c a month you get a hair treatment which otherwise would cost you hundreds of dollars per year.

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS—HUNDREDS OF OTHERS

The original letters from which the extracts below are taken, were sent to us voluntarily and are in our files. A reward is offered to anyone who can prove that any of these letters are not genuine.

"... I have recommended your comb to friends and acquaintances as an expression of my great satisfaction." (Signed Dr. M. K.)

"... My hair, which was formerly thin, has now grown thick and beautifully glossy. I recommend the comb to everybody who wants to have beautiful hair." (Signed M. W.)

"... I had formerly rough, thin hair, with dandruff, but after a few days only, I was free from this, and after further treatment I got healthy and soft hair, which was beautifully wavy." (Signed A. L.)

This is to certify that the foregoing in extract is true and correct.

By office: *Charles Laughton*
NOTARY PUBLIC

Do you want your hair more beautiful ... healthier ... better ... then don't delay in obtaining the EVANS ELECTRIC COMB. Use it for seven days and if you are not satisfied in every way with improvement in your hair, just mail it back to us, and we will immediately refund your money. If you are not thoroughly convinced of what this new invention can do for your hair it has not cost you a cent to try it.

Money back if not satisfied! CUT NOW

Mail This Coupon at Once to G. LINDHOLM CO.

Dept. MG-5, 607 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

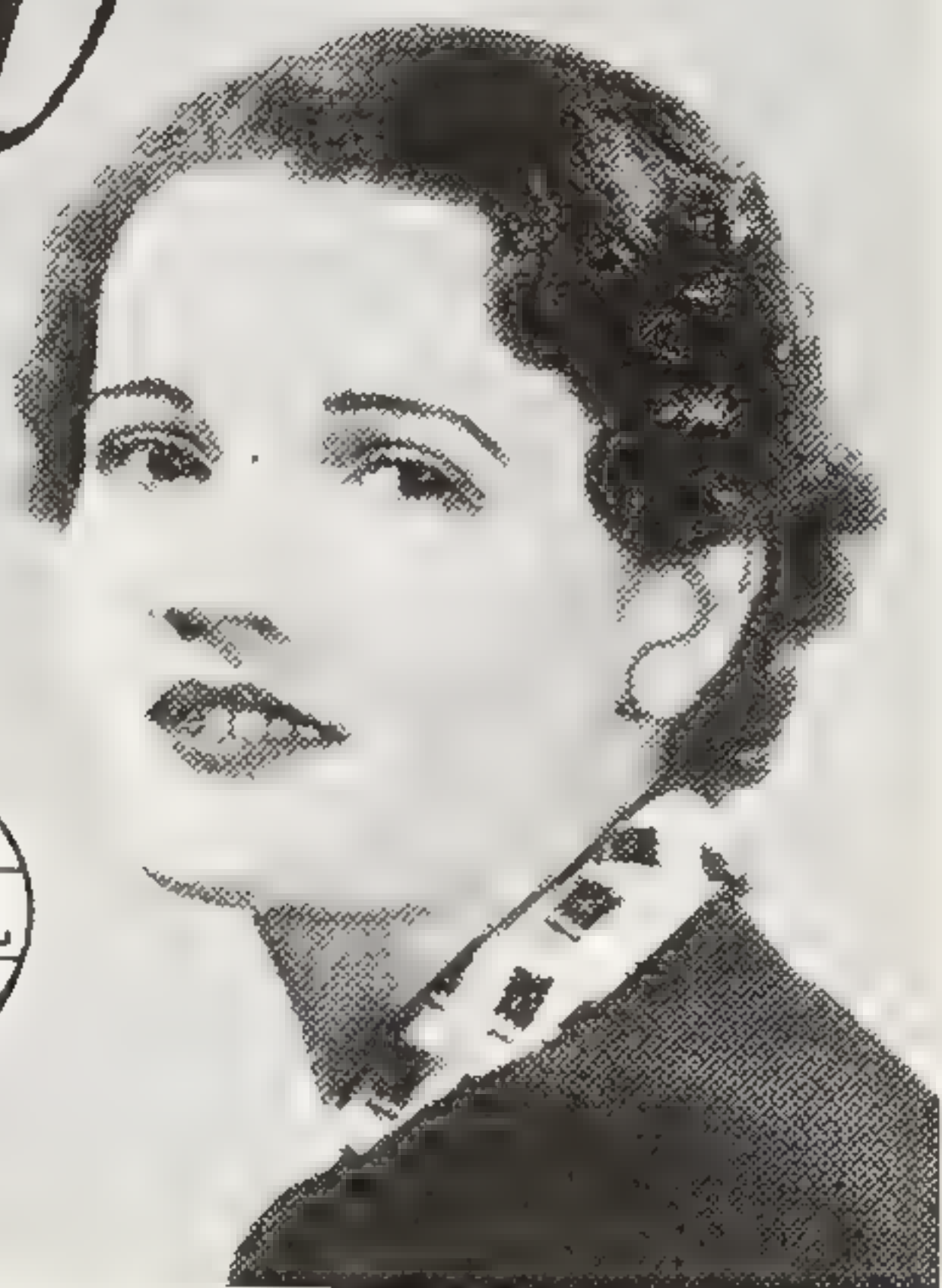
NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

☐ Check here if you prefer to send money with coupon, thus saving postage. Same guarantee applies, of course. Outside of U. S. A. cash with order

*The old fear
gone—forever!*



Some women still suffer regularly; martyrs to the time of month.

Others have put this martyrdom behind them. The days they used to dread are just a memory. They approach this time without any fear. They pass it without the old discomfort.

Midol has made periodic pain a thing of the past for many, many women.

"Oh, yes," say some who have read about it, and heard about it, "but my suffering is so severe, and I've tried so many things that didn't help! Midol may not end all the pain for me."

True, there are women who are not relieved of every trace of pain when they take these tablets. But they get such a large measure of relief that they are quite comfortable in comparison. And the comfort is not momentary, not an interlude, but sustained comfort from the start.

The best time to begin with Midol is before any discomfort is felt. You may escape all pain. You are sure to have an easier time. The action of this medicine is effective for hours, and two tablets should see you through your worst day.

Why postpone this comfort another month? One reason some women still hesitate to try Midol is their doubt of its being as effective as advertised. Doubters should just ask anyone who has tried it! Another reason for hesitating to take these tablets is the fear that Midol may be a narcotic. It is not.

The next time you are in a drug store, pick up a package of Midol. You'll find it on the counter. If not, just ask for Midol.

the stars work; the directors were also busy watching them and never even knew I was on the lot.

I had been told, over and over again, to "get into a show, let 'em see what you can do, that's the only chance a beginner has to land a movie job." There are plenty of shows produced both in Hollywood and Los Angeles and they are considered the ideal "show windows" for movie engagements. I was off on a new track. I didn't overlook a chance. Dramatic agents, leads from friends, rumors, ads from papers. And it was here my fun really began. Ten cheap rackets to one legitimate proposition.

"Casting for Musical Comedy. Wanted: actors, singers and dancers." From a local newspaper.

I WENT to the address designated. Their well-furnished offices were staffed with courteous attendants to disarm the "suckers." The agent was sure I was just the type they were looking for—I have since found out that everybody is. The salary was satisfactory. He also informed me they were negotiating with a prominent movie star for the leading role.

Later, when I returned to meet the producer of the show, I found them making the selections for show girls. There must have been at least seventy-five of them. Many were pretty enough for any musical but some were not so hot. I noticed, however, that none of them were rejected.

My interview with the producer was most satisfactory. The job was mine. He now explained to the entire cast of at least one hundred, that the show was a patriotic musical extravaganza, backed by an angel with unlimited money and sanctioned by the United States government as propaganda for the Naval Air Corps. Rehearsals would start in two weeks.

We were warned, under no conditions, to speak of the show to anyone. They wanted no publicity until they were ready to release their own. I couldn't quite see the reason of this secrecy, but the mention of the U. S. Naval Air Corps gave it an authentic ring. I had a job.

The two weeks finally dragged by, and I received my rehearsal call on the phone and would I please come down that evening to sign the contract. Would I? Rather.

In relays of six, we were ushered into the presence of the producer and the agent. The agent had given up his office and had become business manager for the show. Swell, I thought. If a man will give up a well-established business to manage a show, it must be going places.

We were told that the show would open in Seattle in six weeks, but (our old friend "but") the "angel" had died since our last interview. The producer's own funds were in liquidation and, rather than postpone the opening or allow an outsider to buy into a sure gold mine, and so on; here was his proposition: For \$10.00 we could each buy a share in the show. This money was to be used to finance the rehearsals and fares to the opening, and which would be returned to us after that opening. In other words the show was ours until it made money.

A number fell for it. I didn't commit myself, but when I got home and figured that at \$10.00 a throw for, say, one hundred people he'd realize approximately a "grand," I took off my hat to his pretty little racket but kept my hand in my pocket.

The show never opened. Later I met the "prominent movie star." She had never heard of it. But a month later I saw another ad of theirs with a new address and the ball no doubt started rolling again.

A LITTLE more suspicious and, like Oliver Twist ready to come back for more, I started off again. A friend told me that a certain manager was casting a new show and looking for a juvenile. Hot on the scent, I lost no time in getting to the manager's office. I was welcomed into the gentleman's private office and, maybe you've guessed it, proved to be the type he was looking for. In fact, the job was mine, but, "would I mind returning later to read the part for the backer?" Of course, I had no objection.

The following evening I returned, but discovered it was a general reading and I was not the only one to read "my part." My surprised look was answered with the whispered reassurance that this was only a matter of form. I read "satisfactorily" and the job was mine.

On being told to report for rehearsals the next week I asked if I could have a copy of my part so as to study it meanwhile. Gladly, only a few minor changes were being made in the manuscript and the clean copies wouldn't be ready for a while.

I accepted the explanation and reported for rehearsals when called. I found the room crowded with aspirants, surely the cast wasn't that large. I soon found out. There were at least six for each role, and before being given our typed "parts" it was explained that they had lost so many copies in the past that it was necessary to charge a nominal sum for them. Not much, just \$2.50 to cover the cost of paper and typing. When you figure one hundred applicants at \$2.50 each it means \$250. Chicken feed, maybe, but not bad for five days work. Racket Number 2.

So much for the alleged producer. How about the shyster agent? He also comes in for his cuts. He is entitled to 10 per cent of your salary as a commission. On small jobs this naturally wouldn't net him much but he has his ace in the hole, too. He confidentially informs you that he knows of a certain job that so and so (another agent) is filling, but that that agent has no one on his list of actors suitable for the part. Now, "I'll land it for you, but, of course, so and so (the other agent) must have his 10 per cent, too." You fall because you want the job.

Of course, there is no other agent involved at all and he quietly takes 20 per cent. There are cases I've met where more than two supposed agents are involved and though the job pays \$25.00 per day, by the time you've paid three or four 10 per cents, car fare is about all you have left. But the eternal hope that it will "lead to something better" always brings you up smiling and ready for more.

And how about the cheap movie producer? Well—here's one racket I encountered. I heard that a small independent motion picture company was interviewing young people for a series of Collegiate Shorts. Being somewhat of the accepted "collegiate" type I figured here was a job up my alley. I went to their offices which looked to be more or less of a temporary nature. There was no difficulty about seeing the casting director. Oh, yes! I was the type all right. Would I bring a few photos of myself to show the producer? Yes indeed I would—and did.

He thought them "quite fair BUT," but he was most anxious that I get the part, and to clinch it with the producer, advised my having new ones taken in poses characteristic of the part wanted. It was very fortunate that they had on their lot a photographer who knew just what was

needed. He could get him at a very cheap price, since he would take them in the evening outside of his regular hours, at \$8.00 a dozen.

I did some rapid thinking. Why jeopardize my chances of landing the job for want of proper photos? I made the appointment for the following evening and thanked him for putting me wise.

WHEN I got on to the studio stage, where the pictures were to be taken, I found a mob of collegians and co-eds there, in fact, it looked like a sophomore prom. I did some calculation (I was always figuring)—75 sophomores at \$8.00 per throw, not bad. I decided to wait for the senior prom!

Later, I had a chance to compare notes with one of the fair co-eds, who had fallen for it, and all she had to show for her eight dollars were twelve "photomaton" pictures—but no job. The company "postponed production."

One day a friend of mine suggested that there was still one avenue open to me which in many cases had led right up to and through the studio doors—it was radio! An idea! I had often been told and I believed it, that I had a good speaking voice. I took up the scent. Again the old ad appeared in the paper. "Wanted. Talented young radio performers. Must be exceptionally good."

We all know that we are exceptionally good. My first interview with the casting director was most cordial, almost gushing. I wasn't told "just the type" but a variation of the gag—"A radio personality if I ever saw one."

He outlined the proposition to me: "We are organizing a company of talented players to present thirty-minute sketches over a coast network. These programs will be sponsored by (here he mentioned the name of a reputable manufacturing concern) and the first three are in the nature of a trial. If satisfactory to the sponsor, they will contract the program for a year. Naturally, we are not paid for these preliminary broadcasts; but I can tell you that with the plays we have outlined, that contract is as good as signed now. I have you in mind for the juvenile lead."

The company was to be made up of "new voices" (that's what is wanted) and the lack of experience was no handicap since he had engaged a well-known radio dramatic director to rehearse the people. But—this director was a high-priced man, and so he was obliged to charge each applicant \$2.50 a rehearsal. This rehearsal period was to last from three to five weeks. When I asked him if he would give me a contract, he replied that there was no question in his mind that of all the applicants I was the man he wanted, still as a matter of form he would have to allow a few others to rehearse. Here was the same old game. I bowed out.

I heard the sequel to this a few months later. They did rehearse—some thirty of them. They did have an audition on some small, out-of-the-way station. The time probably had been only too gladly given the producer to break the monotony of the regular twelve-hour phonograph record broadcasts. Whether the "sponsor" listened in will always be in doubt, but the producer announced that the contract was pending. It still is. I got my trusty pencil again—thirty people, two rehearsals a week at \$2.50 per for five weeks equals \$750. Not big but not bad.

The count on me by this time was somewhere around nine but I came up for one more blow before my knees buckled. This ad merely said, "Wanted. Radio Performers." The very brevity of it seemed to guarantee professional stability. I was



Pay no attention to them .. get the real facts yourself

JUST as though it were about something of slight importance, this tossing back and forth of hearsay goes on and on—among women. "Hearsay" or "misinformation," which is it? The two words are really synonymous when this most serious subject of feminine hygiene is being discussed. Don't pay any attention to all the worthless talk. Here are the real facts.

There has been a sweeping change in the whole idea of feminine hygiene. Many women, otherwise modern, are surprisingly unaware of this. The change is in the *antiseptic*.

Zonite is safe and strong

In the field of antiseptics there is an improvement which is breathtaking in its benefit to women. Do you know *Zonite*? This remarkable antiseptic-germicide is as gentle as pure water upon the human tissues. And *it is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be safely allowed on the human body.*

A generation ago it would have seemed incredible that an antiseptic like *Zonite* could exist. In those days the only germicides powerful enough for feminine hygiene were caustic and poisonous. Yet here is this marvelous *Zonite* now available to every woman in America!

Zonite is strong and Zonite is safe.

Zonite will never harm any woman, never cause any damage to sensitive tissues, never leave an area of scar tissue. On the contrary, *Zonite* is gentle and soothing in its action. Sold at all drug stores, in bottles, at 30¢, 60¢ and \$1.00.

Zonite Suppositories Also Sold

Zonite also comes in semi-solid forms called *Zonite Suppositories* and your druggist has these for sale, at \$1.00 for a box of a dozen. *Zonite Suppositories* are dainty, white and greaseless. Each is hygienically sealed in its own glass vial.

Get the booklet, "Facts for Women." It has information of great value to women given in more detail than is possible here. Read this booklet. Pass it on to other women. It contains real facts. Mail coupon below.



ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below. MM-55

☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name.....
(Please print name)

Address.....

City..... State.....
(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P. Q.)



Have you wormed your dog lately? Worms kill thousands of dogs. All puppies and dogs should be wormed regularly. For safe, sure results use SERGEANT'S PUPPY CAPSULES for worms in pups; SERGEANT'S SURE-SHOT CAPSULES for older dogs. Sold by druggists and pet shops everywhere.

Write for Free Dog Book » » »

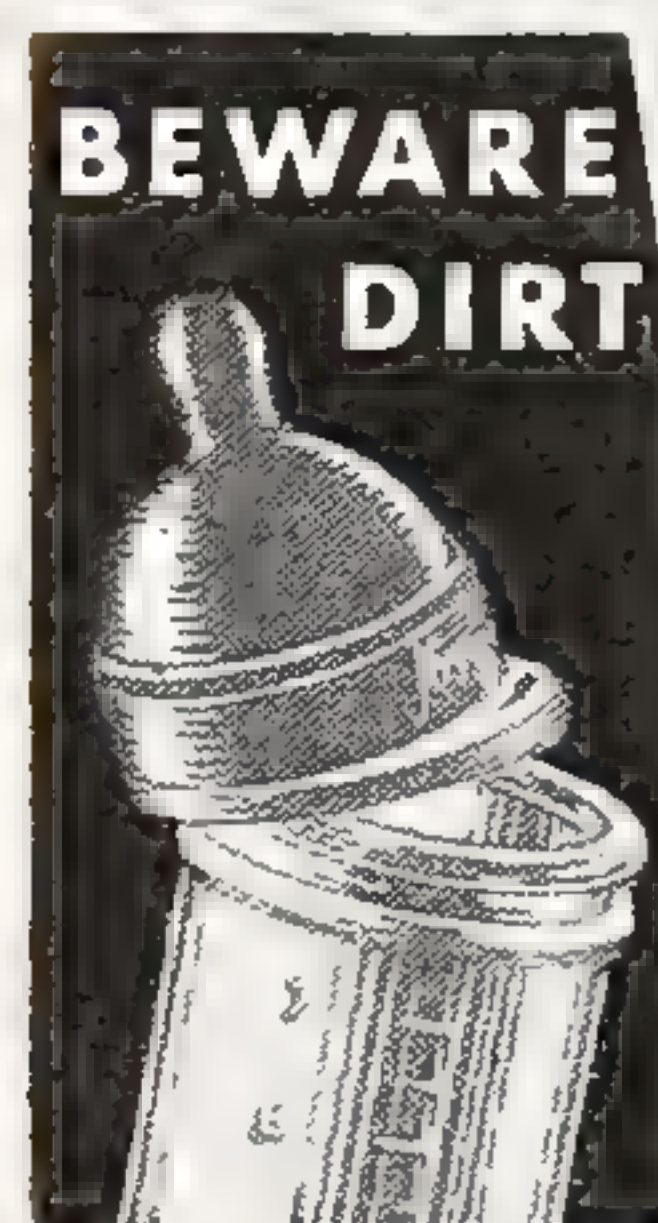
Do you know the symptoms of worms and the many diseases to which your dog may fall prey? Do you know how to feed your dog to keep him well and strong? Do you know how to train your dog to be well-behaved and obedient? Give your dog the benefit of expert care. It is yours for the asking. All this information, and much more is yours in the famous "SERGEANT'S DOG BOOK." 46 pages and many illustrations. All you have to do to get it is to send us your name. It may save your dog's life. Write at once.

EXPERT ADVICE FREE. Our own veterinarian will gladly advise you about your dog's health. Write fully, stating all symptoms and the age, breed and sex of your dog. There is no charge.

For Free Book or Advice, Address
POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORPORATION
1965 W. Broad Street
Richmond, Virginia

Sergeant's

DOG MEDICINES



This nipple does not become porous

Made of soft moulded rubber. Food cannot become imbedded in the walls, even after constant use. These bottles too, are safer. Wide mouthed, easy to clean.

HYGEIA

The Safe Nursing Bottle

GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPO-KOLOR," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 39, 254 W. 31 St., N. Y.

REMINGTON

ONLY 10¢ A DAY FREE TYPING COURSE

Buy this beautiful brand new Remington Portable No. 5 direct from factory for only 10¢ a day! Standard 4-row keyboard, standard width carriage, margin release on keyboard, back spacer, automatic ribbon reverse—every essential feature found in standard type-writers! Carrying case, typing course free. Special 10-day free trial offer. You don't risk a cent! Write Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 140-5, 205 E. 42nd St. N. Y. C. Don't delay. Act now!



given a short audition, which was satisfactory enough to warrant a more extended one. This was to be an electrical transcription to present me to a producer assembling a program sponsored by a nationally known product. This "electrical transcription"—you've guessed it—cost \$5.00. The finished article—a 25 cent phonograph record. When I came to, the arena was empty.

What am I doing now? I'll tell you. I know I have the "sesame" to open those

mysterious studio gates. I am writing a movie scenario. There is a part in it (and one that *can't* be cut) the physical counterpart of myself—even to the extracted right molar and the plot depends on that cavity. There is only one "BUT" to this—But will they buy it? The script, I mean. They should. They can get me with it at a very small additional cost or maybe no extra cost at all. And I ought to be in pictures, oughtn't I? My friends all told me so.

Very Different, Off Screen

(Continued from page 34)

'Go away, go away, I'm too tall.' Of course, I'm still too tall but here I am."

Obviously these people, whoever they were (and probably they were the most important executives, didn't go away, for Kitty had a screen test.

"I screamed when I saw it," she said. "I mean I screamed with laughter. It was all too fantastic, my going to Hollywood. My mother. . . ."

Ah, I thought, here comes the parental objection story. It was, too, and because it had happened to Kitty it had a different angle.

They knew a lot of musicians in Paris. Kitty thought she had a voice. She took lessons with Connelli and it suddenly occurred to her that she would like to sing on the stage. She made an appointment with an impresario.

Her mother was in Paris at the time. She picked up her dainty boudoir telephone and got the impresario on the wire. "I'm calling about my daughter, Kitty," she announced. "She's conceived the most fantastic notion. She thinks she wants to go on the stage. Now when you hear her sing this morning you will, of course, tell her that she hasn't a voice and that it's quite stupid of her to persist in this bizarre idea. I can trust you?"

"I'm afraid not," the voice over the wire came back. "You see, madame, your daughter has just sung for me. And I have told her the truth—as I should have told her in any case—that hers will be a marvelous professional career."

"Poor mother," Kitty sighed, "she didn't know, of course, that all that would lead to Hollywood. She simply doesn't understand it. And it's really awfully embarrassing when she comes to the studio and my director or someone is kind enough to introduce her to the stars and she looks them straight in the face and repeats their names—sometimes incorrectly because she doesn't know who they are at all for she doesn't go to the movies."

Kitty's mother looked at the divine Marlene and said, "It is so nice to meet you, Miss Deetman," without at all meaning to be rude, but honestly not getting the name.

In Paris, on the Riviera, at St. Moritz, in Switzerland they knew plenty of celebrities, mostly great musicians. But these people, whose faces were not projected from thousands of silver screens could walk the boulevards or stroll along the beach without ever being followed by autograph seekers, without ever being mobbed by fans, yet they were great artists. Why then, both Kitty and her mother wonder, must picture people disguise themselves if they are to accomplish an hour's quiet shopping?

Kitty has slightly more ideas about it than her mother. She was born in New

Orleans and went to school there for a time and, perhaps, in school got something of the "fan" feeling.

Kitty loved watching movies and used to go in Paris, but she saw them only when they were two or three years old and only the films which could be appreciated and understood by a foreign audience. Her mother never went at all.

In Hollywood Kitty is a complete anachronism. In a town where boys and girls, men and women have struggled, have sacrificed, have worked to attain their ambitions, in Hollywood where the heart of almost every star is scarred by the pain of defeat and bitterness and disappointment—here in Hollywood is Kitty Carlisle who never had to struggle to achieve a goal and to whom stardom is not important.

SHE did work hard at her singing lessons. She studied with the best and most difficult taskmasters. And then, when she thought she was ready, she came to New York and got an agent who got her a job singing in a miniature version of "Rio Rita." It was as simple as that. And when that show closed the agent got her a job in "Champagne Sec," where she was a great success and where people were always saying, "You ought to go into pictures." Then she had a test made. Paramount gave her a contract to sign. It was as simple as that.

No struggle, no heartache, no defeats.

She giggled. Her giggle is the herald which announces her entrance on the set. "Oh, I do wish I'd been in a railroad accident, in an awful fire, where I just barely escaped with my life. I wish something had happened to me."

You see? I told you she was a nut because she thinks winters in Paris, summers on the Riviera and Paramount contracts are nothing.

"I work—oh, don't make me laugh. Honestly, I work twice as hard as if it had been difficult for me to get jobs. I feel as if I should make up for not having had to struggle for jobs. I do work at my singing—that's important. I think that's more important than pictures, don't you?"

But I didn't have a chance to answer. She was giggling again. Such a nutty giggle.

"I'm worried," but she didn't look it. "You've got me worried. Do you suppose people really want me to write my name in their autograph books? I thought it was just a joke. Maybe it was wrong of me to run away."

"But I don't know. Someone told me once that anything could happen in Hollywood."

Anything can and does happen in Hollywood. And I believe it, since Kitty Carlisle came to town. If she is bewildered by Hollywood, just imagine what Hollywood must be!

Sorehead? No, But—

(Continued from page 50)

you feel that way about it, we'll just forget it.' But he wouldn't forget it. He kept looking around and saying things and one remark led to another until finally he stood up and made a pass at me. I grabbed his arms and made him sit down. By this time people were looking at us and the people next to me moved away.

(I could see exactly how they felt about it!)

"Then," George continued, "he came around and sat down beside me, making more unpleasant remarks. I was getting pretty tired of him by this time and I suggested that we might step outside and settle the matter. But he wouldn't do that.

"Mac was beginning to get excited by this time and that worried me. I said to this stranger, 'Now, I never saw you before. I don't care if I never see you again! Why don't you be a good guy and just go away and keep quiet before something happens?' I was pleading with him.

AT that he made a pass at me, and before I could do anything, somebody grabbed him and the next thing I knew a lot of people were shoving each other and swinging and I wasn't even in it! The only part I managed to have in it was that I did pull his shirt out!"

That last item of accomplishment apparently still gives George a small and wistful satisfaction. But the morning papers had him swinging like a windmill in the midst of the fray.

Then there was the more recent occurrence in the Brown Derby.

"I had just given Mac, here, a little birthday present," related George, indicating "The Killer." "We'd had his nose fixed up a little bit for him. And I had had a scar on my ear fixed. This had taken place at ten that morning and at noon we went into the Derby for lunch. Mac had bandages and tape on his face.

"Now, there was a chap there whom I had seen before in a night club. I don't drink and I usually hear things better than the people who do. I had thought that I heard this chap pass a remark about me in the club. I'd never seen him before so I couldn't be sure it was meant for me. But I remembered it. . . .

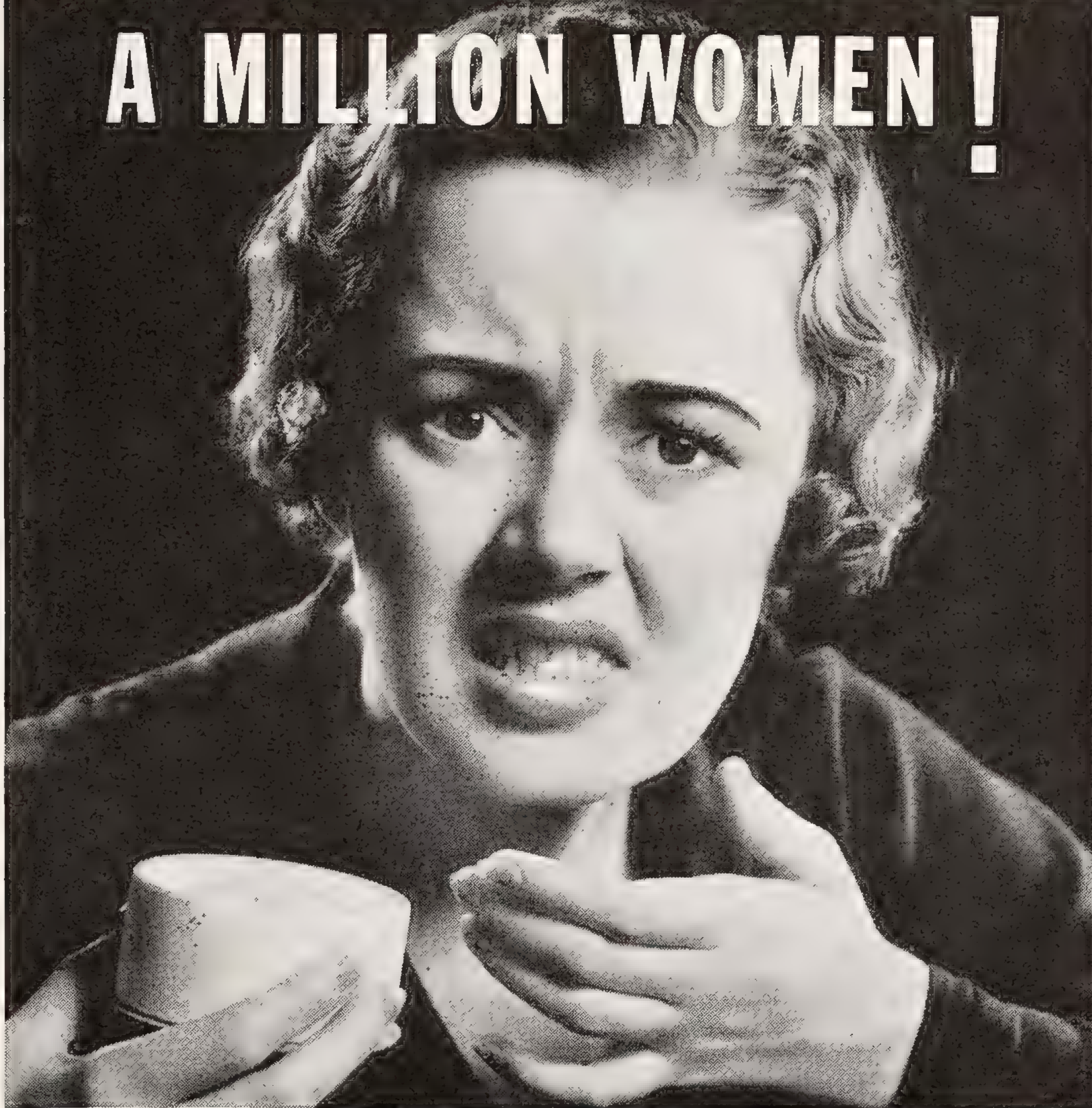
"This day at the Derby he passed another remark . . . not to me. I heard him say something about, 'There go a couple of bums, trying to make themselves look pretty!' Even then I let it pass, although I was beginning to simmer inside. I suppose that it would have been better to pay no attention to him at all, but when we went to get our car from the parking station, he was standing in the middle of the drive and he wouldn't move out of the way when the car was brought.

"I stepped up to him and said, 'Look! If you have any remarks to make about me, you make them to me because if I have anything to say about you, you will hear it directly from me!' He was wearing glasses and I told him to take them off. I was pretty mad by then.

"Just then Mac stepped in between us and they began shoving one another and I was afraid that Mac would be hit on his new, sore nose, so I tried to separate them. By this time a lot of people had gathered and they separated everybody.

"I wanted very much," George concluded, mournfully, "to hit that one!"

THE TEST THAT SHOCKED A MILLION WOMEN!



Sensational "Bite-Test" Exposes GRITTY FACE POWDERS!

*"I Dropped the Box, I was so
Horried", Writes One Woman!*

BEHIND many a case of sore and irritated skin, behind many a case of dry and coarse skin, lies gritty face powder!

That face powder that looks so smooth to your eye and feels so smooth to your skin, it may be full of grit—tiny, sharp particles that are invisible to the eye but instantly detectable to the teeth.

You can't go on rubbing a gritty face powder into your skin without paying for it in some way. Maybe some of the blemishes with which you are wrestling now are due to nothing less than a gritty face powder. Find out! Ascertain whether the powder you are now using is grit-free or not.

Make This Telling Test!

Take a pinch of your powder and place it between your front teeth. Bring your teeth down on it and grind firmly. If there is any trace of grit in the powder it will be as instantly detectable as sand in spinach.

More than a million women have made this test in the past year as advised by Lady Esther. And thousands of them have written in in righteous indignation over their findings. One woman was so horrified she dropped the powder, box and all, on the floor!

There is one face powder you can be sure contains no grit. That is Lady Esther Face Powder. But satisfy yourself as to that—and at Lady Esther's expense! Your name and address will bring you a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Put it to the "bite-test". Let your teeth convince you that it is absolutely grit-free, the smoothest powder ever touched to cheek.

Make Shade Test, Too!

When you receive the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder try them all for shade, too. Did you know that the wrong shade of face powder can make you look five to ten years older?

Ask any stage director. He will tell you that one type of woman has to have one light while another has to have another or else each will look years older. The same holds for face powder shades. One of five shades is the perfect shade for every woman. Lady Esther offers you the five shades for you to find out which is the one for you!

Mail the coupon now for the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

(You Can Paste This on Penny Postcard) **FREE**

LADY ESTHER (12)
2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

I want to make the "bite-test" and the shade test. Please send me all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder postpaid and free.

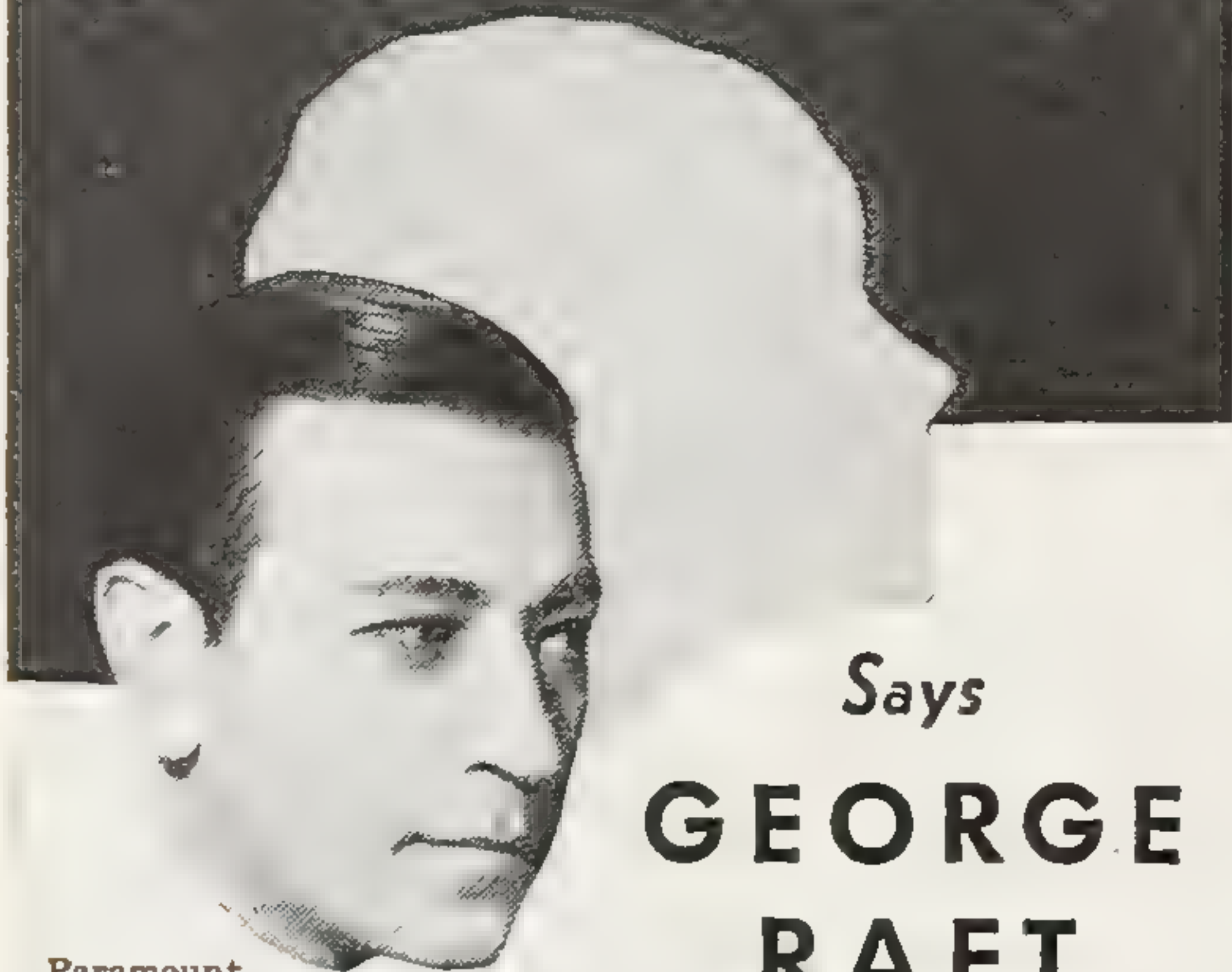
NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

"This Perfume seems to add a kind of charm to a woman"



Paramount
Featured Player

Says

**GEORGE
RAFT**

The fragrance is *April Showers*, the perfume of youth. You can enjoy its luxury at low cost... in *April Showers Talc*, the world's most famous and best loved talcum powder. There is no finer.

*April
Showers*
TALC

Exquisite, but
not expensive



CHERRY
PARIS



Quickly Tint It This Safe Way

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownatone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-three years by thousands of women. Brownatone is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

Brownatone is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.



We can't decide whether it's the "pro" football game or Mr. Raft's company that is making Virginia Pine look so bitter. Mr. Raft, however, looks placid and interested in the game. This romantic team is still keeping Hollywood guessing.

PERSONALLY, if I were a belligerent male, I shouldn't "choose" George without thinking the matter over rather carefully beforehand. His apparent slightness belies the strength of the wiry, fight-trained, dancing-trained body. He grew up in circles where fists were important, where they were almost necessary to survival. He keeps himself in excellent physical trim and he can move with the swift agility of the well-known cat, if he chooses. Despite his customary patience, his Latin temper boils abruptly upon occasion. I should use discretion about making untoward remarks to George!

There was a third encounter of which I had not heard before and George thinks it was the most amusing of all. It happened a few weeks ago while he was in Chicago.

"I had been invited to a late party at a night club with some people whom I did not know very well," he related. "When I arrived they had been there some little time and I could see that they were a little bit tight. I had a young lady with me and we spoke to our host and hostess and met the other guests and then we danced. The dance floor was rather crowded.

"The second number, after our arrival, was a tango and one of the men at the table leaned over to me and said, 'I wish you would dance with my wife.' I told him that I should be very happy to dance with her as soon as some other people got up to dance.

"I am like that, you know. Even if I weren't sort of in the public eye, I shouldn't like to get up alone on a dance floor. People might think that I was trying to show off, they might think that I was conceited about my dancing. I don't want to appear to be conceited!"

George's shyness . . . again.

WELL . . . the man insisted. He said 'I want you to get up and dance with her now!' I said, 'I'm sorry. I don't feel

like dancing now, if you will excuse me. A little later. . . .

"I didn't dance again that evening. When we were waiting for our cars in front of the place, I said to the lady, 'Goodnight. I am happy to have met you.'

"She said, 'I don't want to say good-night to you!'

"I said, 'I am very sorry about that.' And I turned to her husband, held out my hand and said, 'Goodnight.'

"He just looked at me and said, 'Scram!'

"Now," said George in real bewilderment, "what would you make of that? I hadn't insulted her, had I? It was simply that I didn't want to make either of us conspicuous. I won't get up in a place like that when it looks as if I am trying to show off. I won't do it for anybody. And that's that.

"He made some more remarks and I stood as much as I could, and then I said, 'Listen! I don't have to take remarks like that from anyone. I'm not one of the pretty Hollywood actors who has to be careful of his face. I'm not good looking and I don't have to be afraid to tangle with anyone. I asked him to step over to the parking lot and settle the matter. But he wouldn't come and people came between us and finally took him away. I didn't start this argument and I wasn't allowed to finish it!

"It just happened!"

I think it is downright discouraging, the difficulty that George has in persuading his adversaries to step outside and let him deal with them in person. People are willing and ready to make unpleasant remarks to him, apparently, but no one has the courage to follow the matter with a real encounter. I earnestly hope that the next time anyone gets fresh with him, the bystanders will mind their own business. I think it is high time that George had the opportunity to take a good poke at one of these belligerent boys. I'll wager that they would not be quite so free with their language again!

"Smooth" Clothes for Young Gada-bouts

(Continued from page 66)

can tint your underwear to the desired shade and it gives it a new lease on smartness. Colored neckwear and gloves are going to be very big in fashion, too. So get out some of your white collars and cuffs along with some of your white, washable gloves and dip them into the dye. Be sure to read my dyeing chart offer at the end of this article.

I have picked four evening gowns that I thought you would love. They express the special fashion fads of the stars who wear them. And all of them are perfect for spring and summer dates.

THERE'S Wendy Barrie's quilted black crepe evening coat on page 64. Wendy, you know, is the lovely young English star who has just arrived here to make pictures for Paramount. Already, she is one of the belles of Hollywood's younger set, having a crew of young blades begging her for dates. This evening coat is a grand summer wrap—it is worn for cool nights yet light enough for warm ones. The short puffed sleeves and the wide stitched collar are trick details. Those big lozenge-looking buttons are rhinestone.

Marina Schubert is another newcomer, and isn't she sweet? You will see her in "All the King's Horses." Her printed crepe gown, shown next to Wendy's evening wrap, is a gem. The all-over pattern is in a variety of flower tones on a navy background. The dress is simple with the skirt fullness concentrated at the back so that Marina has a graceful billow follow her as she dances about the floor.

The cape is shirred at the shoulders with emerald velvet used for the tie. Marina, you see, wears the high, fluffy bang I mentioned earlier.

Then on the bottom row, same page, you see Wendy in the evening gown she wears beneath her quilted coat. Here's the sort of half-way sophistication that you can attempt safely. Wendy's dress is a unique ribbed satin with a tricky collar that makes shoulder caps. Isn't that gold kid belt pretty swish?

Next to her, is Maureen O'Sullivan in a sweet, cross-barred organza. Pleated ruffles of the material provide most of the trimming, being used to edge the hem, the brief sleeves and the V neckline. Kingfisher blue velvet for the belt and the bow that ties her dark hair back from her face. That little nosegay of field flowers, pinned at her neckline, is just perfect. You will be wearing flowers, like these, tucked into the belts of your dresses, worn at the necks of your blouses, or pinned to the lapels of your jackets.

MAUREEN'S string of pearls is the nicest jewelry she could have picked. Pearls are in again for all times of the day; you may wear them even over the neckline of your sweaters, if you like.

Next, look at the daytime clothes on page 65. You could picture yourself in any of them, couldn't you? Especially Wendy's woolen ensemble. She bought this to wear out to Santa Anita to the races—the most exciting date in Hollywood these days is one that takes you out to watch the horses run. The jacket is one of those new finger-tip length ones in a plaid that can be worn with both dresses and skirts. This one of Wendy's



Tom's Mother
said she was careless..
AND SHE WAS!



BETTY: What's the matter?

BABS: (in tears) Tom's mother told him I was careless! And I did so want to make a good impression.



BETTY: I don't like to say it but I'm afraid I agree with her.

BABS: Just because I had that little bit of a stain under my arm?



BETTY: Yes! Your dress will never be really fresh and new-looking again.

BABS: But everybody has trouble sometimes with perspiration.



BETTY: Of course! That's just why you shouldn't risk a dress even once without Kleinert's Dress Shields.

BABS: I'll sew some in this very day! Then my dresses will last longer, too!



Fashion advisers recommend Kleinert's Dress Shields for every dress because the underarm is the part most likely to show signs of wear. Whatever threatens the smartness of your dress—friction, perspiration, or corrosive chemicals—a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields will give you the assurance of guaranteed protection. Genuine Kleinert's Dress Shields now cost as little as 25c a pair—why be imposed upon by substitutes?

Kleinert's
T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

DRESS SHIELDS

When perfect comfort is essential—Kleinert's NUVO Sanitary Belts. Can't curl... Washable... Some are pinless... From 25c to \$1.00 each... All Notion Counters.





A smarter, backless brassiere originally created for a famous screen star. For perfect or pendulous, **Her Secret** beautifies and uplifts every type of bust. Hollywood prefers it. So will you. At all leading stores.

Send for free style folder

HOLLYWOOD-Maxwell Co.

6773 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

ECZEMA
TORMENTS
quickly pacified.
For efficient help
use concentrated
POSLAM
BUNIONS
Torture Needless
Pain stops almost instantly. The swelling and inflammation is so quickly reduced you can wear smaller, neater shoes with ease. Prove it on your own bunions. Just write and say, "I Want To Try Pedodyne." No obligation. Pedodyne Co., 180 N. Wacker Dr., Dept. L-210 Chicago, Ill.

Send for
FREE SAMPLE
Poslam
Station G
New York

"HUSH"
FOR
BODY ODORS
AT ALL 10¢ STORES

GOLD WIRE "FRIENDSHIP KNOT RING"
For Men and Women
This beautiful ring is hand made of 4 strands of genuine 12K Gold-filled Jeweler's wire by expert Gold Wire Artists. The twisted wire is woven around the band into a knot—a symbol of love and friendship. 5-year guarantee. Advertising price 50¢ postpaid. Give ring size. PRINT address. Wrap coin.
KERCHNER JEWELRY CO.
HAND MADE 2354 Boone St., Dept. G. Cincinnati, O.

Gayanne
THE SOFTEST
POWDER PUFF
SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT ALL S-S-KRESGE STORES

is lined with the gold jersey of the blouse. The colors in the jacket are repeated in the gold, yellow, black and white flecked tweed of the skirt. The combining of three different types of woollens is a clever thought.

Besides this type of jacket, everyone is wearing the short jacket with belted back and shirring under a shoulder yoke that is known as the "Clark Gable" jacket, dubbed, of course, for that well-known heart throbber of the same name. This you wear with your skirts and it is usually in either a plaid, checked, monotone or tweed woollen.

Maureen O'Sullivan wears a Norfolk jacket in a gray check with a plain gray skirt when she flies. Since all of you are so air-minded these days, it is a good idea to know what to wear. So many of the stars have to fly back and forth from coast to coast, that they have air-travel clothes down to a fine point. Usually a suit is the choice with either a warm top-coat or fur coat worn over it.

I was tremendously interested, not long ago, to find Lilian Harvey wearing one of the new divided or trouser skirts as an air costume. Lilian was returning to England and I went down to the boat to bid her goodbye. There she sat, looking incredibly young with her golden hair falling loosely, almost to her shoulders. She scorns much off-screen make-up and consequently, she has a very childish look. I noticed that she seemed to be wearing a beautifully cut tweed suit under her mink coat, but when I commented upon it, she laughed and stretched her feet out to show me the divided skirt.

"Oh, I love it," she said. "It is the most perfect costume for flying because it is so warm around the legs. It doesn't make any difference how de luxe the airline is, it is sure to be cold when you get up a ways. This skirt was a wonderful protection and the nice part of it is, no one guesses unless I show them, like this, that the skirt isn't just a nice plain one with an inverted pleat."

I asked her if she liked divided skirts better than the slacks that she and all Hollywood stars adore so.

"Oh, no," she said. "The divided skirts are grand for travel and for sports, but give me my comfortable slacks for wear to the studio and around home."

LILIAN wore a simple tailored blouse with this, also a cardigan sweater under her suit jacket. She said that she suffered so from the cold that she piled on clothing regardless of whether she looked stuffed or not.

When you see her with Tullio Carminati in "Let's Live Tonight," you will see the sort of soft, feminine costumes that she likes best. She likes slightly more ingenue things than many stars. All of her evening dresses, for instance, are made with high waistlines and soft, billowing fullness in the skirts. Lilian is very smart in that she sticks to the type of costume she feels happiest in, regard-

less of whether it is the last gasp in fashion or not.

But back to our own fashion gallery. Next to Wendy Barrie's ensemble is Toby Wing's knitted jacket costume. It is three-piece with skirt and cape in yellow knit, the blouse in a rose and yellow stripe. Toby, and she is a cute trick, wears a woollen hat with wired brim to match.

Capes in every form are good and they are just made for slender young figures like yours and Toby's. Try one of the cape suits or coats for early spring.

Taffeta rustles through both daytime and evening fashions. And the one of Anne Shirley's is a darling. Red, white and black plaid, it is made in the favorite shirtwaist manner with short sleeves and a turnover collar. The bright red velvet bow makes a gay splash.

Again Wendy crashes through with a grand suggestion, this time for the classic printed dress we all wear every spring and summer. The design of hers is delightfully cock-eyed, being made of plaid squares printed in a patch-work quilt effect on a white background. Her collar is gathered around the throat, tying with velvet ribbon.

WE'LL have to start galloping over the last page in order to have time to squeeze the hats in. Most of you with unfurrowed young brows are shouting with delight at the return of the off-the-face hats and such whimsies as bonnets—but don't indulge in either unless they really suit your type. I've picked four distinctly different types that you can wear with nonchalance.

There's Maureen O'Sullivan's cute polka-dotted affair to match her silk shirtwaist dress. It's casual, sporty and generally becoming to all types of faces. Then there's Virginia Reid's Chinese coolie hat with the brim turned up like a Breton sailor. Sounds as if I had my countries mixed a bit, doesn't it? But it's the best way I can think to describe it. This style is always becoming to youthful faces.

The broad-brimmed hat turned up at back is nice for soft silk dresses. Marjorie Reid wears one in a navy blue straw with the brim faced in white felt and the trimming of white felt, too. The gardenias close to her face are fascinating.

And last, but by no means least, the beloved off-the-face straw hat. Marjorie Reid wears this, too. The draping back of the brim, almost as if it were fabric, is clever. An enamel flower nestles under the brim fold at one side.

If you will send your name and address to me, I will send you immediately a marvelous spring dyeing chart that gives you every imaginable color combination to make things look new and smart. And it is so easy to accomplish that you will find it fun. If you want added help on your fashion problems, include a stamped, self-addressed envelope also. Write to Adelia Bird, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City, New York.

The Man from Dead Pan Alley

(Continued from page 61)

"Where'd you hear that?" He was looking right through me as he said it. But I was beyond quivering. Betsy Ann had shown me the light:

"I read it in a newspaper."
"That's trash," he said, and just to prove that that's what he thought of it, he handed me back my letter, and I saw

that he had scrawled the word, "trash," in no uncertain manner right across the page. (It happens to be one of his favorite words, I soon discovered.)

"You want to tell people that the Ned Sparks they see on the screen is the result of a physical ailment, when Ned Sparks is really a mental creation that

I've worked over for twenty years! Oh, come now, have a heart. There's a well-thought-out reason for Ned Sparks. I met him first years ago in the character of a night clerk at a small mid-western hotel, one of the grouchiest, grumpiest, most inhospitable persons that I have ever seen, inside or outside a hotel. He stared at me belligerently when I went up to the desk to register. I said 'How do you do?' and instead of answering he came out from behind the desk and peered at my luggage critically. Then he went back again, and as I was about to reach for the register, he took it away from me, looked at it himself for a while, and when he thought that he had annoyed me sufficiently he returned it to me. But he didn't annoy me, he amused me. Everything he did, or didn't do, was like that. I later put his character into a show on Broadway called 'Little Miss Brown.' Madge Kennedy was in it, too. Believe it or not, the newspapers actually wrote editorials about my night clerk. The theatre had never seen a character like that before—gruff, grim, and belligerent, but funny. I've met Ned Sparks a hundred times since . . . a backwoods fisherman who'd rather die than tell you where was the best place to fish . . . an undertaker who'd growl at you even while he was burying you . . . a Puritan farmer who thought it was a sin to smile . . . Everyone knows a Ned Sparks. There's one in every town and often in every family."

YES, I've got an uncle like that," I said.

"And you like him, don't you? I mean he's not terribly pleasant to have around, but you tolerate him, even think he's funny sometimes, don't you?"

I agreed.

"Well, then please don't print any trash about me. Tell 'em the truth. Ned Sparks is my own conscious creation. I created him because he is a character that everyone knows, but doesn't understand, until I showed him up as somebody to be laughed at. Most of the stories that get around about me are ridiculous. About my chauffeur, for example. I am supposed to have a chauffeur just so I can be irritated at him and thus keep myself in an irritable frame of mind. Trash, plain trash. I have a chauffeur because I need someone to drive my car. What else would anybody have a chauffeur for?"

"Well, isn't it true that you have a clause in your contract that the studio can't make you laugh, or even smile in a picture, unless you agree to it?"

He gave me that dead pan again and



The very "dead pan" Mr. Sparks in one of his glummer moments with Ann Dvorak in "Sweet Music."

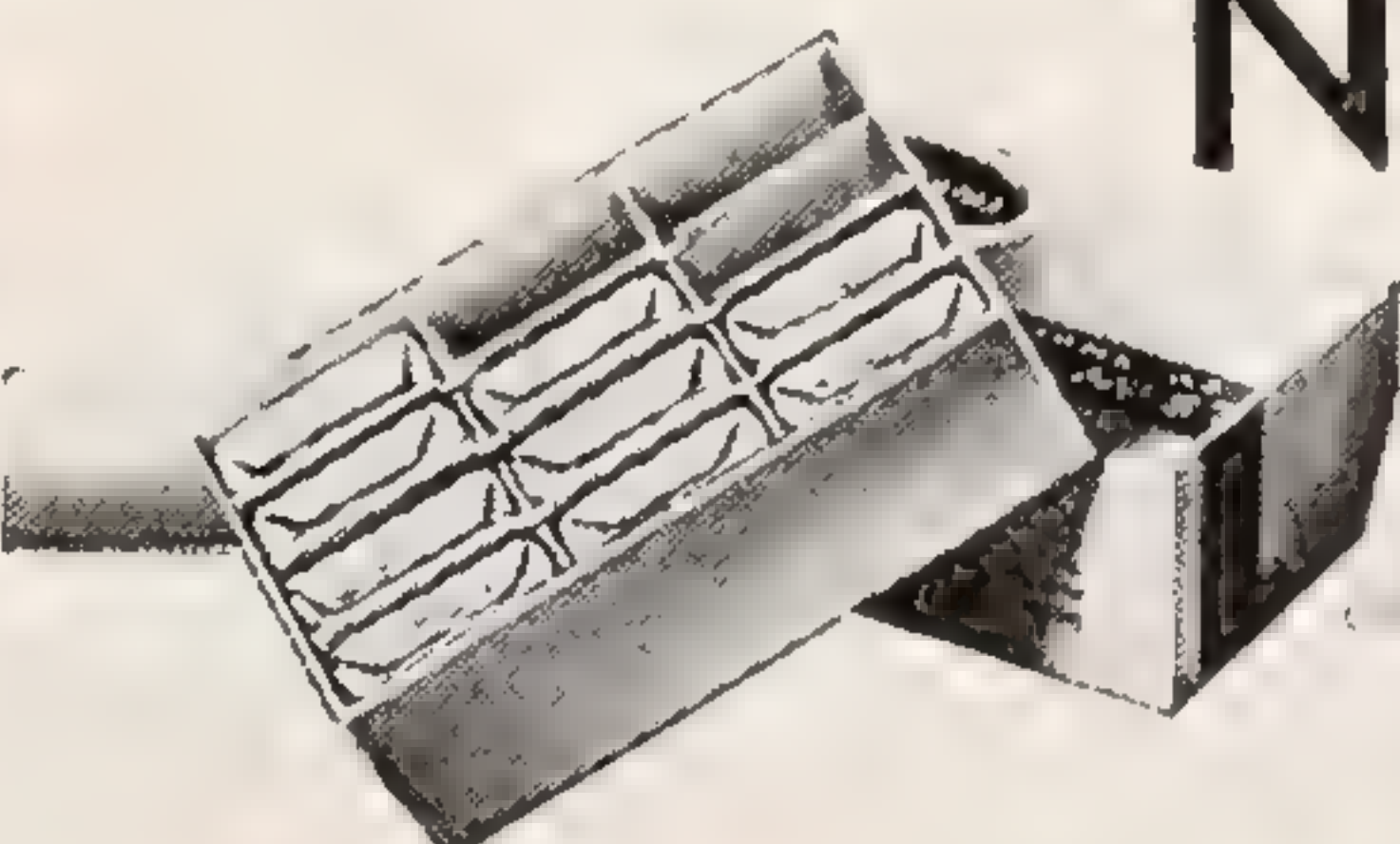


Feminine HYGIENE made easy

NORFORMS are antiseptic suppositories . . . very easy to use . . . and much more convenient than traditional methods of achieving inner cleanliness. They melt at internal body temperature and spread a powerful antiseptic that remains in effective contact for hours. This antiseptic—called Parahydrecin—has the unique feature of destroying germs without risk to delicate inner tissues. Norforms are harmless.

And Norforms leave no embarrassing antiseptic odor around the room or about your person. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They are completely ready and always uniform. Nothing to mix or measure when you use Norforms; you don't have to worry about an "overdose" or "burn."

Send for the Norforms booklet, "*The New Way*." It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, each individually foil wrapped. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York, makers of Ungentine.



NORFORMS

KNOWN TO PHYSICIANS AS "VAGIFORMS"



Ashamed of Your Skin?

Here's Doctor's Advice—

BLACKHEADS and blemishes are due to clogged pores. Clear them up by getting pores clean to their depths with the liquid cleanser, Ambrosia. You feel Ambrosia tingle; you know it is cleansing as nothing has done before.

Doctor who studied the use of Ambrosia by women with poor complexions reported:

"In as little as three days blackheads tend to go, complexions are clearer and brighter."

Get a bottle of Ambrosia today. Only 75¢ at drug and department stores. In smaller sizes at 10¢ stores.

AMBRŌSIA 
THE PORE-DEEP CLEANSER

WORLD'S BIGGEST SELLING
HAIR REMOVER

ZIP
THE PERFUMED DEPILETORY
ZIP EPILATOR—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
DESTROYS SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

**FASCINATING
GLINTS**



★
FOR DULL DRAB HAIR
in one shampoo

IS YOUR hair dull, drab, uninteresting? Learn from millions of blondes the secret of their lustrous, gold-touched hair! Try their shampoo... Blondex! For thousands with dark and medium hair have found it works magic. Not a dye or bleach, Blondex is a unique *shampoo-rinse* that removes hair dirt, clears away all darkening, sticky film. You will be amazed at the new sheen, the new enchanting softness! One shampoo shows results. Learn now the full glory of your hair. Get Blondex today at any good drug or department store.

he didn't even have to say it to let me know what he was thinking. Trash, rubbish, and nonsense. "It's true, though, that I do have a clause in my contract which permits me to write or re-write my dialogue, and to originate my own lines. So I suppose it amounts to about the same thing. I've always written my own lines, even years ago on the stage, like the time I wrote in the part of the night clerk for myself."

"Haven't you ever wanted to go back to the stage?"

"What should I want to go back to the stage for? This movie work suits me fine."

I gasped. For once an actor hadn't gone off into a discussion of his first and last love, the theatre, at the drop of a hat.

"There are only two things I want to do now," he went on. "I want to make less pictures, so people won't get fed up with my dead pan. I made eleven pictures last year and next year I'm only going to make four. Then in a couple of years I want to retire, and spend the rest of my life fishing and hunting. I like that better than anything in the world."

I had already judged that was the case since there were several stacks of outdoor magazines piled around the room. That room, incidentally, was as cheery and cozy and friendly as Mr. Sparks isn't on the screen. It was lined with books—not the kind that haven't been off the shelf since a distant relative willed them to you—but the kind that are new and modern and show signs of having been read several times. There was a cheery little cuckoo clock ticking on the wall. A busy-looking desk in the corner, behind which Ned sat and looked as though he were quite used to sitting and working there. And there were at least half a dozen small rubber animals around which I guessed were Betsy Ann's own personal possessions.

INCIDENTALLY, Betsy Ann's bed is an exact replica of Mr. Sparks, only miniature, of course. It has sheets and pillows just like a real person's bed. "Why not?" said Mr. Sparks. "She is a real person to me, why shouldn't I treat her as one. We have long talks together. She's the best audience and the best company I've ever had. I used to think she was sort of a nuisance, till that time she saved my life. I've looked upon her with new respect ever since. We were walking in the mountains and I was day dreaming, as usual, when Betsy Ann suddenly dashed in front of me, barking like a half dozen dogs rolled into one. I stopped and looked down, and there was a big diamond-back lying right in the middle of the path. I would certainly have stepped on it if it hadn't been for Betsy Ann."

"When we got home I rewarded her with a bit of filet mignon, her favorite dish. Oh, yes, my dog has very highbrow tastes. The only thing that worries me is that she displays a deplorable tendency toward strong drink, and likes (and usually gets) a nip of sherry before dinner. Another thing which disturbs me, but which I tolerate, is that she snores most roisterously, and also has nightmares. She whines and carries on like a spoiled debutante till I have to get up and walk the floor with her. Perhaps I spoil her, I don't know, but she did her best to make the world safe for comedy, so I really should return the favor."

"A funny thing," he went on, "most people are usually afraid of me, the first time they meet me. I have many friends who admit they were once scared to death of me. Strange, isn't it, because my fans, the people who write to me, seem to

know more about me than the people I know personally. Look at this letter, for example."

Dear Mr. Sparks:

I am in desperate circumstances and need your aid. I have been in a charity hospital for three months, laid up by an automobile accident. My wife and four children have had nothing to eat for two days now. I would go out and beg, borrow, or steal, if I were able. Won't you please send them some money, so they can buy groceries? I am writing you because you look so mean and tough on the surface that you must have a heart of gold underneath. I have often been told that if you need anything to always go to the man who looks most as though he wouldn't give you anything. I will pay you back when I am able to work again. I am so sure you will send it that I am enclosing my I. O. U. for \$25. Thanks a lot.

"You see?" said Ned. "They're on to me. I give away thousands of dollars every year. I haven't got much of a family of my own, just me and Betsy Ann, and we've got everything we need, so why shouldn't I be generous? It isn't really generosity. It gives me a sort of selfish pleasure."

ISUSPECT that Ned has traveled many times with only a quarter or two in his pocket, and that is one of the reasons now why he so enjoys giving money away to poor unfortunates. As a boy, Ned left his home in Ontario, Canada, and followed the gold rush to Alaska, but as a prospector, Ned was a good singer. Eventually he wandered from mining camp to mining camp, as a sort of a one-man show. He had a fine voice then, and still has, though Ned hasn't yet had a chance to display it on the screen. He made his debut on the stage at Dawson City, in the Yukon Territory. Later he hopped a freighter and came down to Seattle. Then he began his wandering theatrical career through the West and Middle West. From one little town to the next, sleeping in cheap hotels, dining regally on 15c a throw. They were hard days but at last, in 1913, he landed on Broadway in "Little Miss Brown" and from then on Ned was famous as "The Man Who Never Smiles." After that he was a feature comedian with such stars as Madge Kennedy, Alice Brady, Effie Shannon and William Collier. In 1919 he made a silent film in New York, with Constance Talmadge. Ned came to Hollywood eleven years ago with a contract to make forty pictures (in those days they turned out that many in a few months). But he was in a bad accident, and laid up for so long that his contract was canceled and when at last he was well, it was just like starting all over again.

The story of his success may be summed up briefly by the fact that today Ned is one of the highest priced actors in the film colony. Few fans realize that many character actors receive more money than most of the stars. People like Ned Sparks are also able to hang on to their money more easily than the stars. They may live simply, entertain modestly, have only one car, without anyone thinking anything about it. If Clark Gable should live in a small two-room apartment and spend accordingly, the film colony would call him a miser, yet I doubt if Clark is a wealthier man today than Ned is. It's just one of the many quirks in the Hollywood "system."

Lovable Genius

(Continued from page 31)

fore. He brought to this an understanding almost uncanny, and an unforgettable emotion.

In and around Warminster, Freddie became the star performer at parties and charity concerts. There always was feverish applause when he stepped out on the platform, not much more than a baby, his head covered with dark ringlets, his dress one of the pastel linen smocks his "Cis" made for him.

There was the evening he sang the song that goes, "Oh, she's sweet. See her coming down the street..." Fittingly enough, he addressed this song to a little girl he knew in the front row, a little blonde girl named Jennifer.

She became confused, she turned scarlet. Freddie was only four but her dismay worried him. He stopped his song. He walked over to the edge of the platform. "Don't be shy, Jennifer," he told her gently. "Don't be shy!" Then he stepped back to continue, as if there had been no interruption whatever.

Contrary to what you might expect Freddie never seems to lose himself in what he is doing. At those concerts, for instance, he always was aware of everything that went on, and conscious of the different people in his audience.

Cissie Bartholomew noticed him wink as he stood on the platform during one performance.

"Who were you winking at, Freddie?" she asked him later. "Did you see someone you knew?"

"Oh, no," said Freddie, "I just saw a friend in the audience, a man of about forty, I should judge, with *fine* gray hair."

Anyone Freddie likes he calls a friend. Most people he likes. People are of the greatest importance to him, irrespective of their age. He will stand beside a baby carriage, gazing rapturously at a sleeping baby, or entertaining a baby that is awake with funny faces and noises for as long as the nurse will linger. And time after time, during visits to London, he has waited to help an old lady or an old gentleman off a bus and guide them to the sidewalk.

WHEN he and his darling "Cis" came to America, last summer, they hoped in their hearts that Freddie would be chosen for "Copperfield." But if he wasn't, they were satisfied to call it a holiday. Freddie was concerned, however, at leaving his grandmother for she seems to be none too well these days.

"Dear God," Cissie Bartholomew heard him pray the night before they left home, "do help Granny to get about while I'm gone. And please don't ever have Grandpa's eyes fail him. It would be too frightful to have no more cricket on the lawn. Grandpa does enjoy it so. And so do I, I must say."

God, you see, is not vague or awesome to him, but a friend, and what could be more blessed?

He turned to God again when he faced a difficulty in California. On the morning the scene where he says good-bye to his nurse, Peggotty, was to be filmed.

"Dear God," he prayed hurriedly while his aunt and governess, Miss Murphy, called that the car was waiting, "today I must laugh and cry at the same time, when I say good-bye to good old Peggotty. It's going to be hard. I'm afraid, so I'll need a little extra help."

"But," Cissie Bartholomew told me, "I

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnston

announce the marriage

of their daughter

Doris

*And there almost was
no wedding to announce*



NOT so long ago it seemed as if the happy plans were going awry. Jack seemed uneasy, unwilling to go on. Doris was crushed by his coolness.

Then a true friend told Doris, "The thing which is troubling Jack is one of those big little things which you can easily correct."

Happy ending!

It takes a true friend indeed to tell a girl that it is not pleasant to be near her on account of the ugly odor of underarm perspiration.

It's so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe *all day, every day*, in just half a minute. With Mum!

You can use this dainty deodorant

cream any time, you know — *after* dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Remember, too, Mum doesn't prevent perspiration itself — just that unpleasant odor of perspiration which has stood between many a girl and happiness. Make Mum a daily habit. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.



LET MUM HELP IN THIS WAY, TOO.

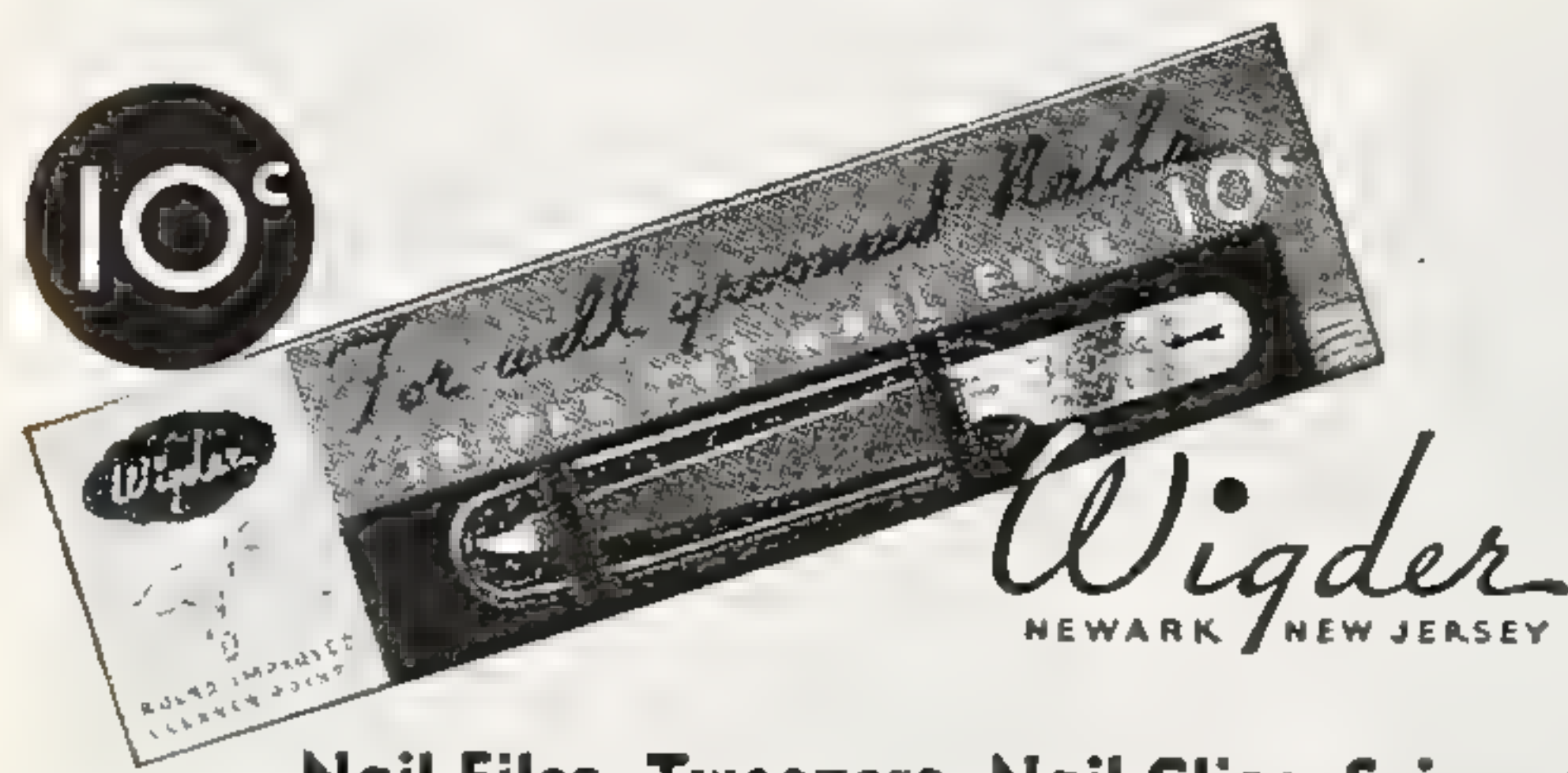


Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Fastidious women realize the value of perfect grooming—for hands as well as hair. Hang nails and delicate "moons" respond rapidly to regular care. Wigder Manicure Aids . . . well balanced, keen-edged and scientifically designed, make manicuring a simple, pleasant duty. Look for the new Improved Cleaner Point on Wigder Nail Files. These quality instruments are on sale at your local 5 and 10¢ store. Get a set today.



Nail Files Tweezers Nail Clips Scissors

Soothe THOSE TIRED EYES!

Murine relieves and relaxes tired eyes. Removes irritating particles. Refreshing. Easy to use. Safe. Recommended for nearly 40 years. For all ages. Ask your druggist.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Give SKIN OUTBREAKS REAL HELP!

WITH TESTED SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT

NOT a mere cosmetic! Hydrosal is a scientific skin treatment, successfully used by doctors and hospitals for over 20 years. Here now is real relief from the itching, burning irritation of rashes, eczema, ringworm, pimples and similar skin outbreaks. Almost instantly you can feel it soothe and cool the tender, inflamed skin. Its astringent action refines the coarsened skin tissues. Promotes healing in burns and hurts, too. At all druggists in Liquid and Ointment forms; 30c and 60c. The Hydrosal Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Hydrosal For Common Skin Outbreaks

OH JOY-CLEAR SKIN AGAIN!



Rear Admiral Barthelmess tells one to the gang. Left to right, Dick, Jim Cagney, Kay Francis (hostess), Maurice Chevalier, Joan Blondell and George Barnes.

mustn't give you the impression that Freddie is any goody-goody. For nothing could be further from the truth." She gathered up a bag of marbles, some rubber bands and a little crotch of wood, which looked suspiciously like the makings of a sling-shot. "Put a knife in his hands and he's none too careful what he carves. The furniture isn't any too safe. And his pockets!" She gave a slight shiver. "I've pulled frightful things out of them."

That afternoon, after Freddie had finished with his French and geography, he joined us in the living-room before the fire. At first, until he got his bearings he sat with his aunt on her chair. She is small enough so she leaves a little wedge of room. And a little wedge of room is all Freddie needs.

I asked if, when Freddie was making "Copperfield," he had thought about the things he was going to do while he was away from the studios. I wondered if bits of action hadn't popped into his mind when he was doing his lessons, as he was about to go off to sleep, or even when he was riding horseback with Elizabeth Allan. Riding he counts the greatest fun in the world. And he loves Elizabeth Allan. "That happened at first," he said. His charming inflections give all he says a faint poignance. "But I found it better not to let this happen, not to think about my work at all when I was away from the studios, except to go over my lines with my aunt."

"In the studios, you see, Mr. Cukor, the director, would explain the set-up to me and tell me how he wanted things done."

"One very funny thing happened when we were making 'Copperfield,'" he said, appreciatively. "Remember the scene where I come down the stairs in my night-shirt, looking for my mother? Well, when we did that scene, I was truly frightened. My knees shook together.

There was no sound for several minutes, you'll remember.

"There's no one there!" Mr. Cukor whispered. "There's no one there, David! No . . . one . . . there!"

"But," and now Freddie's eyes were bright with amusement, "but when I got down into the hall and looked into the door of the room that was supposed to be empty, while Mr. Cukor kept whispering, 'There's . . . no . . . one . . . there!' I found myself face to face with a great crowd of people who were watching that scene being filmed."

HE thought the saddest scene of all was the one he played at the foot of the staircase with Peggoty. When she stood before him and said, "The Treasure, she . . ." And he, as David, asked, "Dead, Peggoty?"

He would have liked it if the wreck could have been in his part of the picture, for that he found exciting.

He didn't sit quiet for long. Before many minutes he was lying on the floor, in a typical little boy position, flat on his back, making a tent of his knees.

"Have you been homesick for England?" I asked him.

"Yes, at Christmas," he said, taking aim at a lamp shade with the particular elastic garter which he insists is lucky for his marksmanship. "You see Peter always comes for Christmas when we're home. (Peter is his cousin, a year or two his senior, and his idol.) And we have great fun. We run a string from his room to mine, tie one end of it to his big toe and the other end to my big toe. And on each end we attach a little bell."

Now excitement made his eyes sparkle. "That," he explained, "is so whoever moves will awaken the other. And we can creep down and see our presents."

"Once," with a quick little look at his Aunt Cissie, "once we went downstairs at two o'clock in the morning!"

"That," Cissie Bartholomew interrupted, "was a little too much."

"Yes," Freddie agreed, "we were punished."

Always he turns to his aunt. The bond between them is great. He can tell, for instance, when she arrives at the studios, even before he sees her. And when you ask him how he does this, he says, "It's mental!"

It's more than simply mental, of course. There's actually a psychic quality between them. One night recently they both dreamed the same dream, Cissie Bartholomew dreamed the first half of it, Freddie the second.

Cissie Bartholomew dreamed she was in the garden of a house in which she had lived, when she was a little girl, pleading with her father to save Freddie from being shot. While her father refused to do anything about it, insisting that Freddie, who had killed a man, must suffer the consequences.

The dream was so vivid it depressed her. She was still trying to shake it off when she went into Freddie's room the next morning.

"I'm in a bath of perspiration," Freddie announced at once, "because of a dream I had. It was horrible. I dreamed I was in a garden, an English garden, it seemed. All the family sat in a row watching while I faced a firing squad. I had murdered a man."

"Since in England we do not shoot murderers but hang them," said Cissie Bartholomew, "it seemed especially strange."

You gather that she and Freddie are not at all upset by evidences of the bond which lives between them. But that they think it great fun. There it is. And for whatever it is, they accept it.

More than a dozen people who have seen Freddie as "David Copperfield" have said the same thing to me. In substance, "He's sure to be unhappy." Adding with a little sigh, "He's so sensitive, too sensitive for his own good."

That seems logical, too, until you know Freddie and watch him. However, I doubt it to be true.

Undoubtedly, because of Freddie's intense sensitivity, he will react more keenly to things, be more acutely conscious of the sorrow in the world. But, by the very same token, he will be more aware of the beauty in the world, too. And reacting more keenly to this, he will know a keener happiness. So there the scales will balance.

Besides, because of his unfathomable wisdom and understanding, Freddie already, at ten years of age, sees life and people with a perspective seldom acquired before adult years. Therefore he runs an excellent chance of being spared that crucifying upheaval of readjustment which most of us face in the late 'teens or early twenties and from which too few emerge with unscarred eyes.

Freddie, prematurely, if not actually psychically wise, reacts to all he observes and all he feels with the sublime faith and acceptance of childhood. Life he finds perpetually exciting. People are of paramount importance to him. And all of it is wonderfully worth while.

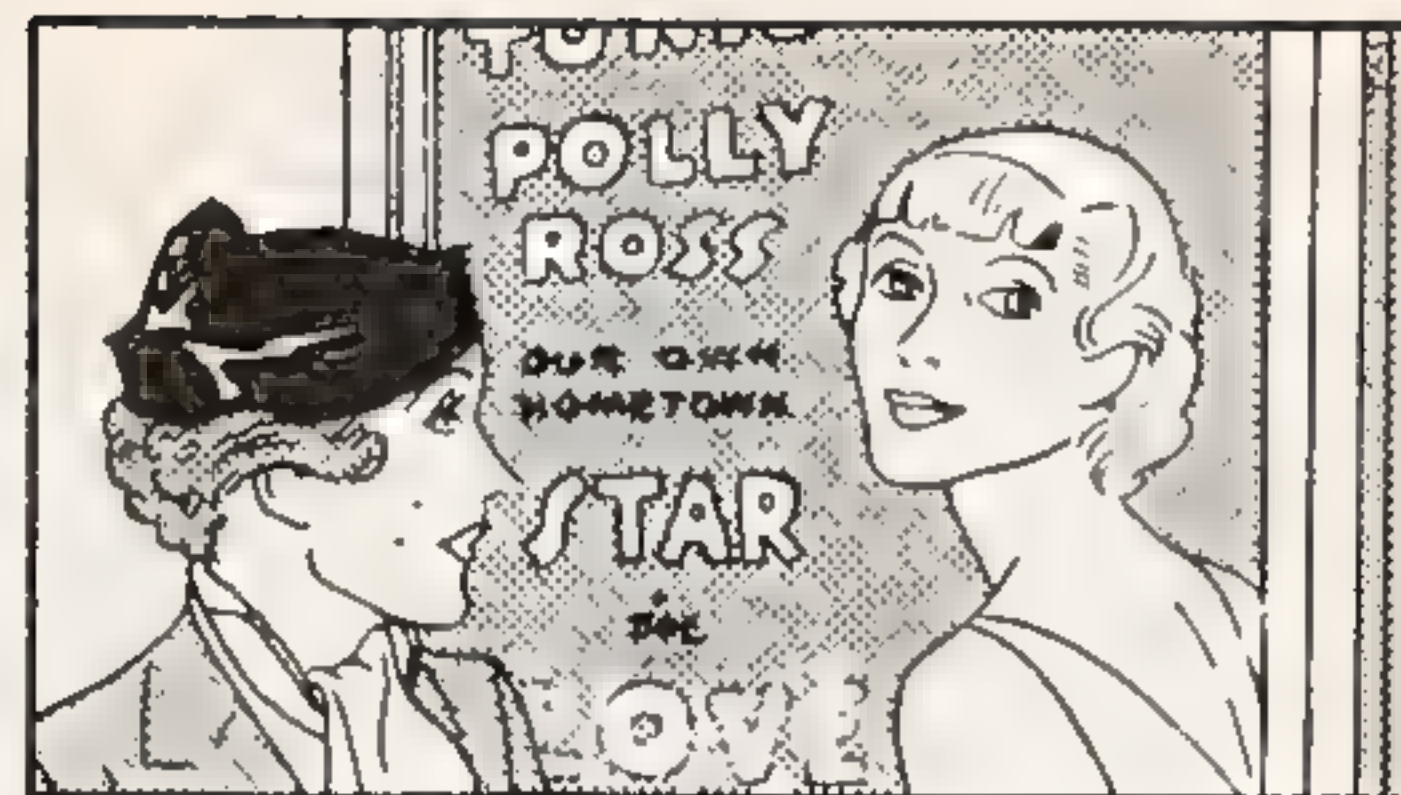
What is it that makes him the way he is? That's the question!

Perhaps it is in his instinctive love for people which he inherits from his Irish grandmother Bartholomew that the germ of his genius lies? He may be the reincarnation of some actor who was famous in his own time? Or it may be that he never has lost that wisdom with which some hold we all are born?

I wouldn't attempt to say. Only this I know, that I'll always remember his eyes. In them there lies something sublime.

LONESOME LAURA

Gets a Beauty Tip from HOLLYWOOD!



**Yeast
Foam Tablets Stay
Fresh For Months**

WHAT Yeast Foam Tablets did for Laura's skin, they should do for yours. These pleasant little tablets of pasteurized yeast are rich in precious nutritive elements which strengthen the digestive and eliminatory organs, give them tone and quicken their action. Thus they aid in ridding the system of the poisons that produce so many a case of bad skin and dull, muddy complexion.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, you enjoy new health and new beauty. Eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your skin becomes clear and smooth, the envy

of men and women everywhere.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets cannot cause fermentation in the body. Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets utterly safe for everyone to eat. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by leading American universities in their vitamin research.

You can get Yeast Foam Tablets at any druggist's. The ten-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes. You should see your skin and complexion improve in almost no time!

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

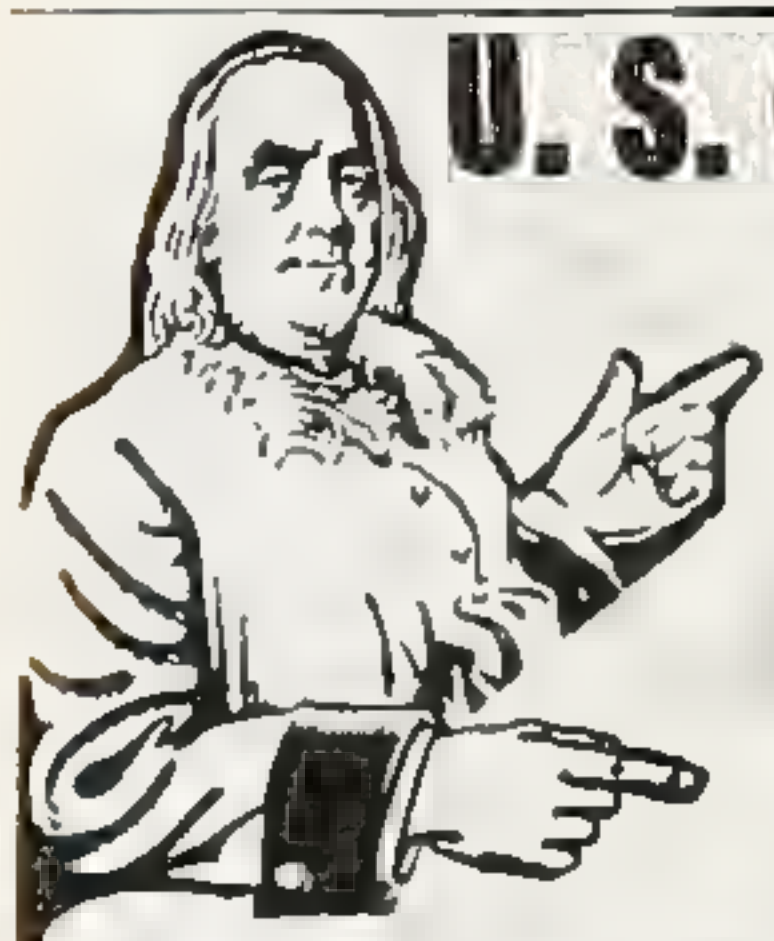


FRESHNESS

HEAVY lunches don't contribute to wide-awake afternoons. Try a bowl of crisp Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk or cream, and fruit. Delicious! But better still, *rich in energy that's quickly digested*. You'll feel fresher the rest of the day.

Enjoy Kellogg's at home or at your favorite restaurant. Always oven-fresh and flavor perfect. Quality guaranteed. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES



U. S. GOVERNMENT JOBS

Start \$1260 to \$2100 a Year

MEN—WOMEN 18 to 50. Common Education usually sufficient. Many early examinations expected. Write immediately for free 32-page book, with list of positions and telling how to get them.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. P310 Rochester, N. Y.



VOICE

100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the vocal organs—not with singing lessons—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct silent exercises... and absolutely guarantee to improve any singing or speaking voice at least 100%... Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent. PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 72-15 64 E. Lake St., Chicago



WHITE KID SHOES CAN BE KEPT "NEW" IRENE MARCHANT

How? By always using ColorShine special White Kid Cleaner (10c) that dissolves the dirt off instead of cutting it off with sharp abrasive. The original kid finish polishes beautifully, (or leave dull if you prefer) and "won't

rub off." For other white shoes, I use the special ColorShine White Cloth and Buckskin Cleaner (10c). Get both at the 10c store and many other stores. For valuable information write Irene Marchant, c/o The Chieftain Manufacturing Co., Baltimore, Maryland.

No. 11
Special Cleaner for WHITE KID SHOES

No. 12
Special Cleaner for Cloth, Buckskin Shoes



Each One Does its Own Job BETTER

Was It Right to Film the Hauptmann Trial?

(Continued from page 53)

in the court library and the one that was on the balcony. Everybody could see it—they could even see the inch-thick electric cable connecting the microphone to the sound recording equipment.

"If anybody was in a position to tell us to stop, it was the Sheriff, in charge of the courtroom. He didn't bother us at all. Incidentally, anyone who says he was paid to let this recording go on is telling an untruth. He was just a regular fellow.

"Of course they knew we were taking pictures! Don't you remember the newspaper headlines when the lights all over the building went out during the early part of the trial? Well, that was because big Photoflood lights had been installed throughout the courtroom. When they blew the fuses, they were taken out and 300-watt bulbs substituted."

THAT'S the story, exactly as I got it from the lips of men who should know. But it's not all. I got some more data from Jim Cunningham, star reporter of the *Motion Picture Herald*, the "Bible" of the movie trade.

The Hauptmann film, as you know, made its first appearance on January 31. But in the *Herald* of January 19, Cunningham said, "Actual photographing and recording in the courtroom is confined, by order of Judge Trenchard, to incidents taking place only when he is not sitting on the bench. The judge ruled that he will hold in contempt any person or company responsible for the making of pictures while he is sitting."

This would seem to indicate that the movie men misunderstood the judge's orders.

But here's another point which Mr. Cunningham told me. By the order of the court, all the special photographic electric lights in the courtroom were extinguished and the shades pulled part way down when Bruno Hauptmann took the witness stand. If this was an effort to insure against the taking of pictures, it failed. According to Cunningham, the camera was equipped with an ultra-fast lens, and special "super-super speed" movie film was made to order, that the pictures might be taken.

Further, Mr. Cunningham says that the operator did NOT stand next to the camera. He left the camera switched on and sat inconspicuously by the batteries, some ten feet away, starting and stopping the camera by connecting the battery wires. I have heard this same story from other authoritative sources.

But, whichever version is true, the main question is, "What is the value of these pictures? Should they have been taken?"

Everybody you ask has a different answer.

Here are what a few authorities say, together with the opinions of some people I queried in theatre lobbies.

To get the opinion of an unbiased prosecutor—one not connected, in any way, with the Hauptmann trial, I interviewed District Attorney William Copeland Dodge. He is the brilliant, fiery lawyer who, by his forceful and accurate presentations of the evidence against law breakers, protects the people of New York against criminals.

Mr. Dodge, with his trained legal mind,

GRIFFIN-A.B.C



for a real shine



NEW CAN
2/3 LARGER

EASY
OPENER

ALL
COLORS
10¢

Griffin Manufacturing Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Read about the screen's newest rave—NELSON EDDY

In the June issue of
MODERN SCREEN

END CORN PAIN STOP SHOE PRESSURE

Quickly relieve
Callouses, Bunions

If your shoes make your toes sore and feet tender; if they press painfully on corns, callouses or bunions—apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and you'll have immediate relief! These specially medicated pads cushion and protect the sore spot; soothe and heal. They prevent corns, tender toes and blisters; make new or tight shoes fit with ease; safely remove corns and callouses. Try this wonderful treatment. Sold everywhere.

Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!



looked at both sides of the question and then spoke.

"On the whole," he said, "I condemn any pictures, be they newsreels or straight dramas, which feature the activities of criminals or even of people suspected of crimes. In my opinion, such films tend to teach children, and even adults with immature minds, the false theory that there is glamor connected with crime.

"The Hauptmann Trial film, showing the prisoner faltering and miserable under the lashing tongue of the able New Jersey Attorney General, David Wilentz, is not so bad. It shows that the way of the man arrested for a crime is, by no means, a pleasant path to tread. Perhaps it may lead some imaginative persons to picture themselves gasping and trembling in the witness chair—but others may see only that this, hitherto unknown, German carpenter is now receiving nation-wide publicity.

"At all events, I do not think the picture should have been released until after the verdict was given by the jury."

So speaks a prosecutor, his opinion typical of that of States' Attorneys everywhere. Now let's see what the most famous, the most brilliant defense attorney, of the present day, thinks about that scoop of the century, the film made at the Hauptmann trial. Samuel S. Leibowitz, whose duty it is to defend prisoners at the bar of justice, thinks very much as does District Attorney Dodge.

"You won't want to print my opinion," said this great lawyer, "because I'm going to tell you that I have not seen the picture and I do not think anybody should go to see it.

"I am opposed strongly to all this fanfare of publicity which surrounds sensational criminal trials in these United States. However, I think, if we are going to have an army of newspaper sob sisters and fiction writers in the courtroom to give us their personal impressions and reactions to the witnesses, we may as well let the newsreels in, too, and get a really true reproduction of what goes on—with sight and sound. This is a much clearer report than when one newspaper reporter tells you that the defendant looked worried and near the breaking point, while another reporter writes that he seemed calm, and more confident than ever.

"We would be a thousand times better off if we followed the English system more closely. There, trials are dignified legal proceedings, not three-ring circuses.

"I condemn any breach of faith which the newsreel companies may have committed, for the breach of a promise given to such a sterling jurist as Judge Trenchard cannot be too heartily censured. He should, I think, give the severest possible sentences to those who broke their word to him; they are certainly guilty of contempt of court.

"I have not been to see the pictures, for courtroom proceedings are no novelty to me. I urge the public to stay away likewise, for their support of these films will encourage the tendency to make a mockery of justice and a theatre of our courts.

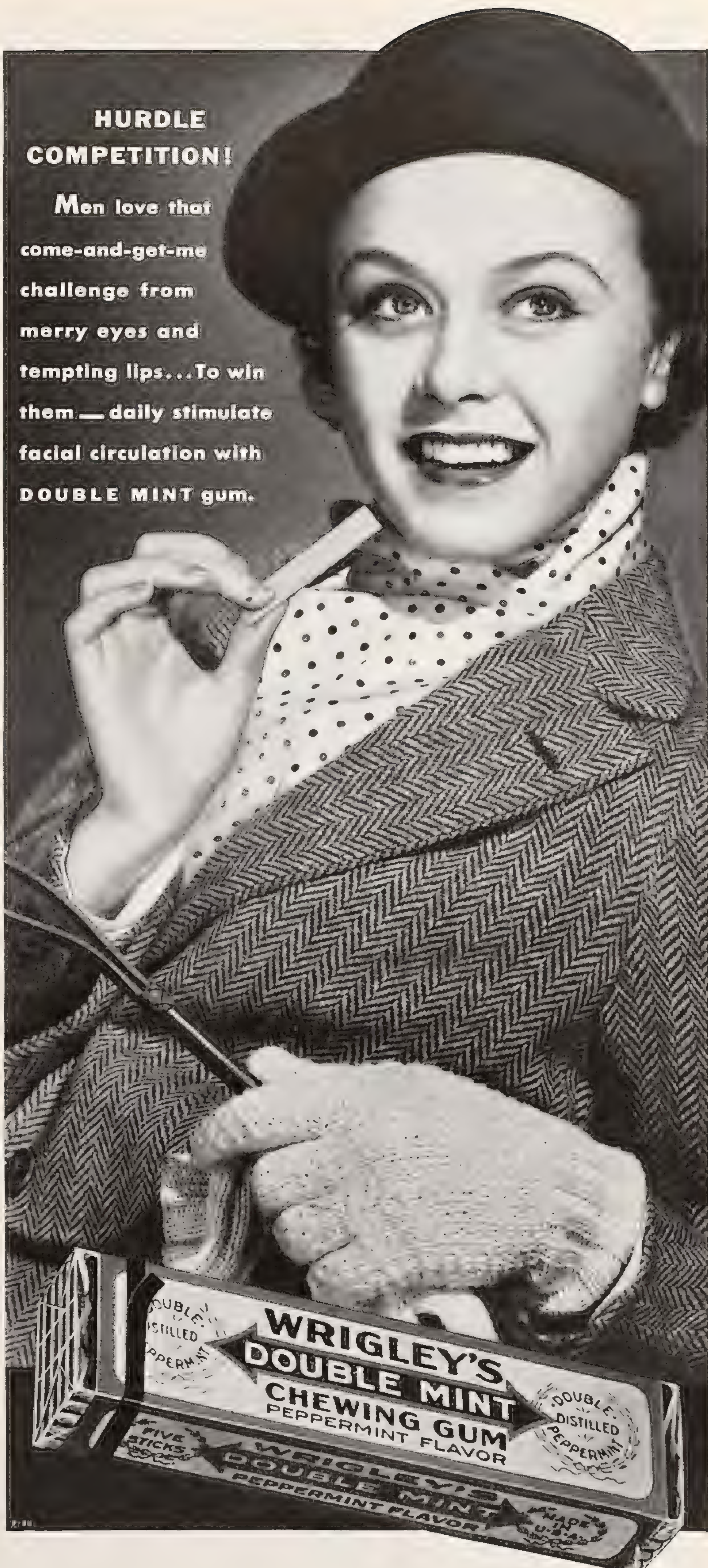
"If we are to have trial pictures (and they are no worse than sensational newspapers' 'color' stories), let us have them taken openly and only with the permission of the presiding justice, rather than in stealthy defiance of his orders. The newsreel men, if they want to make such pictures, should take off their false whiskers and come out into the open."

LET us now get an opinion from the editor of a great daily newspaper. We'll ask Harry T. Saylor, who holds the most responsible position on the *New York Evening Post*.

"It was," he said, "a great piece of re-

HURDLE COMPETITION!

Men love that
come-and-get-me
challenge from
merry eyes and
tempting lips...To win
them—daily stimulate
facial circulation with
DOUBLE MINT gum.





THIS
is what
I call GRAVY!

SMOOTH, rich, flavorful brown gravy—how men revel in it! How easy to make with the aid of Lea & Perrins Sauce, the original Worcestershire that gives the "chef's touch" to the simplest home cooking. Get a bottle today. Discover the secret of perfect gravies and sauces, savory soups and meats. Mail coupon below for FREE book of 180 recipes.

LEA & PERRINS
Sauce THE ORIGINAL
WORCESTERSHIRE

LEA & PERRINS, Inc.
Dept. 185, 241 West St., N. Y. C.
Please send me free your new 50-page recipe book,
"Success in Seasoning."

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

NEW EASY WAY **KEEP WIRES OFF FLOOR**
(LAMPS AND RADIO)
10¢ JUSTRITE **PUSH-CLIP**
A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords. 10¢.
At Kresge's

LEARN TO IRON beautifully
speedily
happily

Here's that modern way to hot starch without mixing, boiling and bother as with lump starch. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. Restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness. No sticking. No scorching. Your iron fairly glides. A wonderful invention. This free test convinces. Send for sample.

TRY THIS FREE



THANK YOU—

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 972, Keokuk, Ia.
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please,
and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

porting. What if it isn't in good taste? The whole tenor of this trial was that of a circus and not of a judicial proceeding. So, as long as the newspapers and radio went to such lengths, I don't see why anyone should object to the newsreels getting as much as possible.

"You can't convince me that those cameramen didn't get in without, at least, the tacit or implied approval of certain court officials, though it is obvious that Judge Trenchard did not want the courtroom pictures to be taken and perhaps was not even aware that they were being filmed.

"Their influence on increasing or discouraging crime? I think it's nil. Pictures of that sort do not teach any lesson; they're just exceptionally interesting pictures for an audience to watch. Rather on the macabre side, though, and in bad taste with a human life at stake.

"We newspaper men, as well as the newsreel men and the radio commentators, have overstepped the bounds of propriety in this case. The cameramen are no worse than we are, so why blame them for trying to get their share of the news? After all, they are simply reporters who use a microphone and camera instead of a pencil and paper; their stories are printed on celluloid instead of in ink. Fundamentally, we're all in the same profession, and they are to be complimented on doing a good, workman-like job of getting the news—the reporters' first commandment.

"If their pictures are interesting to moviegoers—and all those I have spoken to found them extremely interesting—they are to be congratulated on doing a good, thorough job of reporting a case which has enthralled people throughout the United States."

When an editor, like Mr. Saylor, talks about this picture as a feat of reporting, there is nothing for me to do but talk to the greatest reporter of them all—Floyd Gibbons, ace correspondent of the World War, feature writer for the Hearst Syndicate, and premier newscaster.

FLOYD said, "I think the whole case should have been filmed and made public as an unimpeachable record of the trial. The film is a good idea; the only trouble with it is, it didn't go far enough.

"If judges object to the cameramen making the courtroom pictures, it is because they have ideas that date back to the Civil War. They might as well object to electric lights and insist that the courtroom be lighted with candles, or that the testimony be taken in long-hand instead of being typewritten.

"When a man, accused of a crime, is taken into court, he is supposed to be given a public trial. The newsreel made this the first truly public trial in our history. It did not limit the audience to the few dozen or hundred people able to squeeze into the courtroom through their influence or other means. It made the trial public to thousands of men and women all over the country. I am sure that everybody is interested in it, not only because of the prominence of some of the principals, but also because the crime of kidnapping is one which strikes terror into the hearts of every mother and father in the land.

"The picture was illuminating. It gave sidelights that the public could gain in no other way. When I saw the film I was particularly shocked by what I believed to be the contempt which Hauptmann seemed to have for the prosecutor, Attorney General Wilentz, as manifested by his thrusting out his arm, like a traffic cop, and ordering, 'Stop dat! You, stop dat!'

"I would like to see a film of the entire trial—all the testimony of all the witnesses; close-ups of all the exhibits. Not only would it be interesting and educational as

for Easter Shopping
and All Year Use
a NEW!
Convenience
DEUBENER'S
BASKETLYKE CARRIER



10¢

The shoppers have purchased over 100 Million DEUBENER SHOPPING BAGS. Without boasting we feel they have earned the right to be called — AMERICA'S STANDARD.



LEATHER-LYKE **5¢**
BAG

Sold at Your Favorite
5 & 10c Store

DEUBENER'S SHOPPING BAGS
GARFIELD PARK, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

the MODERN NIPPLE! **DAVIDSON No-Colic SCREW-ON Nipple**
BABY CAN'T PULL IT OFF! because it is SCREWED to the bottle. Screws on in a second. Will not collapse. Made of purest MM-1 rubber. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST. Colors: amber, black, red, white. Send this "ad" and a dime for postage on FREE SAMPLE NIPPLE and BOTTLE.
DAVIDSON RUBBER CO. Boston, Mass.

5¢ EACH **LITTLE BLUE BOOKS**
Send postcard for our free catalogue. Thousands of bargains. Address: **LITTLE BLUE BOOK CO., Catalogue Dept., Desk 362, GIRARD, KANSAS**

INSTANTLY CLEANS POTS & PANS
CHORE Girl
THE PURE KNITTED COPPER
Nothing like it for cleaning shiny kitchen utensils. "Double the wear where the wear comes."
METAL TEXTILE CORPORATION
ORANGE, N. J.

MENDS LOOSE FURNITURE JOINTS
IRON GLUE
Holds tight. Mends most anything.
10¢
At Ten Cent Stores, Drug and Hardware Stores

to courtroom procedure, it would be a valuable historical document of the most sensational trial in this generation."

An exactly opposite view was taken by H. V. Kaltenborn, also a radio news commentator and, for more than forty years, an outstanding newspaper man.

Says Mr. Kaltenborn, "It was highly unethical for the newsreel companies to defy Judge Trenchard's decision that motion pictures not be made of courtroom proceedings, and that the cameras might be operated only during recesses and before and after court. There is no reason why any specific type of corporation should be permitted to make a profit out of sensationalizing this already sensational trial; the dictum of the presiding justice very definitely should have been respected."

"Catering, for the sake of profit, to that class of the public which craves sensationalism is cheap commercialism, and that goes for newspapers or broadcasters who may find it applicable, as well as newsreel producers."

But how do movie people themselves feel about the Hauptmann Trial newsreel?

THE stars are scared to death to say a word about it! They're afraid to say one word either way, for fear it would hurt their box office appeal. They won't talk. And, even if they wanted to, *their press agents wouldn't let them!* I know this to be a fact.

I could quote you a dozen critics, who say that it was "gripping," or "fascinating," or "unbelievably horrible"—that Hauptmann "gave the impression of an innocent man, fighting against damning circumstances," or that he was "the very symbol of guilt"—that Wilentz was "the most forceful figure in the present American court" or that he was "too dramatic, more like a prosecutor in a play." But, instead, let's go right to the home folks who saw it and ask them. I stood in the lobbies of a half-dozen theatres, to see what you and you and you thought of the film. And I made it a point to keep on asking until I had answers from people whose homes were in various parts of the country. Here's the result:

Mrs. J. S. V., Kansas City, Mo.: "My God, I don't see how his poor wife can stand seeing him squirm like that! It is pitiful."

Mr. T. O'R., Livingston, Mont.: "Why did they want to waste money trying a guy like that? You can see he's guilty just looking at him."

Miss R. J. K., Picher, Okla.: "That poor man! Who wouldn't be confused, getting shouted at like that? I still think he didn't do it."

Mr. H. F., Ranger, Tex.: "I'd like to meet that prosecutor. He did a real job. I'm a lawyer and I know."

Mrs. H. F., Ranger, Tex.: "I'm sorry I went. I'll be worried about my children every minute 'til I get home."

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. J., Rochester, Pa.: "We wouldn't have missed it for anything. It isn't a picture; it's an experience we'll never forget."

And the funny part of the whole story is that this picture was never intended to be released as a single reel. The producers planned to make a ten-reel feature out of it. But then The March of Time announced its first picture—a sort of news review. This was competition for the newsreels!

The newsreel outfits decided to put out a film that would make people forget all about The March of Time's first release. So they gave you the Hauptmann Trial.

And that is how the "Scoop of the Century" reached the screen.

New! Easy!

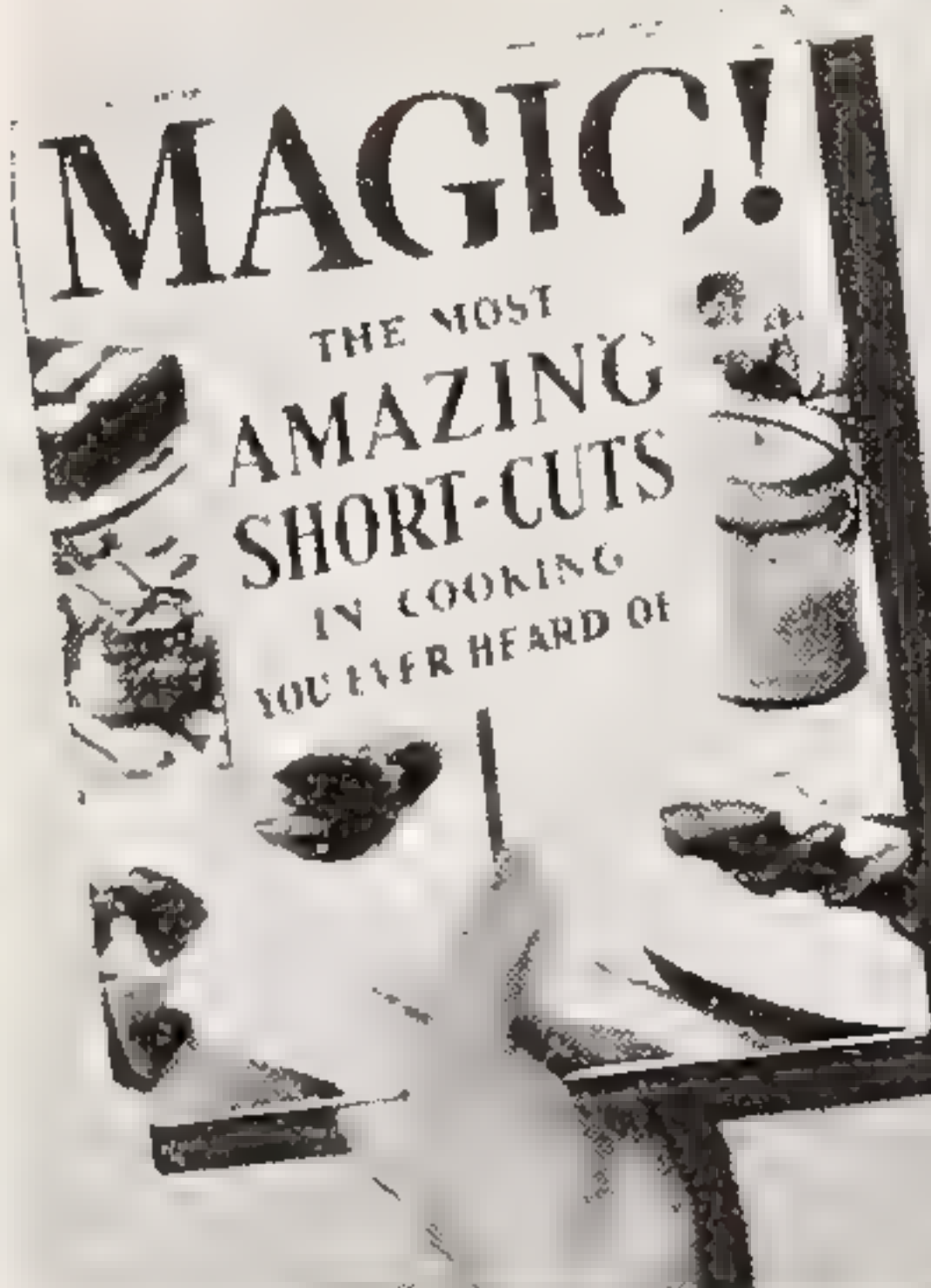


EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE REFRIGERATOR CAKE

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 1/3 cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1/2 cup water
Vanilla wafers

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and stir over boiling water five minutes or until mixture thickens. Add water. Line oblong loaf pan with wax paper and cover bottom of pan with thin layer of chocolate. Then add layer of vanilla wafers. Repeat until chocolate mixture is all used. Top with layer of wafers. Chill in refrigerator for 24 hours. To serve, turn out on small platter and carefully remove wax paper. Cut in slices. May be garnished with whipped cream. Serves eight.

● With only 5 minutes' cooking, you get a wonderfully smooth, rich chocolate mixture that *can't fail*. It's *never* too thin—never too thick—never grainy! And what a dessert it makes! ● But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—*can't*—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



FREE! World's most amazing Cook Book!

Rotogravure picture-book (60 photographs) showing astonishing new short-cuts. 130 recipes, including: Lemon Pie Filling without cooking! Foolproof 5-minute Chocolate Frosting! Caramel Pudding that makes itself! 2-ingredient Macaroons! Shake-up Mayonnaise! Ice Creams (freezer and automatic)! Candies! Refrigerator Cakes! Sauces! Custards! Cookies! Address: Borden Co., Dept. M-M-55, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

(Print name and address plainly)
You can paste this coupon on a postcard.

*Borden
Quality*



Have You Tried Them?

Rich with pure, imported Olive Oil—three wonderful new creams by Vi-Jon—marvelous for the skin—beautifying, nourishing—and so reasonable!

Sold at the better 10c stores

If your 10c store has not yet stocked Vi-Jon Olive Oil Creams, send us 10c for full size jar. State whether you desire Cleansing, Vanishing or Cold Cream. Larger sizes at 20c and 35c. Try them.
VI-JON LABORATORIES, 6300 Etzel Ave., St. Louis



Vi-Jon OLIVE OIL CREAMS



Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles quickly and surely in the privacy of your own room. Your friends will wonder how you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and smooth, 50¢ the complexion fresh and clear. A Jar

Stillman's
FRECKLE CREAM

Mail this Coupon to Box 10
THE STILLMAN CO., Aurora, Illinois
and receive a FREE Booklet about Freckles.

Name _____

Address _____

YOUR FACE CAN BE CHANGED



Straight regular features! Charming new beauty! They can be yours. Dr. Stotter (grad. of University of Vienna) reconstructs faces by famous Vienna Polyclinic methods. Unshapely Noses, Protruding Ears, Large Lips, Wrinkles, Signs of Age, etc., are all quickly corrected. Low cost. Write or call for Free Booklet "Facial Reconstruction," (mailed in plain wrapper)
Dr. Stotter, 50 East 42nd St., Dept. 9-D, New York



BUNIONS Reduced Quickly

Pain Stops At Once! Write for Free Sample of Fairyfoot Treatment. No obligation. Dept. 2715 Fairyfoot Company 1223 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.



BLACKHEADS!

NEVER SQUEEZE BLACKHEADS. IT CAUSES SCARS, INFECTION!

Dissolve Blackheads scientifically with amazing KLEERPLEX WASH. This wonderful NEW DISCOVERY contains 5 scientific ingredients. Also refines Large Pores, stops embarrassing Greasiness, "Shine", Clears Muddy, Sallow, Tanned Skin. Has marvelous medicated pore purifying powers. Gets at the cause QUICKLY! SAFELY! RENEWS! LIGHTENS! BEAUTIFIES your skin. Gives you that clean-out attractive look. SEE INSTANT IMPROVEMENT. No chemicals. No staying home. A guaranteed pure natural product, approved by Health Authorities and thousands of happy users—Men and Women. Nothing like it! Stop wasting time and money on ordinary products. Your skin deserves the best. Get your 2 most supply of Kleerplex Wash TODAY. Just send \$1. (plus 10 postage) direct to KLEERPLEX (Dept. MR11) 1 W. 34th St., N. Y. C. or pay postman (plus C. O. D. charge). Outside U. S. \$1.25 and no C. O. D.s. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE! (Copyright 1934 Kleerplex.)



RADIO GIRL
PERFUME
and FACE POWDER

Invite
romance!

There's a subtle allurements in this exquisite odour. And RADIO GIRL Perfume and Face Powder have added charm for the thrifty modern girl who loves nice things—they cost so little! RADIO GIRL Face Powder, made in smart, new blending shades, has the same delightful odour as Radio Girl Perfume.

— Use this COUPON for FREE SAMPLES —

"Radio Girl", Saint Paul, Minnesota
Send me FREE Regular Size Radio Girl Perfume and Trial Size Radio Girl Face Powder. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for cost of mailing. (Offer good in U.S. only.)

Name _____

Address _____

Is It a Dream?

(Continued from page 62)

going to send for you and tell you that. You're a good boy but you don't belong here. You have a God-given voice. Go out and try to do something with it."

JOE stayed around home for a year or so after that. First he got a job "tonking" in the railroad yards.

After a time he got a job in a filling station. But his stepmother always felt it was not a nice job for him. When he was seventeen she suggested that he go to Chicago and see if he could get a job there. He landed in Chicago with about ten dollars in his pocket.

After about a month he finally got a job with the Boston Store, at \$25 a week. That was in the boom days. He was sending home every cent he didn't actually need for himself. There was nothing left for movies or an occasional malted milk. To supplement his meager income, he used to go around to various neighborhood theatres on amateur nights and sing, hoping to win a prize.

A REPRESENTATIVE of a music publishing house heard him one night and offered him a job plugging songs for them. That meant an additional \$25 a week. Joe should have taken one job and let the other go but he thought he could hold down both jobs.

"Get rich quick, Morrison!" He laughs about it now but it wasn't a laughing matter then. A seventeen-year-old kid putting in eight hours a day at a department store and then working until two or three o'clock every night plugging songs! He kept that up for months, averaging about four hours sleep a night. No human could possibly stand up under such a grind indefinitely. He had to give up one job. He stuck to the music firm.

Devoting all his time to song plugging, he met a lot of actors and theatre managers. One he heard of had a new vaude-

ville act that was being organized. He applied for the job and got it.

The act rehearsed four weeks and started out on a route that Joe can still spiel off for you without a moment's hesitation. After a few months he landed in Los Angeles. One night he found himself in a café run by Carl and Lil Mueller, retired vaudevillians. It was a theatrical hangout. A vaudevillian, named Eddie Vine, who was doing a single, happened to be in there that night.

The proprietors of the café would call on the customers to sing. Joe was called one night. Eddie heard him and it is to Eddie's everlasting credit that he recognized talent when he saw it. He sent a note to Joe and asked him over to his table. When the usual questions had been exchanged and answered, Eddie said, "I'm doing a single. Would you like to come with me?"

"I can't come for two weeks," answered Joe. "I've got to give my act notice."

During the next week, Joe's act miraculously got a booking at the Westlake Theatre. Eddie went out to catch it. After the performance he went backstage. He knew the other boy who was appearing with Joe and who was also acting as manager. As is not uncommon with actor-directors, this chap was hogging the show himself. The others were getting what was left, and precious little it was. Eddie minced no words with him.

"Why don't you give this boy," indicating Joe, "a chance to show what he can do? He's a damned sight better than you are." This indication of Eddie's real friendship was borne out on future occasions.

JOE finished out the week and handed in his two weeks' notice. Eddie had to leave town before then, but before he left he gave Joe his instructions and handed him a signed blank check which would



A backstage trio during a recent benefit. Joe Morrison, Dick Powell and Phil Regan harmonize with varying expressions of artistic endeavor!

Now lift off

CORNS



AND STOP PAIN INSTANTLY

Just put a few drops of Freezone on that aching corn tonight and you'll make the wonderful discovery many thousands have made. Pain stops like a flash. And soon the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers. You'll agree that it's the quickest, easiest way to stop pain and get rid of hard and soft corns, even corns between the toes. Any druggist will sell you a bottle of wonderful Freezone for a few cents. Try it.

FREEZONE

MOLES Mar BEAUTY and PERSONALITY—
Banish them with DESINEVL, a Safe, Simple home Remedy—Enclose 3-cent Stamp for Booklet—
Dr. C. L. ALLEN • Box 5194 • Dept. A • MEMPHIS, TENN.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT



My method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately, at home. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 35 years of successful use all over the world. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Illustrated Booklet. We teach Beauty Culture.
D. J. Mahler Co., Dept. 36-E, Providence, R. I.

No JOKE TO BE DEAF



—Every deaf person knows that—
Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness. Artificial Ear Drum
THE WAY COMPANY
717 Hofmann Bldg. Detroit, Michigan



PRINT YOUR PHOTO on PAPER·FABRIC·WOOD
DIRECT FROM ANY NEGATIVE: RESULTS GUARANTEED!
Astounding effects with new, sensational DUO-PRINT. Reproduce beautiful, PERMANENT, WASHABLE pictures on ordinary paper, fabrics, rubber, wood, leather, etc. Takes but 4 minutes—harmless to negative. Complete Treatment To Print 200 Photos 50c
No dark room or special equipment. Send 50c for complete post-paid treatment to reprint, 200 3 x 5 photos (C. O. D. 65c). Our Money Back Guarantee Protects You.
Duod Labs. 1851 Washington Ave., N. Y. C.

Hear ye! Hear ye! All ye who have been besieging ye editor with requests for a story on Robert (Count of Monte Cristo) Donat!

MODERN SCREEN announces that your wishes will be realized in a very early issue—and we mean an early issue.

enable him to pay off the debts he had contracted around Los Angeles and buy himself some badly needed clothes.

Joe joined him in Salt Lake City. At the end of his act, Eddie took a bow and, instead of the customary encore, said, "Folks, my kid brother is here to visit me. I think if you coax him a little he'll come out and sing for you."

They coaxed and Joe sang. He and Eddie still laugh about his costume. It was characteristic of Joe that he filled out the check for no more than he actually needed and the clothes Eddie had instructed him to buy consisted of only what he absolutely had to have.

Eddie notified his booking office that he had changed his act to a double and from the reports the office had received of Joe's initial appearance it was all right with them. By the time they had completed Eddie's booking and returned to New York, Eddie had built Joe's part up in the act to about eighteen minutes and shortened his own to two.

They got a twenty weeks' booking and thought they were sitting on top of the world. But Joe contracted bronchial pneumonia and the bookings had to be cancelled.

The talkies had arrived and vaudeville was breathing its last gasp. They presently found themselves back in Los Angeles with no bookings and no money.

They asked every agent in town whom they knew to give them a few days' booking so they could eat. But nobody wanted them. When things looked bleakest Joe got a job in "The Nine O'clock Revue" at the Hollywood Music Box. The notices he got in that show are something to remember, but it didn't help them.

WHEN that show folded they managed to get another short engagement. And, after that, they decided to try their luck in New York.

They spent some more lean weeks in New York. On Thanksgiving Day they played a theatre in New Jersey, known in the vernacular as "a can"—a small theatre on a cheap circuit. They were so broke they couldn't even go over to New York for Thanksgiving dinner. They had to eat in a small restaurant near the theatre. By the time they had finished their show, the restaurant had nothing left but herring!

How they lived from Thanksgiving to Christmas I don't know. But during the holidays an agent phoned Eddie and asked if he would have Joe sing at an Elks' Benefit at the Commodore. And that is still another of life's ironies. They couldn't get bookings—except for benefits which paid them nothing. However, Joe was the sensation of that particular evening and his appearance there led to his being booked by WOR for a commercial program. He couldn't believe it. It was while he was singing over the radio that George Olsen heard him and engaged him as soloist with his orchestra.

Shortly after this he went on the Oldsmobile hour with Olsen and Ethel Shutta. Following that he sang for a year on the air with Olsen and Fanny Brice on a commercial broadcast.

It was after this, while he was still with Olsen, that he introduced "The Last Roundup," the song that made him famous and which led to his Paramount contract. Then he was sure he was dreaming.

His initial appearance in pictures was with W. C. Fields in "The Old Fashioned Way." His second is "One Hour Late." Paramount has picked up their option for a third picture this year, "Love in Bloom" and, at the same time, has notified him that he will be with them for three pictures next year.

So, Joe, never mind, if you do wake up. It isn't a dream—it's true.

Thrilling! To Have The Smooth White SKIN MEN ADORE!



SO EASY NOW! Why mask your features under a film of dull, weather-darkened surface skin—when it's so easy to bring out a whiteness as soft and alluring as the whiteness of your body? An utterly natural way, too, with dainty Golden Peacock Bleach Creme, to speed nature's own action. Just smooth this dainty creme on your skin for five nights. So quickly, it rolls away the dull, beauty-marring film. It brings out that smooth whiteness that gives queenly charm even to women whose features are poor. Almost like growing a new skin, free from disfiguring blemishes and external pimples.

Test Golden Peacock Bleach Creme now. Get a generous-size jar for only 50 cents at any drug or department store. Your money back if you are not delighted! Or, get the handy trial size—only 10 cents at any 5-and-10-cent store.

Golden Peacock BLEACH CREME

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C.P.A.'s earn \$3,000 to \$15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 12,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U.S. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C.P.A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays." LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 5318H, Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1,200 C. P. A.'s



Goodbye GRAY HAIRS!

(FREE Test shows way to end them)

No matter whether your hair is beginning to gray—or is entirely gray, you can bring youthful color to every faded strand. The color will be natural looking. It will match the original shade, whether black, brown, auburn, blonde. Just comb a water-white liquid through hair and gray goes. Leaves hair soft and lustrous—takes curl or wave. Nothing to rub or wash off. This way SAFE.

Test it FREE—We send complete Test Package. Apply to single lock snipped from hair. See results first. No risk. Just mail coupon.



MARY T. GOLDMAN

2366 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name
Street
City State
Color of your hair?

Clear, Cold Light of Morning Shows Up
First GRAY HAIR
 A Signal to Get Busy



Not so long ago women gave up disheartened at the first sign of gray. Now they turn confidently to

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

Watch for the first sprinkling. It's easy THEN to keep ALL your hair one even shade. FARR'S is easy to use in hygienic privacy AT HOME, by brushing it through the hair. Will not rub off nor interfere with curling; \$1.35. For sale everywhere.

FREE SAMPLE

BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO. M.G. 26
 79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
 Send for FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.

Name.....
 Street.....
 City..... State.....
 INDICATE COLOR DESIRED

Learn Radio IN 10 WEEKS
 BY SHOP WORK—NOT BY BOOKS
I'll Finance Your Training!
 Prepare for jobs in Service Work, Broadcasting, Talking Pictures, Television, Wireless, etc., by 10 weeks practical shop work in Coyne Shops. Free Employment Service. Many earn while learning. Write for **BIG FREE RADIO and TELEVISION BOOK**, and details of my "Pay-After-Graduation" Plan.
H. C. LEWIS, President, COYNE RADIO SCHOOL
 500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 55-6E, Chicago, Illinois

Remove that FAT

Be adorably slim!

Money-back guarantee

Feminine attractiveness demands the fascinating, youthful lines of a graceful, slim figure—with firm, rounded, uplifted contours, instead of sagging, unbecoming flesh.

Hundreds of women have reduced with my famous Slimcream Method—and reduced just where they wanted, safely, quickly, surely. I myself, reduced my chestline by 4½ inches and my weight 28 lbs. in 28 days.

J. A. writes, "I was 37 inches (across the chest). Here is the miracle your Slimcream has worked for me. I have actually taken 5 inches off. I am overjoyed."

The Slimcream treatment is so entirely effective, so easy to use, and so beneficial that I unhesitatingly offer to return your money if you have not reduced your figure both in pounds and inches in 14 days. What could be fairer than that!

Decide NOW to achieve the figure of your heart's desire. Send \$1.00 today for the full 30-day treatment.

FREE Send \$1.00 for my Slimcream treatment NOW, and I will send you entirely free, my world-famous, regular \$1.00 beauty treatment, with a gold mine of priceless beauty secrets. This offer is limited, so **SEND TODAY**. Add 25c for foreign countries.

DAISY STEBBING, Dept. MM-2, Forest Hills, New York

I enclose \$1. Please send immediately postpaid in plain package your Guaranteed Slimcream treatment. I understand that if I have not reduced both in pounds and inches in 14 days, you will cheerfully refund my money. Send also the special free Beauty Treatment.

Name.....
 Address.....
 City.....



Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.

Glamor Is Not a Gift

(Continued from page 29)

"we women do well to hold on to our interest in men. It keeps us from letting down."

Fair enough. Rules two and three:

Don't dam yourself up all the time.

Get a thrill out of life.

Hold on to your interest in men.

This will keep you from letting down.

THERE'S no more popular girl in Hollywood's younger set than Anita Louise. The other girls consult her about their activities. They always are eager for her company at tea and on shopping excursions. And if Anita isn't squired by a different young man every time she goes out, it's because that Tom Brown's a determined young blood. And it's common knowledge that because of Anita, for years now, Tom's walked around with his head in the clouds.

All of which I offer as incontestable proof of Anita's glamor.

Anita imparts something of the same lovely excitement which Norma Shearer gives out. Her voice has a breathless quality—as if she was so fascinated by what she had to say, that she hardly could wait to say it.

She's pretty, goodness knows. With her smoothly chiselled face, her eyes as blue as far away hills, and the soft shine of her golden hair. No one, however, ever has resented Anita's beauty. Because no one, attracted by her beauty, ever has felt let down, the way you do with some pretty girls.

Anita has spirit and interests and understanding. She's warm and she's human. She's the antithesis of a girl from New York whom the younger set admitted to their Puppets Club not long ago. This girl, who for the sake of kindness shall be nameless, was pretty, too. Very pretty. But she counteracted any attraction her looks might have carried by her tricks and affectations. She said such stuffy things as, "We don't do it that way on Park Avenue," and "You can't know people who live on the wrong side of the railroad tracks." She primped constantly. She always was ridiculously late for any appointment.

There are, of course, some great personalities who have glamor in spite of stupid and inconsiderate actions. They are the exceptions to whom no rules ever apply. All we can do about such people is to marvel at them and then leave them out of all calculations. So, rule four:

Be warm and human. Have spirit and interests. And above everything else, try to be understanding.

Kitty Carlisle offered practical advice on the subject of glamor. Kitty, as you doubtless have read, was brought up in Rome. In Italy, everywhere in Europe, in fact, they have a different approach to life than we have in America. They're less reserved, franker about many things.

"I was pretty unattractive as a young girl," Kitty announces with her startling honesty. "I was sallow. I was painfully shy. I preferred to sit in a corner and read to anything else. My mother, undoubtedly, had qualms about my future. For I can remember her trying to save me the hurt feelings she believed were ahead of me, by saying that it wasn't important to be popular with the boys."

Kitty laughed. "When I landed in a boarding school in Rome the attitude

was very different. There it was considered darn important to get on socially, to be attractive, and to have the boys like you. And you were trained to make these grades.

"I'm grateful to that school. There I was taught there always is one place in a room, usually by a column, where wall-flowers congregate. It was made clear to me that when I found myself alone for a minute it would be my tendency to draw into that group since there I would have someone to stand with, someone to talk to.

"DON'T!" I was admonished. And I pass that admonition along. In fact, I urge anyone, who accidentally finds herself cornered in such a group, to break away. Irrespective of how difficult it may be to do so. We're known by the company we keep. And it's downright stupid to place ourselves with the unattractive group.

"I was, doubtless, schooled in what amounts to insincerity, but that's all right. It's harmless insincerity, after all, and better than unhappiness, that miserable unhappiness you experience when you have no social armor.

"I'm in favor of set rules for behavior such as I was taught at that Italian school. I think whoever incorporated them in the training was very wise. Those set rules saved many of us heartaches. They gave us a routine behavior which saved us from standing around, floundering and working ourselves into such a state that our evening was ruined. They gave us a chance to appear superficially attractive until we got our bearings and more at ease than we otherwise could have been." Now then, rules five and six:

Stay away from the wall-flowers at a party at any cost, irrespective of how tempted you may be to join their little group.

Give yourself a little set of rules which will govern your behavior if you're inclined to be self-conscious. A little set of rules which will, when put into effect, indicate that you're having a good time and not a dud.

LET'S go back to the idea that beauty isn't necessary to glamor for a minute. Long enough for me to report May Robson's comments. Sweet May Robson with her silver hair, roses in her cheeks, and a little velvet band about her throat.

"Beauty," she says, "can be a horrible menace to happiness and adjustment and glamor. In fact, I believe the very best thing a beautiful girl can do is to forget she is beautiful. Women who trade on their beauty become vain and selfish, until there's no warmth left in them, until their smile goes brittle and their eyes turn hard.

"I tell you when a beautiful woman is glamorous it is in spite of her beauty, not because of it. Beauty tricks women by carrying them so far without any effort on their part. Then it deserts them while they're still comparatively young but too old and too inclined to indolence, usually, to find the interests and enthusiasms or the point of view which makes women attractive and glamorous at any age." Whereupon rule seven comes to light:

If you have beauty, do not depend upon it. If you haven't beauty, don't for one second feel that you're barred from having glamor.

**MONDAY...
DINGY SKIN**



**SATURDAY...
NEW BEAUTY!**



**MAGIC SKIN
Beautiflier**

FAMOUS CREAM ENDS FRECKLES, BLACK-HEADS—RESTORES CLEAR, LOVELY SKIN

Now you can quickly restore the fresh, lovely skin of youth. Just let wonderful NADINOLA Cream gently smooth away the mask of dull gray skin, freckles, blackheads. All you do is this: (1) At bedtime spread a thin film of Nadinola Cream over your face—no massaging, no rubbing. (2) Leave on while you sleep. (3) Watch daily improvement—usually in 5 to 10 days you will see a marvelous transformation. Freckles, blackheads disappear; dull coarsened skin becomes creamy-white, satin-smooth, lovely! Nadinola is a famous beautiflier tested and trusted for nearly two generations. Results positively guaranteed. At toilet counters, only 50c. Or write NADINOLA, Box M-35, Paris, Tenn. Generous 10c sizes of Nadinola Beauty aids at many 5c and 10c stores.

**FREE VALUABLE
NUMEROLOGY CHART**

COMPLETE SCIENTIFIC NUMEROLOGY CHART sent FREE to you by the makers of the two famous lipsticks—REJUVIA at 10c and FLAME-GLO at 20c each. Have you an Artistic Nature? Are you Mysterious, Passionate? Are you intended for Great Love, Adventure, Success? Define your own type with this Complete Numerology Chart. Study your Sweetheart, your Friends! Does your name fit your personality? Do you vibrate to 7-9-14-6? Intriguing, Mysterious, Exciting. You will be amazed at what the numbers show. Mail your name and address on penny Post Card, No Cost, No Obligations. Send now to REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS, Inc., 395 Broadway, Dept. E42, New York City.

REJUVIA LIPSTICK 10c. FLAME-GLO LIPSTICK 20c. The only really automatic Lipstick as fine as the most expensive. America's Famous Lipstick Sensations. Three times as indelible as most other lipsticks. Why pay \$1 or more? Get the finest for only 10c and 20c at most 5 and 10c stores.

PHOTO Enlargements

Clear enlargement, bust, full length or part group, pets or other subjects made from any photo, snapshot or tiny print at low price of 49c each; 3 for \$1.00. Send as many photos as you desire. Return of original photos guaranteed. **SEND NO MONEY!**

Just mail photo with name and address. In a few days postman will deliver beautiful enlargement that will never fade. Pay only 49c plus postage or send 50c—3 for \$1.00, and we will pay postage ourselves.

BEAUTIFULLY FREE! To acquaint you with the HIGH quality of our work we will frame, until further notice, all pastel colored enlargements FREE. Illustrations of beautifully carved frames for your choice will be sent with your enlargement. Don't delay. Act now. Mail your Photos today. Write NEW ERA PORTRAIT COMPANY 11 E. HURON STREET, DEPT. 660 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

ONLY 49¢

3 for \$1.00



DIVORCE EYE CRUTCHES!

Get Rid of the Spectacle Handicap

The Natural Eyesight System tells how to do it at home. Full information FREE.


NATURAL EYESIGHT INSTITUTE, Inc.

Dept. 55-R. Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy Conversation, Movies, Church and Radio, because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 986, 70 5th Ave., New York



Be a Nurse

MAKE \$25-\$35 A WEEK

You can learn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Est. 36 years. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Another saved \$400 while learning. Equipment included. Men and women 18 to 60. High school not required. Easy tuition payments. Write us now.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 235, 26 N. Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name _____ State _____ Age _____

City _____

"Men," said Ann Sothern, "fall for intense sirens but they never stick to them. Men adore to be comfortable. It's the girl who is easy and natural, the girl who has warmth and humor, who exerts the greatest glamor in the long run."

"Look at Constance Talmadge. Constance no longer is a celebrity in Hollywood. There are dozens of girls in town younger and prettier. But it's on the sand in front of the Netcher (Netcher is Connie's married name) beach house that men gather, in the Netcher box at tennis, around the Netcher table at the Grove."

"She is gay. She makes men forget their troubles, temporary at any rate."

"She is warm. She makes you feel that she gives you sympathy and understanding, that she knows what you're going through, so to speak."

"She is good-natured. She never gives the impression that she's mentally taking people apart or that she's super-critical. And I'm sure she'd rather be found dead than nagging."

Always in her description of Connie, mentioning the qualities she felt contributed towards Connie's glamor, she said the very same things I would say describing Ann, marking the causes for her glamor. So we come to rule number eight:

Be easy and natural. Have warmth and humor. For, above everything else, men adore to be comfortable and they won't stop long enough to find you glamorous unless they are.

THEN there's Karen Morley. Karen and I were driving up into one of Beverly Hills' canyons. I asked her if she had done anything toward becoming a more colorful individual.

"I did plenty," Karen said slowing down, appreciably, just beyond the Harold Lloyd's estate where the road curves about the flank of a foothill. "I hoped fervently at this time to be as thrilling and glamorous to other people as certain stage and screen stars were to me."

"For instance, when Ruth Chatterton first came to California to do stage and picture work, I went to see her whenever possible. I studied her, I mimicked her inflections and her mannerisms."

"I know," she continued, "I know lots of people say it's dangerous to imitate. But I don't agree with them at all. In fact, I think everyone, as they grow older, mimics those who catch their imagination."

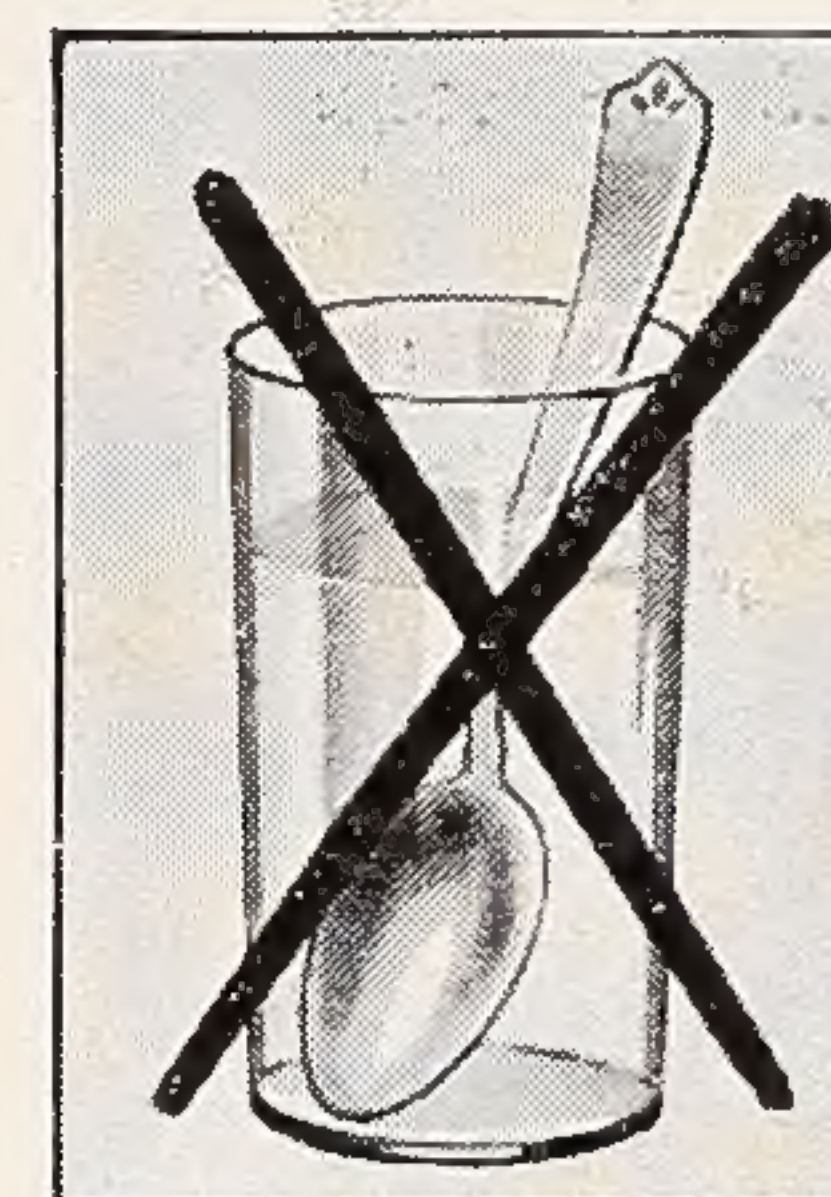
"The only thing is," she warned, "that we must have sense enough to imitate someone who is our own type. It would, for instance, be ridiculous for me to imitate someone who is active and athletic, for I'm not any of these things and never could be. In other words, I'd remember to get up and jump about one minute and the next I'd go off in a corner and sit quietly. Then I'd remember my new act and get up and jump about again."

A new point of view about mimicry this of Karen's, and a convincing one, too, convincing enough to become rule nine:

Study and imitate those people you admire, if they are your type, for, eventually, some part of the inflections and mannerisms you will adopt will be assimilated by your own personality and you'll be more colorful.

Now then if you aren't one of those fortunate souls born with that warm magic, that brilliant charm, that sense of excitement which makes for glamor remember there's no need for you to go through life without it. If you do, you'll be poorer by far as a personality. And it will be your own fault.

RELIEVE ACID INDIGESTION WITHOUT HARSH, RAW ALKALIES!



Millions Have Found Faster, Surer Relief In New-Type Mint

HEARTBURN is distressing. But there's no longer any need to resort to harsh alkalies in order to relieve a sour stomach, gas, or after-eating distress.

Strong, water-soluble alkalies taken in excess may change the stomach juices completely—slowing up digestion instead of helping it.

The new, advanced, most effective and safe relief for acid stomach is TUMS. TUMS contain no soda or any other water-soluble alkali—instead this candy-like mint contains an unusual antacid soluble only in the presence of acid. When the excess acid in the stomach is neutralized, the remainder passes on undissolved and inert. No danger of alkalosis or kidney poisoning from TUMS.

Try TUMS—3 or 4 after meals, when distressed. Eat them just like candy. You'll be grateful for the wonderful relief. 10c a roll at all drug stores. 3-roll carrier package, only 25c.

Free TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE ANTACID . . . NOT A LAXATIVE

1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. Send stamp for postage and packing to A. H. LEWIS CO., Dpt. 15EKK, St. Louis, Mo.

TUMS **FOR THE TUMMY**

10c

STOMACH DISTRESS

HANDY TO CARRY

For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents. **NR**

Hair OFF

Face Lips Chin

Unloved

I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face... unloved... discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids... even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P.O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 148, Chicago.

CORNS AND CALLOUSES

MOSCO

REMOVES THEM

AN OINTMENT - QUICK AND EASY TO APPLY. DOES NOT SOIL STOCKINGS

Generous SAMPLE for Thorough Test

30c a jar at your Druggist's

Paste this coupon on 1c post card and Mail Today.

Your Name _____

Street _____

City and State _____

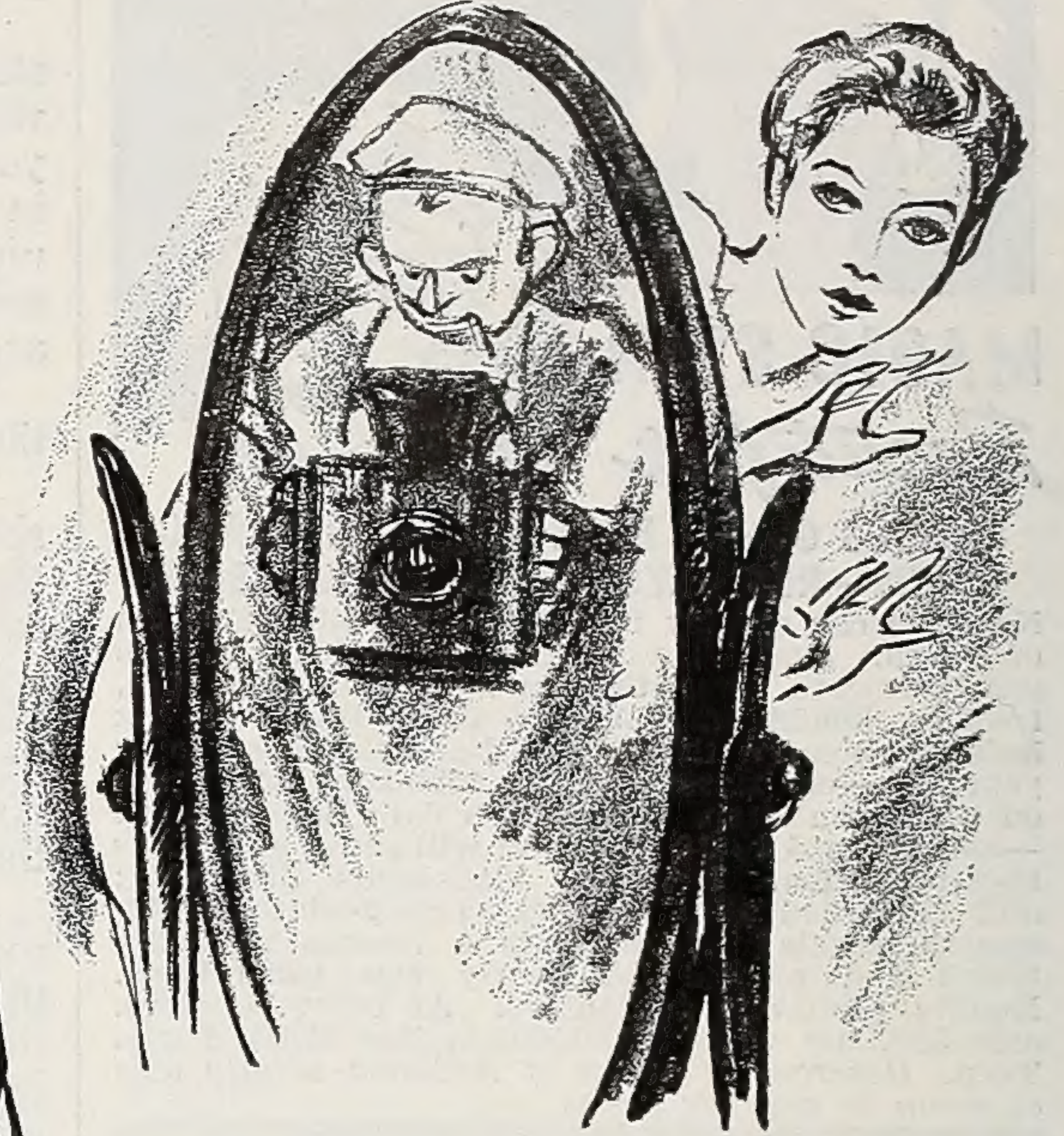
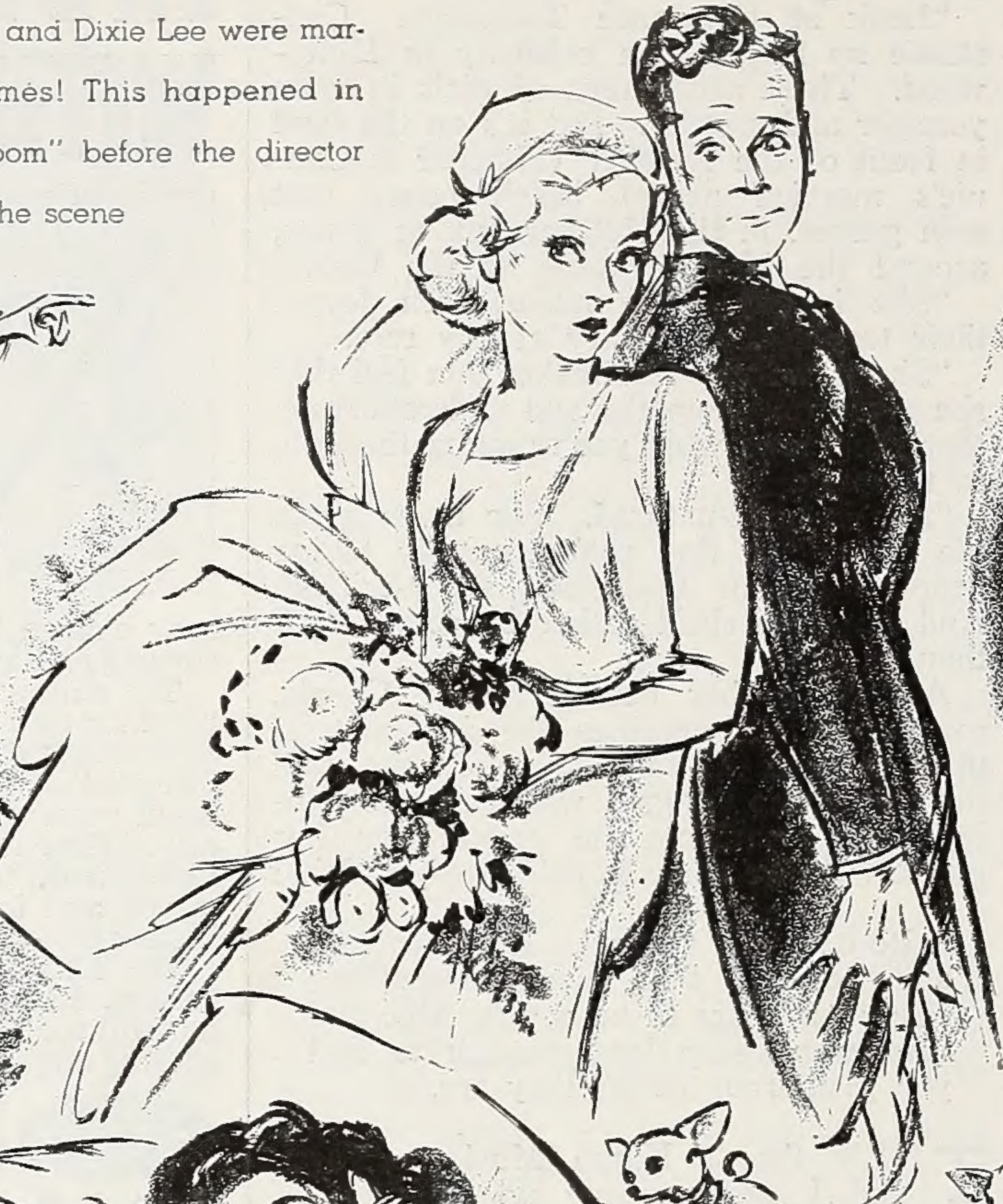
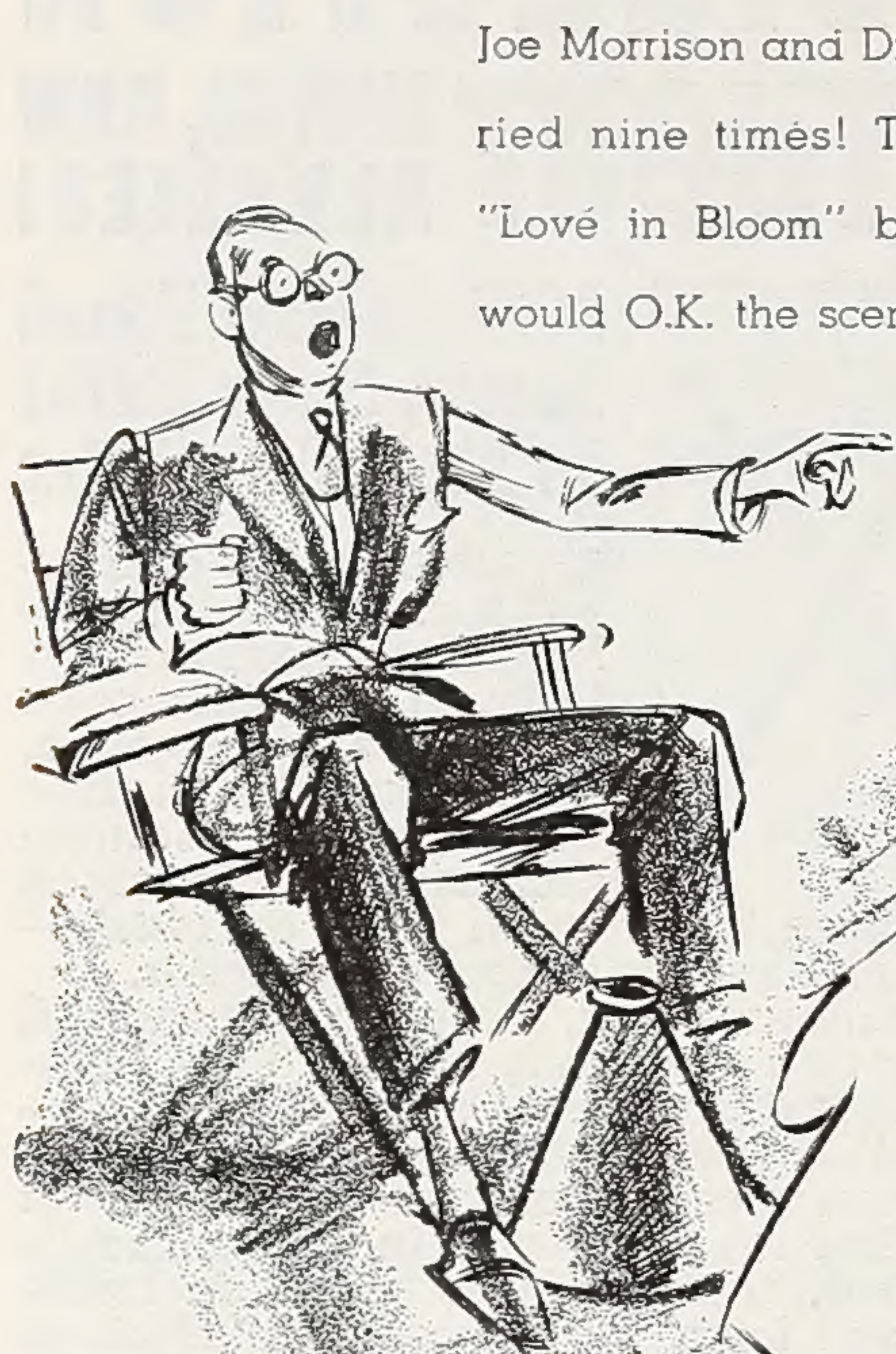
Druggist's Name _____

Address _____

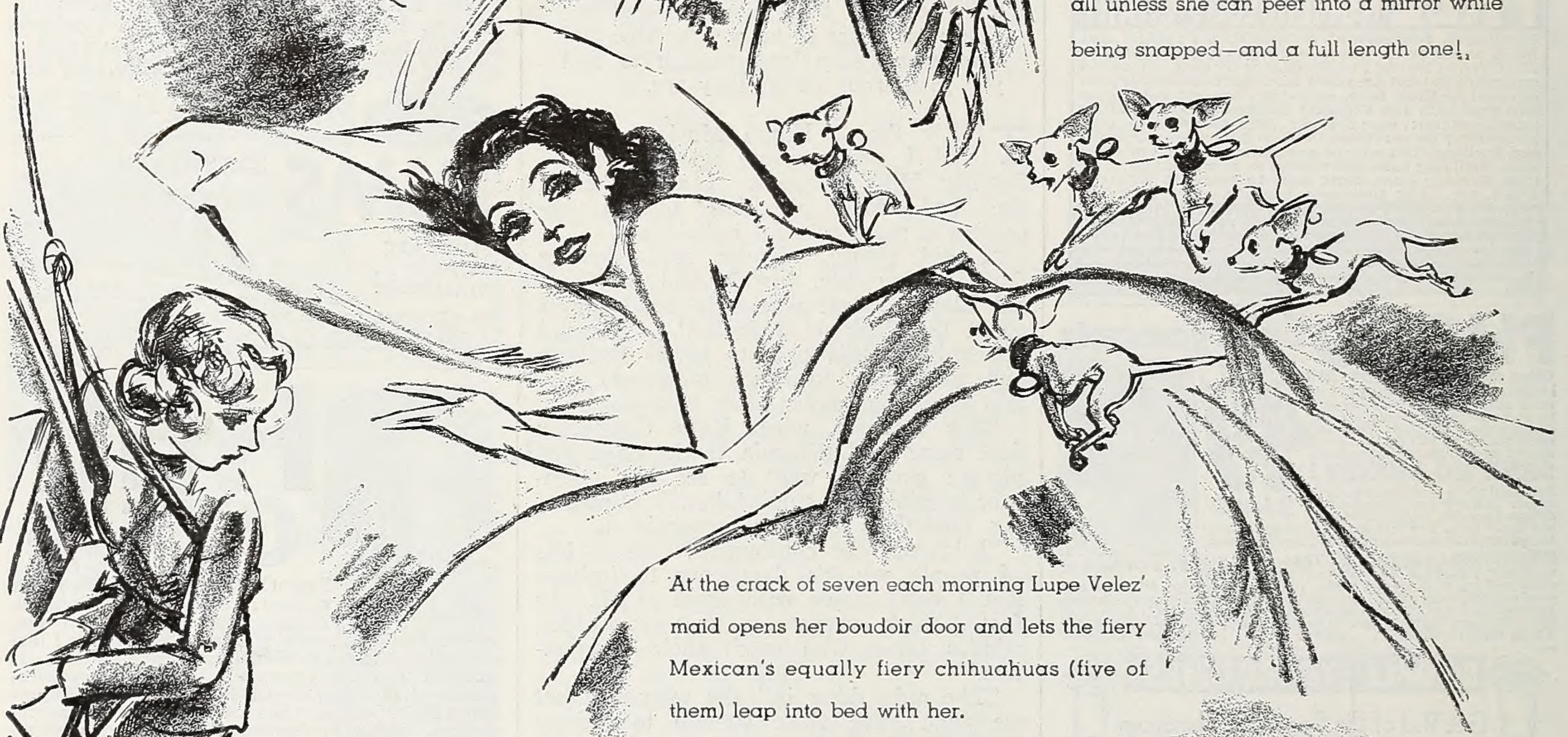
THE MOSS CO., Rochester, N.Y.

All Joking Aside ... by Oscar Howard

Joe Morrison and Dixie Lee were married nine times! This happened in "Love in Bloom" before the director would O.K. the scene

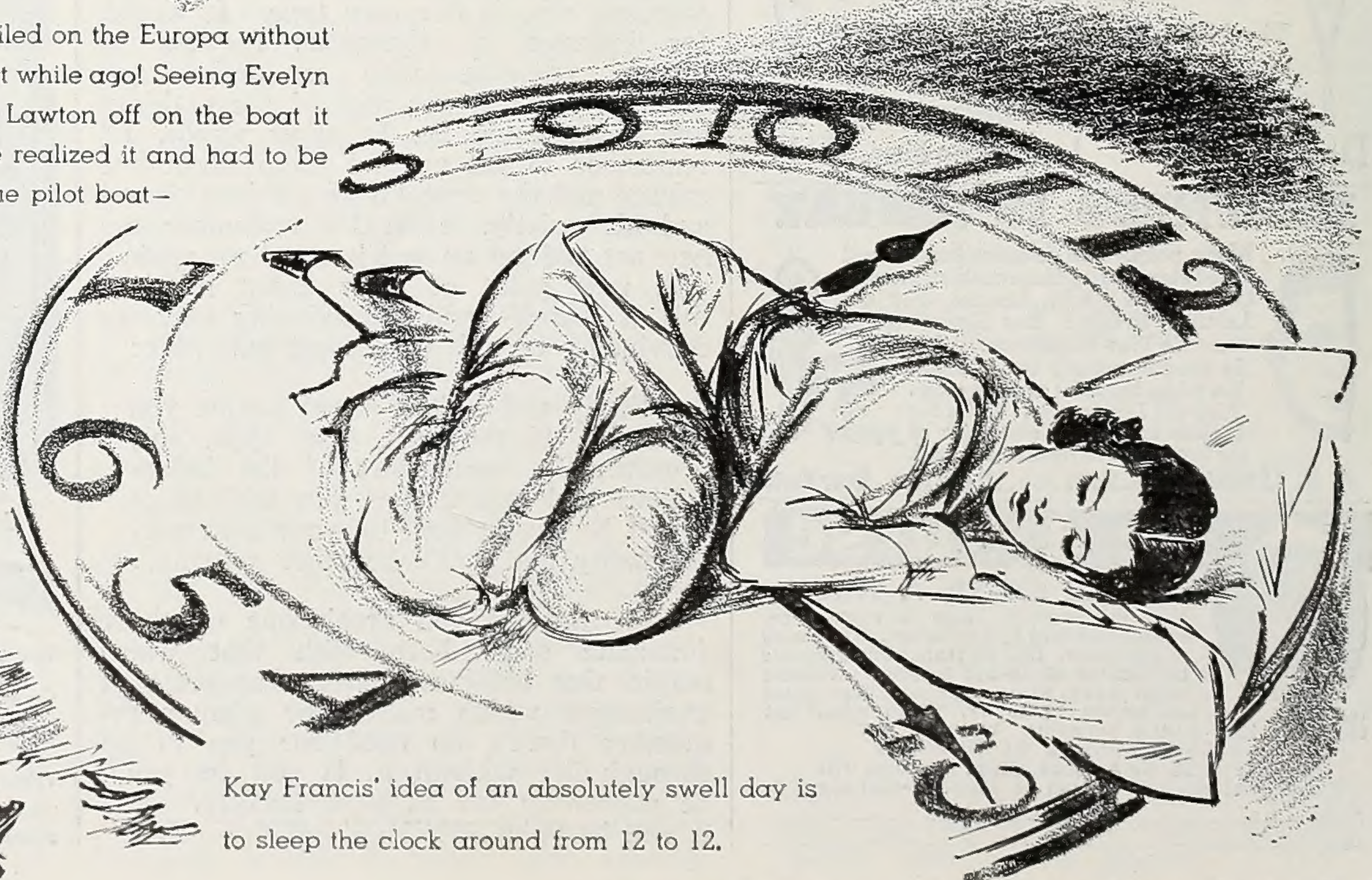
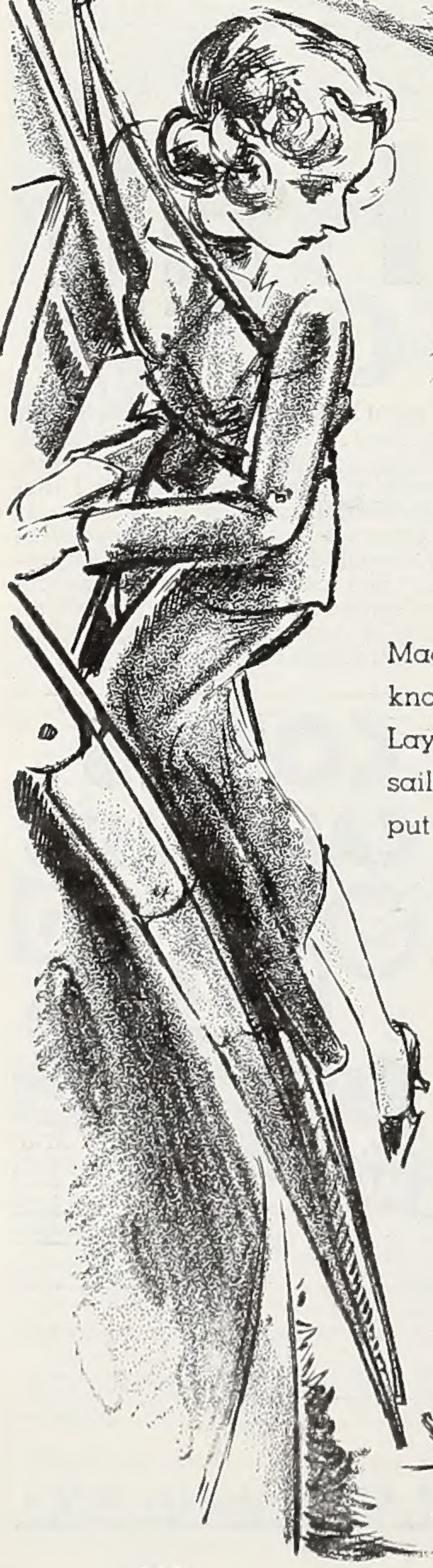


Mae Clark won't sit for any still pictures at all unless she can peer into a mirror while being snapped—and a full length one!



At the crack of seven each morning Lupe Velez' maid opens her boudoir door and lets the fiery Mexican's equally fiery chihuahuas (five of them) leap into bed with her.

Madge Evans sailed on the Europa without knowing it a short while ago! Seeing Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton off on the boat it sailed before she realized it and had to be put ashore via the pilot boat—



Kay Francis' idea of an absolutely swell day is to sleep the clock around from 12 to 12.



Maddening Hues

FOR LIPS AND CHEEKS

A NEW KIND OF LIPSTICK... A NEW KIND OF DRY ROUGE WORK MIRACLES IN RED

Maddening hues, yes! Colors that thrill, taunt and tempt! Truly enough (and you'll know it the instant you try them) such rapturous, wicked reds have never been used in lipstick or rouge before. But there's more reason than that for the soul-stirring madness so generously imparted by SAVAGE Lipstick and the new SAVAGE Rouge.

SAVAGE Lipstick works differently from ordinary lipstick. Its gorgeous color separates from the cosmetic after application to become an actual part of the skin. Wipe the cosmetic away and see your lips teasingly, savagely red... but without the usual discouraging pastiness. Imagine a lipstick like that! Better yet, experience its magic on your own lips. One or more of the four luscious SAVAGE shades is sure to be exactly yours.

SAVAGE Rouge... an utterly new kind of dry rouge... so much finer in texture than any other that it blends right into the skin itself... to stay, with full color intensity, throughout the exciting hours it invites, instead of quickly fading away as ordinary rouge does. You'll love it, and the shades are identical to those of SAVAGE Lipstick so that your cheeks and lips will be a thrilling, perfect symphony of maddening, meaningful red.

Then... SAVAGE Face Powder

And what a different face powder *this* is; so fine, soft, smooth and so surprisingly different in the results it gives. Apply it, and it seems to vanish... but the skin-shine, too, has gone. Imagine it! Everything you want from powder, but no "powdered" look; just caressing soft smoothness that is a feast for eyes and a tingle for finger tips it makes so eager. Four lovely shades.

20¢ AT ALL TEN CENT STORES



TANGERINE • FLAME
NATURAL • BLUSH

Savage Cream
Rouge... for
lips and cheeks

NATURAL
(Flesh)
BEIGE
RACHEL
RACHEL
(Extra Dark)

SAVAGE



— it was ever thus

they Satisfy

Chesterfields are milder and
they certainly do taste better